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John Bell

BELL's
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OF 65-786
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XVI.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian fields,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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ODES

OF THE

SEVENTH CLASS.

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ODES.

CLASS THE SEVENTH.

ODE I.

ON

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COBB, M. A.

THE Muse, who taught the Theban swan
To stretch his silver wings, and soar
Where vulgar pinions never can,
In regions of the sky, unknown before :
She, queen of numbers, who could raise
The voice of Prior to a pitch so high,
As might with envied Cowley vie,
When listening to his lays,
Old smiling Janus blest the new-born century ;
Now from her airy bower descends,
(Not always the companion of the great)
To honor things of meaner state,
And to my song attentive bends.

Vol. XVI.

B

As Cytherea's feign'd to fly
From amorous Gods, and leave the sky,
To bless with a divine embrace
Some favorite of mortal race,
And there disclose the lustre of her eye,
And each ambrosial grace.

She calls me with a voice, that would excel
The Orphean, could the golden lyre
And charming tongue again conspire
To vindicate Euridice from Hell.
Lo! from this abject Earth she seems to bear
Me, through untrodden air.
Like Virgil's Fame, she flies
O'er tracts of sea, and spacious land
Where'er Nassovian arms command,
Her foot upon the ground, her head above the skies
There views the desert aether round, a place
Where nothing lives, the blue, expanded space ;
There sees the stars, which rule the night,
Which in the sky, like a republic, sway
With scatter'd and imperfect light,
Whose beams more happily unite
In the great monarch of the day.

Not all the rolling lamps above will dare
With the Phoebean to compare.

Nor can the united wit of man below,
With all his fondness and pretence
To business, management, and sense,
Such universal rays bestow
As the Nassovian influence.
Whether he leave his native seat
To warm us with his kindly heat,
Or if he please to lift the dart,
And take Religion's injur'd part,
Like that young God he flies, by Homer sung,
Descending from Olympus, to the aid
Of the wrong'd priest, and ravish'd maid,
When the vindictive quiver on his shoulders hung,
And from his silver bow the poison'd arrow rung.
Fond Agamemnon ! to provoke
Apollo's pestilential stroke.
What heroes, through thy passion slain,
Of thee in Stygian groves complain !
Of thee, whose blinded lust could dare
The pious virgin to detain,
And combat against innocence and prayer !

Wrongs to revenge, and succour the distress'd,
William was always nigh,
At the soft warning of a sigh,
To thousand ills expos'd his valiant breast.
Oppression trembled at his sight,
And sunk into the womb of night,
Too impotent to bear so great a light.

Soon as that hydra, Faction, rose,
She saw, and stagger'd at his dazzling shine,
Nor durst her multiplying heads oppose
To virtue so divine.
For William, if his counsel fails,
Shakes but his thunder, and prevails.
If on the Gallic, or the Northern shore,
From oaken walls his cannons roar;
He frights the bold, presumptuous crew,
As ancient Jove is said to do,
When he hurl'd Typhon from th' affected skies
To bellow under Aetna, where,
Bruis'd with the marks of heavenly wrath, he fries
In rolling sulphur, and whene'er
He shifts his brawny side below,
Above he shakes th' eternal snow,
Still eager to renew his ancient war,
Still to retort new mountains at the Thunderer.
In vain he tosses fire, in vain
He bites his adamant chain,
Struggles with Heaven's decree, and everlasting pain:
Just penance! for the wretch who dare
War against the Gods declare.
Though to the vulgar this a fable seem,
Or some poetic, idle dream;
Dorset, sagacious Halifax, and those
To whom the Muse her secrets does betray,
Whom she instructs in her mysterious way,
This dark enigma can disclose;



And with Lyncean eye,
Conceal'd to meaner sight, the depth of this vast
stream descry.

In Typhon they behold the fall
Of the vain Russian, and ambitious Gaul.
This th' unhewn Muscovite can tell,
Who, struck with Swedish lightning, fell
Down from his airy steep, to prove
Ten thousand giants are no odds to Jove.
Imperious Death! on that triumphant day,
How didst thou feast! how riot on thy prey!
When Charles, like a Gustavus rose
And through arm'd myriads of his foes
Mow'd his victorious way.
Let Narva tell, how many leagues the slain
Lay dismember'd on the plain;
Tell, how her waters blush'd with an inglorious stain.

Nor stops the Northern worthy here,
Swiftly he urges on his fiery career.
Th' apostate Saxon quakes, and warlike Polander.
So early Charles pursues
The steps of William, and creates new business for
the Muse.
Next to Godlike William's name,
In the eternal Book of Fame,
Write him, O Clio, and prepare a place
Among the Heroes of immortal race,

In Valour's temple let him sit
With Roman Julius, or our great Plantagenet;
Let all to the Nassovian name submit.
All to superior greatness bow,
Bring olive to his hands, and laurel to his brow
Tell us, who at the twentieth summer run
The course of fame, when Philip's son,
With all his hopes in prophecy, begun?
Propp'd on his Genius, William leads
To conquest, and heroic deeds,
Nor oracle, nor omen needs;
Nor armour to defend his breast,
Such as Rome's boasted father wore,
Or such as stern Pelides bore,
At the sea-goddess's request;
Or such as to the British Arthur did belong,
By whose enchanted blaze, in Spenser's song,
The cursed Paynim fell; while Saxons mourn
The desolation of his flaming Calliburn.
No: it is less than William, to desire
A magic shield, or sword, or dart
At Lemnos forg'd in Vulcan's fire,
Or charm'd by Merlin's horrid art;
No armour like his cause, no weapon like his hear

Whether the princely youth engage
With Luxembourg's experienc'd age,
Or with cool wisdom temper Conde's rage,

No forces could unhinge his mind,
No arts his cautious steps inclose,
Arts, which his generous soul declin'd,
And pitied in his foes.
So thinly spun is human sleight!
So feeble is Bourbonian wit,
When aim'd at Heaven's peculiar favorite!
Batavia, witness how thy hero flew
To snatch thee, like a flaming brand,
From the fierce ravager's destroying hand,
Thy provinces re-seize, thy liberty renew:
As a brave eagle, when she finds the nest
Robb'd, where her future heroes us'd to rest,
Stays not to mourn, but through the liquid sky
Sails with full wing to seek her barbarous enemy;
She does, at last, the greedy vulture 'spy,
Lodg'd on some mountain's top, or lofty tree,
A helpless, undefending sanctuary:
People below, with wonder and affright,
Behold the noble fight.
But she, who must Jove's thunder bear,
Buffets the dastard, and redeems the prey,
And gives sure omens of a better day,
When, ripening to the strength and force
Of her imperial ancestors,
She shall the struggling dragon dare,
Provok'd by hunger, or the thirst of war,
And lead her triumph o'er the wide dominions of
the air.

Lo! from the well-hatch'd seeds of time, what fate
Had register'd to be, the months and days
Leap forth in all their decency, and rays,
Miraculously bright and great,
And all the future years reserv'd for William's praise.
Enough of actions past; now look,
My Muse, in thy mysterious book;
Roll o'er the next immortal page,
And view what's destin'd for maturer age.
I see it: 't is a vast Herculean task
Which will collected William ask.
Descend, O Clio, and if near the stream
Of father Cam, or Isis, you delight
To bless the sacred poet's dream,
And succour his auspicious flight;
Or with thy voice, or with thy strings,
Lament the funeral of kings;
See! a large field lies open to thy view,
And the whole world is thy purlieu,
Whether the Eastern Islands you behold,
Or Western Mexico, or rich Peru
(The fertile womb of fatal gold)
All mourning for the monarch lost, and fearing for
the new.

We call him happy who is doom'd to wear
A diadem besieg'd with care;
Mistaken notion! not to know
What thorns on crowns and sceptres grow,
The splendid ornaments of pompous woe.

Is it for this, perfidious Bourbon's pride
Would o'er insulted nations ride,
And sail to empire through a sanguine tide?
For this so many leagues he breaks,
For this so many widows makes;
For this so oft the virgin sighs,
So oft his iron hand has wrung
Tears from the humble shepherd's eyes,
And curses from his tongue.

Beauteous Iberia! once a potent state,
Magnificent and fortunate!
With thy own Indies thou art sold,
And wilt, I fear, repent, as Midas did of old,
Thy thirst and avarice of gold.
How often wilt thou wish in vain,
For the grim Moor, the Suevian, or Alane,
The Vandal or the Goth, a milder reign?
They, like a torrent, pouring from a hill,
And boisterous as the North from whence they came,
Ravage thy lands, and all thy countries fill
With slaughter, and depopulating flame.
Th' intriguing Gaul, like a dissembling sea,
Whose smiling waters steal below the ground,
Eats under the foundation to betray,
Taught thro' the weaken'd earth to work its way,
And with a bursting quake the tottering ball confound.

For this Europa, like a sacrifice,
The sword just lifted, on the altar lies;

Hark! how she knocks her lovely breast, and wounds
the suffering skies!

Like that Phoenician dame,
From whence she drew her name,

When the lascivious, and Impostor-God
Laid down his heavenly arms, and that commanding
nod,

With which he rules the powers above,
Degrading his divinity for love;

When on his milky shoulders, thro' the sea
He bore his beauteous, panting prey.

- In vain on the Sidonian strand

Her fellow-virgins weeping stand;

In vain to th' inattentive sky

Europa lifts her snowy hand,

And calls on Jove, but thinks not Jove so nigh.

With the false waves the traiterous winds conspire

Against th' afflicted Fair,

To gratify th' immortal thief's desire,

And blow each gentle sigh away, and each engaging
prayer.

But, O Europa, now forget to fear,

For, in his own majestic shape,

Behold thy better Jupiter appear,

Not to beguile thee to a rape,

But save thee from the ravisher.

That Gallic pride, which many years hath strove
To satisfy his large, insatiate love,

Still, like the fabled heavenly lust of old,
Try'd all his strength, and all his charms,
To grasp the virgin to his arms.
He shook his thunder, and he rain'd his gold,
Till long departed Justice came below,
With awful steps she march'd, and dreadful to behold,
Like the German, stern and bold,
Her vengeance certain, tho' her motion slow.
Lead on Astraea, thy triumphant way,
And to th' affrighted world display
Aloft thy bloody banner, to chastise
Successful rapine, and absolve the skies. .
Down from the Alpine hills her armies pour,
Eridanus is with amazement struck,
And wonders why the mountain shook.
Convulsions never felt before,
Such thunder never heard to roar,
Since Phaeton fell headlong from the sky
She now no second fall can fear,
But thinks the God himself is nigh,
When she beholds his eagle there.

Let wise Impiety be dumb,
Like her own thoughtless Deity become,
Which neither rule nor order keeps,
But in eternal ease supinely sleeps.
Madness! behold God's strange mysterious way,
How sure his arrows fly, no random play;
So lingering is his wrath! so fatal his delay!

To raise the weak, and mortify the proud,
See, marching from afar,
His ministers of wrath, a formidable crowd,
With all the horrid clang of a tumultuous war,
Fierce as his lightning, as his thunder loud ;
Loud as the water-falls of Nile,
When they with mighty flow
Roll from some Ethiopian hill,
And drown or deafen all below.
When Savoy's Eugene and his fortunes lead the way,
O Italy! how fair is thy pretence
Of Nature's strong and rocky fence !
In vain thy rivers swell, in vain thy Alps obstruct
his stay.
When he of old to victory was flown,
The moon of Ottoman began to wane,
The lesser stars grew pale, which fill'd her eastern
train ;
Nor does the Turkish Majesty alone
Bow to his awful name,
But onward marching, his triumphant fame
Knocks at Versailles, and shakes the Celtic throne.
Where purple cruelty, in haughty state,
Presides, tyrannically great ;
Moves arbitrary in his orb of light,
Till, urg'd by the decrees of Fate,
From his high solstice in his fullest blaze,
He takes his ignominious flight,
Rolls backward his diminish'd rays,
And in succeeding darkness ends the glory of his days.

Yet sleep not, Albion ; for, with armed hand,
And watchful eyes, thy foes around thee stand.
Nay, thy own sons, with thy best blessings fed,
Conspire against thy sacred head,

 To drive thee to the last extreme ;
While their black malice, and ungrateful wit,
Does like the Augur's razor seem,
Which cut the hone that sharpen'd it.

 But Heaven has nodded with a firm consent
To guard thy island from her cruel foes,
And all their fruitless treachery prevent,
Who dare with force, or golden arms oppose
 Thy navy, and thy parliament.

ODE II.

TO
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,
ON HIS
CEASING TO BE MINISTER.

BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE, KNT. M. D. F. R. S.

THE Minister that's brave and just,
True to his King's and Country's trust,
Defies the tyrant Faction ;
Howe'er its many heads may stare,
Grown dreadful with a Gorgon air
Of general distraction.

Not threatning Barnard, who commands
The restless city's furious bands,
And brandishes her dagger ;
Not thundering Pulteney, though he awes
The Senate to desert his cause ;
His steady soul can stagger.

Th' impending storm, that louder grows
From shrinking friends and swelling foes,
Intrepidly he faces :

Untouch'd with guilt, he knows no fears,
And only greater yet appears,
Divested of his places.

Thus Somers, for great service done,
Thus Marlborough, for realms o'er-run,
Were by their Country treated;
Who now quaff Nectar's flowing tide,
With just Godolphin by their side,
Celestially seated.

Thus our great founder William rose,
By opposition of his foes,
To his immortal glory:
Thus our brave George advanc'd to fame,
And still shall have Old Steady's name
In everlasting story.

George thus address'd his brother Gods,
Assembled in their blest abodes,
And Britain's fate debating:
' Long have the Stuarts ceas'd to reign,
' Since James's Priests and foreign Queen
' Drove on his abdicating.

' Soon as he from the Church withdrew
' His grace, by solemn promise due,
' And broke all limitation ;

‘ His forfeit crown, by just decree,
‘ Was doom’d to William and to me,
‘ To save a sinking nation.

‘ The Bigot King shall now no more
‘ Hold Commerce with Rome’s scarlet Whore,
‘ And back her superstition;
‘ No more shall Stuart’s perjur’d house
‘ Britain’s credulity abuse,
‘ While plotting her perdition.

‘ But foes, subdued, my pity meet,
‘ William’s fam’d Boyne gave one defeat,
‘ And my Dunblain another:
‘ My coward Cousin now I own,
‘ Since Scotland proves him James’s son,
‘ Whoever was his mother.

‘ Nay, frauds forgotten, I’m content
‘ He should be rank’d in right descent:
‘ Let but the British ocean
‘ Still roar between his sons and mine,
‘ And let the royal exiles reign
‘ Where they can find promotion.

‘ Since Tyranny has met its fate,
‘ And Liberty in church and state,
‘ Now triumphs o’er its ruin;

‘ Britain shall stand most truly great,
‘ And see her foes bow at her feet,
‘ For peace most humbly suing.

‘ Her fleets shall all around proclaim
‘ To distant shores her dreaded name,
‘ In peals of British thunder :
‘ Cross from the Old World to the New,
‘ There sails shall fly, her fame pursue,
‘ And fill both worlds with wonder.

‘ Nor shall she seek for golden mines,
‘ That base alloy to grand designs,
‘ That stain to the victorious !
‘ Should heroes, after actions bold,
‘ Turn misers, and now thirst for gold,
‘ How must they fall inglorious !

‘ No bounds shall check her conqu’ring arms,
‘ Whenever a just cause alarms,
‘ And wrongs are to be righted :
‘ Nor scorching suns, nor freezing poles,
‘ Shall bar my Britons’ daring souls,
‘ When once to war excited.

‘ But these great things that I relate
‘ Can only be her glorious fate,
‘ On this express condition :

‘ That with false zeal no more she burns,
‘ No more to Stuart’s race returns,
‘ And papal imposition.

‘ To raise again that hated line,
‘ Should e’er a factious people join,
‘ Grown mad with too much freedom;
‘ Again my Powers shall take the field,
‘ Again the coward Chiefs shall yield,
‘ And sword or axe shall bleed ’em.

‘ Thrice should Rebellion rear her head,
‘ With front of brass, but heart of lead,
‘ Still bent upon restoring;
‘ Before my sons thrice shall she fly,
‘ Thrice at their feet in vain shall lie,
‘ Wives for their lords imploring.’

But whither would my Muse aspire?
Forbear to tune the merry lyre
To themes past thy attaining:
For to attempt, in humble odes,
The acts of Heroes, speech of Gods,
At best is but profaning.

ODE III.

THE *COUNTRY GIRL.*

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B.

THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young 'squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and ruin ;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To raptures now her pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

But when the lover, with his pray'rs,
His oaths, his sighs, his vows, and tears,
Holds out the proffer'd treasure ;
She quite forgets her fear and shame,
And quits her virtue, and good name,
For profit mix'd with pleasure.

So virtuous Pulteney, who had long,
By speech, by pamphlet, and by song,
Held patriotism's steerage ;

Yields to ambition mix'd with gain,
A treasury gets for Harry Vane,
And for himself a peerage.

Tho' with joint lives and debts before,
Harry's estate was covered o'er,
This Irish place repairs it;
Unless that story should be true,
That he receives but half his due,
And the new Countess shares it.

'Tis said, besides, that t' other Harry
Pays half the fees of Secretary
To Bath's ennobled doxy;
If so---good use of power she makes,
The Treasury of each kingdom takes,
And holds them both by proxy.

Whilst her dear Lord obeys the summons,
And leaves the noisy House of Commons,
Amongst the Lords to nod;
Where, if he's better than of old,
His hands perhaps a stick may hold,
But never more a rod.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
As innocent as any peer,
As prompt for any job:

For now he's popular no more,
Has lost the power he had before,
And his best friends, the mob.

Their fav'rites should not soar so high,
They fail 'em when too near the sky,
Like Icarus's wings;
And popularity is such,
As still is ruin'd by the touch
Of gracious-giving kings.

Here then, O Bath! thy empire ends,
Argylle, with his Tory friends,
Soon better days restore;
For Enoch's fate and thine are one,
Like him translated thou art gone,
Ne'er to be heard of more.

ODE IV.

TO A

*GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN,
NEWLY MADE.*

By the Same.

Jam nova progenies.

SEE, a new progeny descends
From Heaven, of Britain's truest friends:
Oh Muse! attend my call!
To one of these direct thy flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio! these are golden times;
I shall get money for my rhymes;
And thou no more go tatter'd:
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in,
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to Carteret fain you'd sing;
Indeed he's nearest to the King,
Yet careless how you use him;
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays;
He will but promise if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
The new-made Earl of Bath comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride:
His step, his gait, describe the man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for power to-morrow.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
Each party try'd to 'ave won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffled and cut from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,
Who at the long'd-for money-board
Sits first, but does not lead :
His younger brethren all things make ;
So that the Treasury's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head.

Why did you cross God's good intent ?
He made you for a President ;
Back to that station go :
Nor longer act this farce of power,
We know you miss'd the thing before,
And have not got it now.

See valiant Cobham, valorous Stair,
Britain's two thunderbolts of war,
Now strike my ravish'd eye :
But oh ! their strength and spirits flown,
They, like their conqu'ring swords, are grown
Rusty with laying by.

Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a place,
And since things thus have chang'd their face,
You'll give opposing o'er :
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter at the door.

See who comes next---I kiss thy hands,
But not in flattery, Samuel Sandys;
For since you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
Its state, old Rome dictators took
Judiciously from plough:
So we, (but a pinch thou knowest)
To make the highest of the lowest,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the seals you found,
Did they not make your brains go round?
Did they not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell did when she woke
In Lady Loverule's bed.

See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And, since he's made Vice-Treasurer,
Grown taller by some inches:
See Tweedale follow Carteret's call;
See Hanoverian Gower, and all
The black funereal Finches.

And see with that important face
Berenger's clerk, to take his place,
 Into the Treasury come :
With pride and meanness act thy part,
Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
 Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Oh, my poor Country ! is this all
You 've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
 Of Walpole and his tools ?
He was a knave indeed---what then ?
He 'd parts---but this new set of men
 A'n't only knaves, but fools.

More changes, better times this isle
Demands : Oh ! Chesterfield, Argyll,
 To bleeding Britain bring 'em :
Unite all hearts, appease each storm ;
'Tis yours such actions to perform,
 My pride shall be to sing 'em.

ODE V.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

WILLIAM, EARL OF BATH.

By the Same.

Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

Parcius junctas quantiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes potervii;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque
Janua limen.
&c. &c. &c.

HOR.

GREAT Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er;
The Tories trust your word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear you;
Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No crowds of coaches fill your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near you.

Few now aspire to your good graces,
Scarce any sue to you for places,
Or come with their petition,

To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd
For you in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
Since all mankind perceive that power
Is lodg'd in other hands:
Sooner to Carteret now they'll go,
Or ev'n (though that's excessive low)
To Wilmington or Sandys.

With your obedient wife retire,
And sitting silent by the fire,
A sullen *tete a tete*;
Think over all you've done or said,
And curse the hour that you were made
Unprofitably great.

With vapours there, and spleen o'ercast,
Reflect on all your actions past,
With sorrow and contrition;
And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
From disappointed avarice,
From frustrated ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting friends complain,
That visit you no more;

But in this country, 't is a truth,
As known as that love follows youth,
That friendship follows pow'r.

Such is the calm of your retreat !
You through the dregs of life must sweat
Beneath this heavy load ;
And I'll attend you, as I've done,
Only to help reflection on,
With now and then an ode.

ODE VI.

THE STATESMAN.

By the Same.

Quem virum, aut heros, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum, &c.

HOR.

WHAT statesman, what hero, what king,
Whose name through the island is spread,
Will you choose, O my Clio! to sing,
Of all the great, living or dead?

Go, my Muse, from this place to Japan,
In search of a topic for rhyme:
The great Earl of Bath is the man,
Who deserves to employ your whole time.

But, howe'er, as the subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter,
May it please you to take my advice,
That you may n't be suspected to flatter.

When you touch on his Lordship's high birth,
Speak Latin as if you were tipsy ;
Say, we all are the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew ;
Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties.
You may say he is married ; that's true :
Yet speak not a word of his Countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
To enroll the fair deeds of his youth !
When you mention the acts of his age,
Leave a blank for his honour and truth !

Say, he made a great monarch change hands :
He spake---and the minister fell.
Say, he made a great statesman of Sandys ;
(Oh ! that he had taught him to spell !)

Then enlarge on his cunning and wit :
Say, how he harangu'd at the Fountain ;
Say, how the old patriots were bit,
And a mouse was produc'd by a mountain.

Then say, how he mark'd the new year,
By increasing our taxes, and stocks :
Then say, how he chang'd to a peer,
Fit companions for Edgumbe and Fox.

ODE VII.

By the Same.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

HOR.

WHAT (good Lord Bath) prim patriot now
With courtly graces wooes thee?
And from St. Stephen's Chapel to
The House of Lords pursues thee?

How gay and debonnair you're grown!
How pleas'd with what is past!
Your title has your judgment shewn,
And choice of friends your taste.

With sparkling wits to entertain
Yourself and your good Countess,
You've hit on sweet lipp'd Harry Vane,
And high bred Harry Furnese.

But to direct the affairs of state,
What geniuses you've taken!
Their talents, like their virtues, great
Or all the world's mistaken.

The task was something hard, 'tis true,
Which you had on your hands;
So, to please prince and people too,
You wisely pitch'd on Sandys.

O Britain! never any thing
Could ſo exactly hit you :
His mien and manners charm'd the king,
His parts amaz'd the city.

But to make all things of a piece,
And end as you begun ;
To find a genius ſuch as his,
What was there to be done ?

O where---where were he to be found ?
Such ſtars but rare appear !
Dart not their rays on ev'ry ground,
Gild ev'ry hemisphere.

But you with aſtronic eyes,
Not Tycho Brahe's more true,
From far ſpy'd ſome bright orbs ariſe,
And brought them to our view.

Sir John's clear head and ſenſe profound
Blaz'd out in parliament ;
Gibbons, for eloquence renown'd,
To grace the court was ſent.

To these congenial souls you join'd
Some more, as choice and proper,
Bright Bootle, darling of mankind!
Good Limerick---and sage Hooper.

Such virtue and such wisdom shone
In ev'ry chosen spirit!
All men at least this truth must own,
Your nice regard to merit!

What prayers and praise to you belong,
For this blest reformation!
Thou joy of ev'ry heart and tongue!
Thou saviour of the nation!

O Walpole, Walpole, blush for shame!
With all your tools around you!
Does not each glorious patriot name
Quite dazzle and confound you.

Had you sought out this patriot race,
Triumphant still you 'd been;
By only putting them in place,
You had yourself kept in.

ODE VIII.

TO
AMBITION.

FROM THE EARL OF BATH.

By the Same.

Peccat ad extremum ridendus.

AWAY, Ambition! let me rest;
All party rage forsake my breast,
And opposition cease.
Arm me no more for future strife,
Pity my poor remains of life,
And give my age its peace.

I'm not the man you knew before,
For I am Pult'ney now no more,
My titles hide my name.
(Oh how I blush to own my case!)
My dignity was my disgrace,
And I was rais'd to shame.

To thee I sacrific'd my youth,
Gave up my honour, friendship, truth,
My king and country's weal.

For thee I sinn'd against my reason;
The daily lie, the weekly treason,
Proclaim'd by blinded zeal.

For thee I ruin'd Orford's power;
Oh! had I well employed that hour,
My reign had known no end:
But then, (oh fool!) like Brutus, I
Left able, powerful Antony,
T'avenge his fallen friend.

He drives me to this abject state,
And still he urges on my fate,
And heaps my measure full:
All Orford's wrongs are now repaid,
I'm fall'n into the pit I made,
And roar in my own bull.

Leave me, and to great Varus go,
On him resistless smiles bestow,
Inflame his kindled heat:
Display thy power, thy tempting shew,
Thy glorious height, the sunny brow,
With all that charm and cheat.

Varus, on whom, while yet a child,
You, Goddess, favourably smil'd,
And form'd him for your tool;

Bid him the path of Greatness try,
Teach him to conquer or to die,
To ruin, or to rule.

Here all my views of greatness cease,
I only ask content and peace,
Which I will never barter
For all the gifts that you can shower;
The pride of wealth, the pomp of power,
Employments and a garter.

But at that word what thoughts return!
Again I feel Ambition burn,
My dreams, my hopes obey;
There all my wishes crown'd I feel,
Enjoy the ribband, treas'ry, seal,
Which vanish with the day.

ODE IX.

THE ORACLE.

INSCRIBED TO

THE HON. SIR EDWARD HAWKE, K. B.

BY THE REV. T. NEWCOMBE, M. A.

".....Ridentem dicere verum
"Quid vetat?"

HOR.

AMIDST thy triumphs on the deep,
Say! can a British Muse prevail,
Awhile to bid thy thunders sleep;
Neglect thy fame to mind a tale?

E'en Jove himself not always throws
His shafts in anger from the sky;
But when aveng'd he views his foes,
In prostrate heaps, his lightnings die.

What wreaths has Gallia now to yield,
To swell thy own or Britain's joy;
Till'she is pleas'd more fleets to build,
Who leaves thee nothing to destroy.

Thy victor flags from pole to pole,
May now without a rival flow;
Wave on their masts without control,
And rather wish than dread a foe.

One moment rescu'd from his fears,
Let Bourbon's heart forget its pain;
Till thy bold squadron next appears,
And wakes his conscious fear again.

Thy laurels though already fair,
'Twill greatly add to thy renown,
That naval wreath which binds thy hair,
Exchanging for an olive crown.

While, forc'd at last, proud Gallia's lord,
Who on his power too long relied,
Shall grant that peace to Britain's sword,
Which to her justice he denied.

Whose general skill and soldier's pains,
To shade his glory must unite;
While Breton's Cape a proof remains,
How well his fleets and armies fight.

But sure, brave Hawke, you think it odd,
To keep a warrior from his guns,
Of a strange mortal and a god,
To read a tale---but thus it runs----

His favourite Saxe great Lewis sent
To the fam'd Delphic shrine, to know
Apollo's answer, if next lent,
His troops should meet, and charge the foe.

To whom the awful God replied,
(And sent his reasons back in writing)
The odds would be on Holland's side,
Should he still seem resolv'd on fighting ?

Since Orange now her councils steers,
Tell him, his arms she does defy ;
And that his honest brave Mynheers
Have no more forts for France to buy.

Acquaint his heroes of renown,
Who in cockades and war delight ;
If they now hop'd to win a town,
Their swords, as well as gold, must fight.

Though long his troops in safety fought,
While Bourbon kept his foes in pay ;
Those foes, with Gallic bribes once bought,
Sleep now no longer, or betray.

Convince him when his general calls,
And bids Breda her gates unfold,
To gain the fortress that his balls
Would now do better than his gold.

‘ But should our armies want success,
‘ No future wreaths in Holland gain;
‘ Pray, can your godship tell, or guess
‘ Our fate next summer on the main.’

‘ To Delphi’s shrine you need not come,’
Says sneering Phoebus, in reply:
‘ For would you learn your navy’s doom,
‘ Great Hawke can better tell, than I.

‘ By me you need not sure be told,
‘ To your proud fleet what fate remains:
‘ Consult that isle---whose prisons hold
‘ Ten thousand Gallic slaves in chains.’

You want no Oracles or Gods,
The fatal issue to presage;
Since Lewis’ self must know the odds,
When French with British flags engage.

Tell him, his captains are to blame,
Her dreaded squadrons to withstand;
Unless resolv’d to lose that fame
By sea, his troops have gain’d by land.

Bergen may yield---Tournay be lost;
But tell the foes to Albion’s crown,
That ’twill more blood and bullets cost,
To board her ships, than buy a town.

Your fleets are only Britain's slaves,
To distant worlds which vainly roam,
And plough the sea's remotest waves,
For her to bring their treasures home.

If then you ask, 'tis my advice,
' Your warlike vessels would do right,
' Rather to trade in rum or rice,
' Than fly, or yield whene'er they fight.'

' Ah! why so hard," cries Master Saxe,
' When, to complete his just renown,
' One only glory Lewis lacks---'
---Pray name it, Sir---' a naval crown.'

' Your prophecies are something odd,
' For one who does in arts excel---
' Alcides, though himself a God,
' Ne'er conquer'd more, or fought so well.

' At Victory riding by his side,
' You deities perhaps may sneer;
' And Delphi's self that power deride,
' Which Europe's kings have learn'd to fear.

' What though his vessels now display
' Not half the flags which once they bore;
' He sends to Brest---and in a day
' Can hoist ye up full fifty more !

- ‘ His saints at Marli and Versailles,
‘ Whene’er their help he does invoke,
‘ Can, without iron, work up nails,
‘ Turn elm or maple into oak !
- ‘ He whistles---at their master’s call,
‘ From Heaven descending angels crowd ;
‘ As he directs them, ready all
‘ To raise a mast, or mend a shrowd !
- ‘ See, prostrate ! every pious hour,
‘ Before their shrines their monarch pray ;
‘ And who shall tempt that sovereign’s power,
‘ Who keeps a guard of saints in pay ?
- ‘ Had he Jove’s eagle to bestride,
‘ Paris and Rome would both agree ;
‘ The God upon his clouds would ride,
‘ Less dreaded and ador’d than he !’
- ‘ Did then his heavenly squadrons keep,’
Says Phoebus, ‘ a good watch below ?
‘ Or was not half the tribe asleep,
‘ When Hawke attack’d his Gallic foe ?’
- Then softly whispering in his ear---
‘ Your naval fame no longer boast ;
‘ If I am right, ’t is time to fear,
‘ When half your captive fleet is lost.

‘ To the sea-god your king should send,
‘ The cause of his revenge to know,
‘ Since Mars is now and then his friend,
‘ Why Neptune always is his foe ?

‘ To piety so well inclin’d,
‘ Should he the ocean’s power invoke ;
‘ He might be mov’d to be more kind,
‘ And into bullets turn your smoke.

‘ Howe’er, perhaps, he may be right
‘ To think the danger now is o’er
‘ Of losing more marines in fight,
‘ Since Britain’s gaols can hold no more.’

He ceas’d---the angry chief replies,
(When Phoebus had no more to say)
‘ That France, ne’er minding deities,
‘ Knew the fates’ will, as much as they !

‘ That darkly what the Heavens decree,
‘ Their Tripods only could relate ;
‘ While Lewis, Lowendhal, and He,
‘ Whene’er they pleas’d, could baffle Fate

‘ That leagues and treaties were a joke ;
‘ Which Tencin swore were idle things ;
‘ And at the altar sign’d when broke
‘ Should ne’er disturb, or trouble kings.

‘ To honor’s fane though vows are paid,
‘ Its fruitful maxims we despise ;
‘ Since Gods must never be obey’d,
‘ Who glory beyond justice prize.’

Apollo, fearing to expose
His sacred shrines, so long admir’d ;
Lest the dispute should end in blows,
Left his dread temple, and retir’d.

ODE X.

TO THE
PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WRITTEN IN M DCC XLVI.

BY THE LATE BISHOP LOWTH.

BRITON! the thunder of the wrath divine,
Due to thy fathers' crimes, and long with-held
from thine,
Shall burst with tenfold rage on thy devoted head ;
Unless with conscious terrors aw'd,
By meek, heart-struck repentance led,
Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God :
If haply yet thou may'st avert his ire ;
And stay his arm out-stretch'd to launch the
avenging fire.

Did not high God of old ordain,
When to thy grasp he gave the sceptre of the main,
That empire in this favor'd land,
Fix'd on religion's solid base should stand ?
When from thy struggling neck he broke
Th' inglorious, galling, papal yoke,
Humbled the pride of haughty Spain,
And freed thee by a woman-hero's hand ;

He then confirm'd the strong decree:
 ' Briton, be virtuous and be free;
 ' Be truth, be sanctity thy guide:
' Be humble: fear thy God; and fear thou none
 beside.'

Oft has th' offended Power his rising anger shown:
 Led on by his avenging hand
 Rebellion triumphs in the land:
Twice have her barbarous sons our war-train'd
 hosts o'erthrown.
 They fell a cheap inglorious prey;
 The ambitious victor's boast was half suppress'd,
 While heav'n-br'd fear, and wild dismay,
Unman'd the warrior's heart, and reign'd in every
 breast.

Her arms to foreign lands Britannia bore;
Her arms, auspicious now no more!
With frequent conquests where the sires were crown'd;
The sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hostile ground:
 The tame, war-trading Belgian fled,
 While in his cause the Briton bled:
The Gaul stood wondring at his own success;
Oft did his hardiest bands their wonted fears confess;
Struck with dismay, and meditating flight;
While the brave foe still urg'd th' unequal fight,
While WILLIAM, with his Father's ardor fir'd,
Through all th' undaunted host the generous flame
 inspir'd!

But heavier far the weight of shame
That sunk Britannia's naval fame :
In vain she spreads her once victorious sails,
Or fear, or rashness, in her chiefs prevails ;
And wildly these prevent, those basely shun the fight;
Content with humble praise, the foe
Avoids the long-impending blow ;
Improves the kind escape, and triumphs in his flight.

The monstrous age, which still increasing years
debase,
Which teems with unknown crimes, and genders
new disgrace,
First, unrestrain'd by honor, faith, or shame,
Confounding every sacred name,
The hallow'd nuptial bed with lawless lust profan'd;
Deriv'd from this polluted source
The dire corruption held its course
Through the whole canker'd race, and tainted all
the land.

The rip'ning maid is vers'd in ev'ry dangerous art,
That ill adorns the form while it corrupts the heart :
Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,
In wanton mask to lead the way,
To move the pliant limbs, to roll the luring eye ;
With folly's gayest partizans to vye
In empty noise and vain expence ;
To celebrate with flaunting air
The midnight revels of the fair ;
Studious of every praise but virtue, truth, and sense.

Thus lesson'd in intrigue her early thought improves,
Nor meditates in vain forbidden loves ;
Soon the gay nymph in Cyprus' train shall rove
Free and at large amidst th' Idalian grove ;
Or haply jealous of the voice of fame,
Mask'd in the matron's sober name,
With many a well-dissembled wile
The kind, convenient husband's care beguile ;
More deeply vers'd in Venus' mystic lore,
Yet for such meaner arts too lofty and sublime,
The proud, high-born patrician whore,
Bears unbash'd her front ; and glories in her crime.

Hither from city and from court
The votaries of love resort ;
The rich, the great, the gay, and the severe ;
The pension'd architect of laws ;
The patriot, loud in virtue's cause ;
Proud of imputed worth, the peer :
Regardless of his faith, his country, or his name,
He pawns his honor and estate ;
Nor reckons at how dear a rate
He purchases disease, and servitude, and shame.

Not from such dastard sires, to every virtue lost,
Sprung the brave youth which Britain once could
boast :

Who curb'd the Gaul's usurping sway,
Who swept th' unnumber'd hosts away,

In Agincourt, and Cressy's glorious plain;
Who dy'd the seas with Spanish blood,
Their vainly-vaunted fleets subdu'd,
And spread the mighty wreck o'er all the vanquish'd
main.

No---'t was a generous race, 'by worth transmissive
known:

In their bold breast their father's spirit glow'd:
In their pure veins their mother's virtue flow'd:
They made hereditary praise their own.
The sire his emulous offspring led
The rougher paths of fame to tread;
The matron train'd their spotless youth
In honour, sanctity, and truth;
Form'd by th' united parents' care,
The sons, though bold, were wise; the daughters
chaste, though fair.

How Time, all-wasting, ev'n the worst impairs,
And each foul age to dregs still fouler runs!
Our sires, more vicious ev'n than theirs,
Left us, still more degenerate heirs,
To spawn a baser brood of monster-breeding sons.

ODE XI.

THE *GENIUS OF BRITAIN.*

AN IAMBIC ODE.

WRITTEN IN M DCC LVI.

As late o'er Britain's chalky coasts
The Genius of the island flew,
The venal swarm of foreign hosts
Inglorious basking in his view,
Deep in his breast he felt the new disgrace,
And honest blushes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flash'd the lightning of his spear,
Which blasted France on Cressy's field,
He wheel'd the blazing sword in air,
And on his shoulders spread the shield,
As when, o'er Agincourt's blood-purpled lands,
Pale Terror stalk'd through all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
Sudden the tears of anguish flow,
For sore he felt th' indignity ;
Discordant passions shook his heav'nly frame,
Now Horror's damp, now Indignation's flame.

Ah ! what avails, he cried, the blood
Shed by each patriot band of yore,
When Freedom's unpaid legions stood
Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
When ancient Wisdom deem'd each British sword
From hostile power could guard its valiant lord.

What tho' the Danish raven spread
Awhile his wings o'er English ground,
The bird of prey funereal fled
When Alfred call'd his peers around,
Whose fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

Alfred on natives could depend,
And scorn'd a foreign force t' employ,
He thought, who dar'd not to defend
Were never worthy to enjoy ;
The Realm's and Monarch's interest deem'd but one,
And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

What tho' weak John's divided reign
The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
When Henry's barons join'd again,
Those feather'd warriors left the shore;
Learn, Britons, hence, you want no foreign friends,
The Lion's safety on himself depends.

Reflect on Edward's glorious name;
On my fifth Henry's martial deeds;
Think on those peers of deathless fame,
Who met their king on Thames's meads,
When sovereign might acknowledg'd reason's plea,
That heaven created man for liberty.

Tho' Rome's fell star malignant shone,
When good Eliza rul'd this state,
On English hearts she plac'd her throne,
And in their happiness her fate,
While blacker than the tempests of the North,
The Papal tyrant sent his curses forth.

Lo! where my Thames's waters glide
At great Augusta's regal feet,
Bearing on each returning tide
From distant realms a golden fleet,
Which homeward wafts the fruits of every zone,
And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

Shall on his silver waves be borne
Of armed slaves a venal crew ?
Lo! the old God denotes his scorn,
And shudders at th' unusual view,
Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
And tears indignant bathe his crystal urn.

O! how can vassals born to bear
The galling weight of Slavery's chain,
A Patriot's noble ardor share,
Or Freedom's sacred cause maintain ?
Britons, exert your own unconquer'd might,
A Freeman best defends a Freeman's right.

Look back on every deathless deed
For which your Sires recorded stand ;
To battle, let your nobles lead
The sons of toil, a hardy band ;
The sword on each rough peasant's thigh be worn,
And war's green wreathes the shepherd's front adorn.

But see ! upon his utmost shores
America's sad Genius lies,
Each wasted province he deplores,
And casts on me his languid eyes,
Blest with heaven's favorite ordinance I fly
To raise th' oppress'd, and humble tyranny.

This said, the Vision westward fled,
His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
The way fire-mantled Vengeance led,
And Justice drove his airy car;
Behind firm-footed Peace her olive bore,
And Plenty's horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

ODE XII.

TO
LORD CHATHAM.

ATTRIBUTED TO
GENERAL CONWAY.

FORGIVE, my Lord, an homely Muse,
Too plain by flatt'ry to amuse,
Too free to hope or fear;
I come not with obsequ'ous bow,
To sooth, protest, recant, or vow,
Like temporising Clare.

Nor meek, and trembling with despair,
To drop a penitential tear,
And sue to be forgiven;
Unfit to sneak about a court,
I live where freedom's sons resort,
Beneath an humbler heaven.

Friend to the law, the church, and king,
As numbers flow I boldly sing,
And praise where praise is due:



When laws enslave, I blot the plan,
When spendthrifts guide, I brand the man,
Tho' great, or proud as you.

There was a time, I must be plain,
Ere adulation turn'd your brain,
Ere power unmask'd your pride;
When you, my Lord, diffus'd afar
Your lustre, like the northern star,
Britannia's hope and guide.

But now these rays are over-cast,
Your sun has now his zenith past,
Declining are your fires;
No more, Britannia, meek and tame,
Like a fond mistress fans your flame,
Nor courts your wild desires.

Cast off, impoverished, undone,
She weeps, her health and fortune gone,
Whilst your new love rejoices;
But her's is no uncommon state,
'Tis but the just decree of fate
To dames who make such choices.

America, her rival flame,
That rough, imperious, haughty dame,
As dark in heart as feature;

With your opinions to comply,
Forces all bonds of legal tie,
Of gratitude and nature.

Rais'd by the fondest mother's care,
She wounds that mother to despair,
Who gave her ease and wealth ;
Tutor'd to serve your odious ends,
For you she cheats herself and friends,
With you intrigues by stealth.

Such is the nature of your sex,
Regardless whom you please or vex,
You change from one to t' other ;
'Tis lustful passion tempts the man,
When daughters give up all they can ;
Like you to quit the mother.

This may be folly deem'd in youth,
Ere constancy and social truth
Grow with the growth of time ;
Yet sure in life there is a stage,
When treachery 's a stain to age,
When want of faith 's a crime.

In vain again you meanly fly,
With golden promise, flatt'ring sigh,
For refuge to her arms ;



Wisely she shuns th' attractive flame,
That blaz'd but to undo her fame,
Her fortune, health, and charms.

Britannia now has found a friend,
Active and able to defend,
Accessible and true ;
On Grenville she has cast her eye,
From him expects that rich supply
Of wealth, she lost by you.

From his abundant depth of mind,
Resources flow of every kind,
To ease, correct, or heal ;
Frugal of treasures not his own ;
He bribes no hungry courtier's frown,
He dreads no foe's appeal.

Averse to shed Britannia's blood,
His ruling passion's public good,
His liberty her law ;
Reviv'd by these salubrious powers,
She'll rest again on beds of flowers,
And strength from plenty draw.

ODE XIII.

UPON

THE PRESENT PERIOD OF TIME.

By the Same.

IN times like these, when party rage
Quickens the feeble pulse of age,
And fires the youthful breast;
When confidence, that social chain,
Which link'd the faith of man to man,
Shrinks from the gen'rous test;

When ev'ry organ, spring, and wheel,
Destin'd to move the public weal,
For good and noble ends;
Forgetful of that great design,
Act, counteract, distract, combine,
As power recommends;

O, whither shall the muse retreat
To seek that safe-establish'd seat
Where freedom spreads her wing?



Where can she breathe her honest fire,
When public virtue tunes her lyre,
When Grenville bids her sing ?

Yet, ere she leaves this stormy scene,
To fly to prospects more serene,
To seats still calm and gay ;
To you, her genius, refuge, friend,
(Titles by flatt'ry unobtain'd)
She sends a parting lay.

There is a season, men agree,
Fix'd by the laws of destiny,
To nations, as to man ;
In this precarious bounded space
They meet their triumph or disgrace,
As rulers act and plan.

Let us, my friend, our thoughts convey,
To seasons of the brightest day,
Times of auspicious date ;
When Britons easy and content,
Felt, in the hand of government,
The safety of the state.

Experience then, mature in years,
Train'd from the cradle to affairs,
Sat active at the helm ;

Practis'd to break the casual wave,
Too cautious wantonly to brave
Storms, that would risk the realm.

Justice, too prudent to believe,
And Mercy, panting to relieve,
In all his actions sprung ;
The laws their settled course maintain'd,
The prince belov'd, and loving reign'd,
The people toil'd and sung.

Whatever India's treasure yields
From mines, or aromatic fields,
Rich commerce made his own ;
His virtues made his friends revere,
His powers taught his foes to fear,
He's great, the more he's known.

Gods! what a golden scene was this,
Of public fame, of private bliss!
---But hold, delusive sire---
The morning view is gone and past,
The bright meridian's overcast,
The downy hours retire.

Subject to every natural ill
That springs from impious, lawless will,
From passion, and pollution ;



To-day, the nation's glory flies,
To-morrow, health and virtue dies,
And then---'tis dissolution.

The legal sword, and equal scale
Of justice, unprotected, fail,
The martial word is given ;
Wisdom, in vain, may drop a tear,
And Piety address her prayer
For interposing heaven.

In vain, pale virgins, in despair,
To Freedom's altar may repair,
That wonted seat of rest :
There ruffians have usurp'd her name,
And men, intrusted with her fame,
Alike have stabb'd her breast.

The tumult spreads---rank, honour, birth,
Are levell'd with their native earth,
Each man, as Caesar's great---
Farewel allegiance to the throne,
And duty due to kings alone,
Farewel the plumes of state ?

Where can Britannia find a friend ?
The great profess, the good commend,
But can't avert her doom ;

The faithful Bedfords all proclaim
' Friendship and charity the same,
' And both commence at home.'

Must she at Grafton's feet repine,
Or sue to Grafton's concubine,
With flattery, bribes, or tears ?
Bribes, like the magic of champaign,
Can steal the feeling soul from pain,
And sooth the wound of cares.

But these, however, well design'd,
Like opiums to the fev'rish mind,
Ensnare it to endure :
Waking again it raves and burns,
Each agonizing pain returns,
Till nature works the cure.

Come then, my Grenville, come away,
'Tis criminal to lose a day,
With talents bright as thine :
Let indolence, on beds of flowers,
Consume the weary, lagging hours,
Action's thy noblest line.

Like Quintus, at his country's call,
Haste to avert a nation's fall,
Thy absence signs its fate ;

Felt by the senate's loud applause,
Thy manly truths shall plead its cause,
Thy counsels make it great.

Haste to correct these upstart things,
These modern counsellors of kings,
Who toy with state and power,
Expose the lines they draw, and break,
Blow down the baseless plans they make,
Like play-things of an hour.

This gen'rous course of glory run,
Fame shall record thy triumph won,
The Muse her tribute pay :
Britannia to her sons shall tell,
' That, anxious for the public weal,
' Grenville ne'er lost a day.'

ODE XIV.

TO
LORD NORTH,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
MDCC LXX.

O THOU, whom placemen all adore,
Of the exchequer chancellor,
And first lord of the treasury,
How can a Muse, in humble strain,
Pretend thy merits to explain,
Or how in numbers measure you!

Let Grafton, shunning public strife,
Sink in the bosom of his wife,
Scared at the York petition;
But thou shalt still maintain the field,
With heart in two-fold conscience steel'd,
And combat opposition.

Bold in their front tho' Dowdeswell stand,
With string of motions in his hand,
Maxims of hard digestion !
Unanswer'd they shall perish all,
Clogg'd with amendments in their fall,
Or choak'd by previous question.

Whilst thou, like Falstaff, tak'st the floor,
With men in buckram thirteen score,
No cause you have to fear him :
The Speaker, too, with looks so big,
Waits but the motion of thy leg
To point, and call out---Hear him !

On either hand, from left to right,
The chiefs all marshall'd for the fight,
Press to partake thy glory :
There Barrington, with sugar'd tongue,
De Grey the old, and Fox the Young,
The flower of oratory.

Here Palmerston, and blundering Clare,
And patient Mungo every where,
And Thurlow puts his case in ;
While all amid th' opposing rout,
The dauntless Rigby, tall and stout,
Pushes a modest face in.

Elliot, with accents broad and strong,
And Jenkinson, with arms so long,
Still join to help the farce on :
Ellis and Strange their voices lend,
With Onslow, Wilkes's only friend,
That since has sued the parson.

With crest erect, like Priam's son,
Lead but your trusty Trojans on,
Regardless of desertion,
Like Swiss, they faithfully obey ;
Like Swiss, too, they must have their pay,
Post, pension, and reversion.

In other fields let Grafton reap
A victory more safe and cheap,
With stars and garters hemm'd in ;
Weymouth to answer Richmond's duke,
And sober Sandwich to rebuke
Both Rockingham and Camden.

With Scottish peers complete sixteen,
Bishops in meet array are seen,
Content--to earn promotion ;
And Mansfield, ever constant found,
And Marchmont ready to propound
In Erse a midnight motion.

Great polar star, who now secure
Beams in the sky the cynosure
Of courtly navigation,
Oh, deign to shed thy influence forth
On him whose needle points at North,
Without a variation !

ODE XV.

CONGRATULATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO
LORD NORTH.

ATTRIBUTED TO
LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

Scriberis, Vario fortis, & hostium,
Victor, Maconii carminis alite,
Quam rem cumque ferox navibus, aut equis
Miles, te duce, gesserit.

HOR.

SAM Johnson in the true sublime
Shall chaunt your Acts another time,
Your wisdom in taxation ;
Though Boston still, without remorse,
Would burn your ships, and starve your horse,
She'll kiss your proclamation.

Our power supreme shall Yankies own,
Since Jacobites before the throne
Lay down their lives and riches :
To raise recruits the Highlands join,
And Birmingham will furnish coin
To buy them---velvet breeches.

My trembling Muse can ne'er aspire
To tune an ode with Whitehead's fire,
Or sing these glorious days:
Besides, your ears, my Lord, are nice,
They shrink from flattery in a trice,
And scarce bear modest praise.

Else should I hail this lucky hour,
Lo, SA YRE committed to the Tower!
Britain shall Paeans sing:
A meal-tub plot young Oates shall prove,
Since Kate Macaulay basely strove
To ravish George our King!

Can I describe the Atlantic sea,
Green as a leek with India's tea,
Dire cause of civil rage?
The dust and sweat on Putnam's brow,
Who in the battle equals Howe,
But kneels to Madam Gage?

Enough for me if I rehearse
Some Whiggish maxim in my verse,
And prove my patriot zeal:
I've no fond wish to lose an ear,
(Or gain a pension, like Shebbeare)
Though the King's touch might heal.

ODE XVI.

TO

MR. PINCHBECK,

UPON HIS NEWLY INVENTED
PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS.

BY MALCOLM M'GREGOR, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS,
AND THE HEROIC POSTSCRIPT.

Quousque ergo frustra pascemus ignigenum istum?

Apuleii Met. Lib. 7.

Why should a Patent be granted to this Candle-snuffer in vain?

ILLUSTRIOUS Pinchbeck! condescend
Thou well-belov'd, and best King's-Friend,
These lyric lines to view;
O! may they prompt thee, ere too late,
To snuff the candle of the state,
That burns a little blue.

It once had got a stately wick,
When in its patent candlestick
The Revolution put it:

As white as wax we saw it shine
Thro' two whole lengths of BRUNSWICK's line,
Till Bute first dar'd to smut it.

Since then---but wherefore tell the tale?
Enough, that now it burneth pale,
And sorely wastes its tallow :
Nay, if thy poet rightly weens,
(Tho' little skill'd in ways and means)
Its Save-all is but shallow.

Come then, ingenious artist, come,
And put thy finger and thy thumb
Into each polish'd handle ;
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Thy King's, and eke thy Country's friend,
To trim Old England's candle.

But first we pray for its relief,
Pluck from its wick each Tory thief,
It else must quickly rue it ;
While N--- and M--- sputter there,
Thou 'lt ne'er prevent, with all thy care,
The melting of the suet.

There's Twitcher too, that old he-witch,
Sticks in its bole as black as pitch,
And makes a filthy pother ;

When curs'd with such a sorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
'Twill soon be in a smother.

I fear me much, in such a plight,
Those tapers blest would lose their light,
Canadian fanes that deck;
Which pious ---*--- ordains to blaze,
And gild with their establish'd rays
Our Lady of Quebec.

His arms, thou hallow'd image ! bless,
And surely thou canst do no less,
He is thy Faith's Defender ;
Thou ow'st thy place to him alone,
As other Jacobites have done,
And not to the Pretender.

Haste then, and quash the hot turmoil,
That flames in Boston's angry soil,
And frights the mother-nation :
Know, Lady ! if its rage you stop,
Pinchbeck shall send you, from his shop,
A most superb oblation.

His patent-snuffers, in a dish
Of burnish'd gold ; if more you wish
His Cyclops shall bestir

Their brawny stumps, and for thy sake,
Of Pinchbeck's own mixt-metal make
A huge Extinguisher.

To form the mass, Germain, thy zeal
Shall furnish that well-temper'd steel,
Thou didst at Minden brandish;
Nor yet shall Glöster's reverend Dean,
Counting its worth, refuse, I ween,
His ponderous leaden standish.

Poor Doctor Johnson, I'm afraid,
Can give but metaphoric aid;
His style's case-harden'd graces!
M'Pherson, without shame, or fear,
Sir John Dalrymple, and Shebbeare
Shall melt their brazen faces.

And sure, this mixt metallic stuff,
Will yield materials large enough
To mold the mighty cone;
But how transport it, when 't is cast,
Across the deep Atlantic vast,
'Twill weigh some thousand stone?

'Leave that to me,' our Lady cries,
'Howe'er gigantic be its size,
'I have a scheme in petto:

‘ I’ll fly with it from shore to shore,
‘ Safe as my sooty sister bore
‘ Her cottage to Loretto.

‘ Swift to the Congress with my freight
‘ I’ll speed, and on their heads its weight
‘ Souse with such skill and care ;
‘ That PUT’NAM, WASHINGTON beneath,
‘ And gasping LEE shall wish to breathe
‘ A pint of PRIESTLEY’s air.

‘ The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
‘ No longer, England, shalt thou dread
‘ Such Presbyterian huffers ;
‘ Thy candle’s radiance ne’er shall fade,
‘ With now and then a little aid
‘ From PINCHBECK’s patent snuffers.’

ODE XVII.

TO
SIR FLETCHER NORTON.

By the Same.

MUSE! were we rich in land, or stocks,
We'd send Sir Fletcher a ^a gold box ;
Who lately, to the world's surprize,
Advis'd his Sovereign to be wise.
The zeal of cits should ne'er surpass us,
We'd make him Speaker of Parnassus.
Or could I boast the mimic eye
Of ^b Townshend, or of Bunbury,
Whose art can catch, in comic guise,
' The manners living as they rise,'
And find it the same easy thing
To ^c hit a Jollux or a king;
I'd hangings weave, in Fancy's loom,
For Lady Norton's dressing room.

But ^d arts like these I don't pursue,
Nor ^e does Sir Fletcher heed vertu.
Enough for me in these hard times,
When ev'ry thing is tax'd but rhymes,

To ^f tag a few of these together :
Though I am quite uncertain, whether
My verse will much rejoice the knight,
As ^s great a store as I set by 't.
For verse, (I'd have Sir Fletcher know it)
When written by a genuine poet,
Has more of meaning and intent,
Than ^h modern acts of Parliament.

'Tis ⁱ fit and right, when heroes die,
The nation should a tomb supply ;
Yet, not the votes of both the houses,
Without the assistance of the muses,
Can give that permanence of fame
That heroes from their country claim.
And tell me pray, to our good King,
What fame our present broils can bring,
Ev'n ^s should the Howes, which some folks doubt,
Put Washington to total rout,
Unless his Treasurer in an ode,
Exalt the victor to a god.
What though Earl Temple got a name,
By making John the Painter peach
Himself, for Bristol's impious flame.
Will all the Jackals of Jack Ketch
Be proud to call the Peer their brother,
If Fame that bright transaction smother ?

A man, I know, may get a pension
Without the muse's intervention :

Yet what are pensions to the praise
Wrapt up in ¹ Caledonian lays ?
Say, Johnson !, where had been ^m Fingal,
But for Macpherson's great assistance ?
The chieftain had been nought at all,
A non-existing non-existence.
Mac, like a ⁿ poet stout and good,
First ^o plung'd, then pluck'd him from Ob-
livion's flood,
And bade him bluster at his ease,
Among the fruitful Hebrides.
A ^p common Poet can revive
The man who once has been alive ;
But Mac revives, by magic power,
The man who never liv'd before.

Such hocus-pocus tricks, I own,
Belong to Gallic Bards alone.
My ^a Muse would think her power enough,
Could she make some folks fever-proof ;
Dub them immortal from their birth,
And give them all their heaven on earth ;
Then ^r Doctor K---, that broad divine,
With lords and dukes should ever dine ;
Post, prate, and preach, for years on years,
And puff himself in Gazetteers.
Sandwich for aye, should shine ^s the star,
Propitious to our naval war ;
Caulk all our vessels' ^t leaky sides,
And in the docks work double tides.

While Stormont, " grac'd with ribband green,
Keeps France from mixing in the riot,
Till Britain's lion vents his spleen,
And tears his rebel whelps in quiet.

ODE XVIII.

ON

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE'S LEGACY.

Arms, Virumque!
Arms and the man!

FAIR Granta! bid thy sons rehearse,
In polish'd strains, and easy verse,
The praises of the Knight
Who bade those annual orbs to rise,
Whose lustre gilds thy *cloudless* skies,
And blinds our dazzled sight.

Those golden rays with Phoebus' fire
Shall each poetic breast inspire :
Such power each beam displays,
Thy splendid stile full many a bard
Shall equal, O sublime Layard !
And thine, sublimer Hayes!

To thee such blessings while we owe,
Which none, Sir William, could bestow
With wisdom less than thine!

Lives there that mean, that abject man,
Who would to thy exalted plan
A selfish cause assign ?

‘ Those orbs, on which with joy we gaze,
‘ Thy vanity first gave to blaze ;’
Thus envious Malice cries :
But all thy friends, too modest Browne !
To whom thy meekness well was known,
Such idle tales despise.

Nor needs, immortal bard ! thy name
Such small addition to its fame :
In Truth’s unsullied page,
The fame thy works have gain’d, shall last,
Long as the genuine Attic taste
Which marks this happy age !

No ! thou didst only mean to prove
Of ev’ry Muse thy ardent love,
And *gild* the path to fame ;
---And let not Granta’s sons despair !
Some favour’d bard thy praise may share,
And emulate thy name !

While we thy care, Sir William, boast,
We know not which t’ admire the most,
Thy wisdom, or thy taste !

They bid the book-worm poet speak
Horatian Latin, Sapphic Greek,
Nor wit in English waste.

They bid (well-knowing Granta's throne
Is ever fill'd by those alone
Whom Genius deigns to bless)
The sage Vice-chancellor decide
Who shall enjoy the wish'd-for pride
Thy honors to possess.

Sure Phoebus' self the fav'rite plan
Thy happy genius first began
His constant care has made :
A miracle for thee has shown,
And once in Magd'len has been known
To give unlook'd-for aid !

Thy plains, Newmarket ! never taught
Young Wallop so divine a thought
That good Sir William's praise
Should by his Horace be bestow'd ;
Or by chaste Sappho's tender ode,
And soft, love-breathing lays.

Who could a nobler subject choose
To animate a classic Muse ?
Farmer ! that task is thine !

Unwilling we're compell'd to own
Thy praise itself, Sir William Browne !
A subject less divine.

Yes, by thy Shakespeare's genius fir'd,
Or by the self-same Muse inspir'd
That made him all her care,
Thou bidst us sing great Gage's host,
And, Boston ! yelling on thy coast,
The deep-mouth'd dogs of war.

Sure, Sappho, thy melodious shell
On such a theme will love to dwell !
In Percy's youthful train
Some gentle Phaon's am'rous aid
Shall bid each beauteous Yankee maid
Display her charms in vain.

Nor shalt thou, Horace ! e'er complain ;
Vict'ries, like those of George's reign,
Augustus *never* knew.
Fair Concord's desolated vale,
And Bunker's Hill shall tell a tale
Some may for ever rue !

And thou, illustrious Howe ! shalt shine
In each immortal classic line,
And brighten ev'ry page !

Great Zenophon! thou dar'st retreat
On board the gallant British fleet,
To follow noble Gage!

Oh! by thy bright example fir'd,
Should Carlton wish to be admir'd,
And give his foes a check;
Soon shall we see his bolder train
Launch on the bosom of the main,
Escape---and *burn* Quebec!

What yet remains? a pious prayer
That Neptune's all-propitious care
Some gentle gales may send,
Such as of late our transports knew:
Sure softer zephyrs never blew
'Twixt London and Gravesend.

Then to the bard who dares to choose
A theme so great, the smiling Muse
Shall give the golden fee;
And, Farmer! since thy plastic hand
Alone the noble outline plann'd,
A bishopric to thee!

ODE XIX.

WRITTEN AT
HOLLAND HOUSE,

SEPTEMBER, M DCC LXXVI.

OFF to these walls the pilgrim grey,
With labor'd travel worn ;
Has hasten'd at the parting day,
And shelter'd till the morn.

The poor wayfarer, distant bound,
Pacing the frequent-haunted ground,
His feeble limbs less toil'd would find ;
Refresh'd, he'd slumber thro' the night,
With prayers, depart at early light,
Yet---leave his soul behind.

No longer echoes round the hall
The strange romantic tale ;
Nor mirth provokes, nor tripping ball,
The laugh o'er nut-brown ale.

Hope droops! whilst o'er each gothic room,
Pale melancholy spreads a gloom,

And pity mourns the ruin'd seat;
Old hospitality is fled,
And northern FAMINE in his stead,
Here fixes her retreat.

Back fly reflection---truth severe!
Let fancy for a while,
To PEMBROKE lend a scornful sneer,
To WINNINGTON a smile.

Behold! the marble busts turn pale,
At red'ning LENOX's sad wail!
The FAUN no more his pipe shall play;
And see! the EAGLE's anger'd eye,
Reproach the hungry passing by,
That robb'd him of his prey!

Soft sheds the moon her tranquil beam,
Where still the RICHMONDS live,
Conversing lo! the DIGBYS seem,
The sons of honour grieve!--

Sure, sounds of sad lament arise!
Peace!--'twas alone my echoed sighs.
What deep distress that aspect wears!
That eye which once outshone the day
With frowns like mine, bright form array!
Mine---will I hide in tears.

ODE XX.

AMERICA.

TO
THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN IN M DCC LXXVI.

Ἄλλ' ὅν μὲννησθ' ἄτ' ἐγὼ προλίγω·
Μηδὲ προῦ ἄτης θηάθηναις
Μίμψησθε τύχην ρ' μηδὲ ποτ' εἴπη-
Θ ὧς Ζεὺς ὑμᾶς εἰς ἀπρόοπτον
Πῆμ' εἰσέβαλεν· μὴ δ' ἤτ', αὐτοὶ
Δ' ὑμᾶς αὐτὰς· εἰδονίης γὰρ,
Κῆκ' ἐξαίφνης, εἰδὲ λαθραίως,
Εἰς ἀπείραστον δίκλυνον ἄτης
Ἐμπλεχθήσεσθ' ὑπ' ἀνοίαις.

AESCHYLUS.

I. 1.

FAR o'er the western azure main,
The adverse coast, about to gain,
Appear'd the fatal barks that bore
Our hostile legions to a kindred shore.
Sunk was the sun, and dark the seas;
The wild waves murmur'd round the prow;
And dismal sounds were wafted in the breeze,
Confus'd alarms, and shrieks of distant woe.
Fix'd, as rooted in the tide,
Each keel at once forgot to glide:

Pale horror damp'd the watchful pilot's brow ;
Hush'd were the winds above, and still'd the floods
below.

I. 2.

As from behind the storm
The pale moon glimmers with malignant light,
Sudden an aery form
Glanc'd on their startled eyes, athwart the night.
The semblance sad and meek it bore
Of him, whom to the desert shore
Religion led, and Freedom's holy flame.
There Justice pois'd her equal scale,
Taught savage chiefs her shrine to hail,
And wreath'd her bloodless laurels round his name.

I. 3.

' Fled are the hours of peace !
' From Boston's plain the flames arise ;
' With ruddy horror blaze the western skies ;
' Nor yet,' he cries ' they cease.
' I hear the clarion's dire alarms ;
' Her thousand warriors Freedom arms :
' From the bleak Atlantic main
' To dark Ontario's piny shore ;
' From Georgia's citron grove, and fertile plain ;
' To Ohio's stream I see their myriads pour.
' Before them Conquest lifts her spear ;
' On the broad base of equal laws,

- ' By Wisdom fix'd, the rising states appear;
- ' Justice avows, and Heaven asserts their cause.
- ' Brightening thro' ages the fair prospect glows,
- ' Nor long futurity reveals the distant close.

II. 1.

- ' But thou, thy suppliant sons afar
- ' Who vexest with injurious war,
- ' Unnatural mother, hear thy doom!
- ' Devoted Britain, mark thy ills to come!
- ' Enfeebled by Corruption's sway,
- ' The ruin of a mighty state,
- ' Unhonor'd shalt thou sink to swift decay:
- ' Each art, each virtue, fled, that made thee great.
- ' Torn from its base thy column lies,
- ' Forgotten all thy victories;
- ' In the throng'd port thy cross is seen no more;
- ' Lost are thy boasted laws, o'erthrown thy balanc'd power.

II. 2.

- ' To peaceful realms the sword
 - ' In evil hour the proud Iberian bore;
 - ' Though empires own'd him Lord,
 - ' And wealth uncounted swell'd his fatal store.
 - ' From Cusco's mournful vale the cries
 - ' Of guiltless blood ascend the skies;
 - ' To mutual slaughter rush the frantic band:
 - ' The fathers' crimes their offspring bear,
 - ' The tardy vengeance still they fear,
 - ' While bigot slavery wastes the destin'd land.
- 

II. 3.

‘ Spirits of heroes old,
‘ Who erst your country’s rights assail’d
‘ Challeng’d in arms; and now heaven’s guardian
 shield
 O’er struggling freedom hold ;
‘ Rescuing her unpolluted shrine,
‘ In other climes her sons ye join.
‘ Heaven her blazing portal spreads ;
‘ Shafts of glory pierce the night;
‘ Lo ! the bright van the royal patriot leads,
‘ Founder of laws, and arbiter of right ;
 ‘ Pensive his brow, as when oppress
 ‘ By Danish pride his realm he view’d :
‘ Girt with his peers Fitzwalter lifts his crest,
‘ With him, who ill-star’d Henry’s arms withstood ;
‘ See Spencer’s foe, fierce Lancaster appear,
‘ And Kent too early slain, and Tressell’s brow
 severe.

III. 1.

‘ Frowning from Chalgrave’s sanguine field,
‘ In timely death his virtue seal’d,
‘ The right he bled for, to maintain ;
‘ Hampden in sun-bright mail augments the train.
 ‘ Victims of Stuart’s bigot pride ;
 ‘ Nor are ye absent, generous pair,
‘ In many a year of adverse fortune tried,
‘ Leicester’s firm son, and Bedford’s gentle heir.

- ' Join'd in love, in fate ye fell !
- ' Still the just muse your fame shall tell,
- ' Where Freedom holds on earth her hallow'd seat ;
- ' And nations yet unborn the pious strains repeat.

III. 2.

- ' Ye too, they cry, be bold !
- ' Uncheck'd by secret guile, or force abhorr'd,
- ' Your charter'd rights uphold ;
- ' And dauntless brave the mercenary sword.
- ' To Heaven Oppression rears her head,
- ' Her scourge the prostrate kingdoms dread ;
- ' But short her rule, and fleeting is her hour.
- ' The rod avenging Justice bears,
- ' And when are past the appointed years,
- ' Smites with a giant's force, and quells her power.

III. 3.

- ' Fast by the sapphire throne
- ' Its adamant beam the balance sways,
- ' In which the deeds of men th' Eternal weighs :
- ' Thence the decrees are known
- ' That set the suffering nations free,
- ' And bear to virtue victory.
- ' Cherish deeds by Heaven approv'd,
- ' And virtues equal to thy doom.
- ' Thrice happy land ! See on thy plains below'd
- ' The sacred Muse her promis'd seat assume.

‘ As o’er the main thy towers arise,
‘ Spreading their salutary light ;
‘ And bless with hope the weary’d seaman’s eyes,
‘ Worn with th’Atlantic storm, and wrapt in night,
‘ Thy genial breast shall still the unhappy greet,
‘ Refuge of injur’d worth, and freedom’s last retreat.’

ODE XXI.

LORD CHATHAM'S PROPHECY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCC LXXVI.

AND ASCRIBED TO

LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

WHEN boasting Gage was hurry'd o'er
To dye his sword in British gore,
And plead the Senate's right,
Wise Chatham, with indignant smile,
Harangu'd in this prophetic style,
Illum'd by Freedom's light.

Your plumed corps though Percy cheers
And far-fam'd British grenadiers,
Renown'd for martial skill ;
Yet Albion's heroes bite the plain,
Her Chiefs round gallant Howe are slain,
And fallow Bunker's hill.

Some tuneful bard who pants for fame,
Shall consecrate one deathless name,
And future ages tell,---

For Spartan valour here renown'd
Where laurels shade the sacred ground,
Heroic Warren fell.

Erewhile a Howe indignant rose,
Against his country's, freedom's foes;
Those glorious days are past :
A coward's orders to perform,
Lo, yon sea-Alva rides the storm,
And drives the furious blast.

Though darkness all the horizon shroud,
And from the east yon thunder-cloud
Menace destruction round ;
Yet Franklin, vers'd in Nature's laws,
From her dire womb the light'ning draws,
And brings it to the ground.

Around him Sydneys, Hampdens throng;
His ardent philosophic tongue,
Can Roman zeal inspire ;
The Amphyctyon Council, hand in hand,
Like the immortal Theban band,
Catch his electric fire.

Can fleets or troops such spirits tame,
Although they view their cities flame,
And desolate their coast ?

'Midst distant wilds they 'll find a home,
Far as the untam'd Indians roam,
And *freedom's luxury* boast.

'Midst the Snow-storm yon hero shines,
Pierces your barrier---breaks your lines,
With splendour marks his days ;
He falls, the soldier---patriot---sage !
His name illumines th' historic page,
Crown'd with immortal praise.

Brighten the chain, the wampum tie,
Those painted chiefs raise war's fell cry,
And hail the festive hour ;
The Congress binds the savage race,
As Heaven's own aether rules through space,
Arm'd with attraction's power.

Canadians scorn your vile behest,
Indignant passions fire each breast,
And freedom's banner waves ;
Whole years they felt her flame divine ;
Its cheering light can they resign,
And sink again to slaves ?

No more will kings court Britain's smiles,
No longer dread this Queen of Isles,
No more her virtues charm :

See her pursue the ignoble strife,
By the dire Indian's scalping knife,
And by the Bravo's arm.

Vain France, and Spain's vindictive power,
Exulting wait the auspicious hour
To spread war's dire alarms ;
---No more our fleets triumphant ride ;
This isle of bliss with all her pride,
May feel the Bourbon arms.

America, with just disdain,
Will break degen'rate Britain's chain,
And gloriously aspire ;
I see new Lockes and Camdens rise,
Whilst other Newtons read the skies,
And Miltons wake the lyre.

Behold her blazing flag unfurl'd,
To awe and rule the western world,
And teach presumptuous kings,
Though lull'd by servile flattery's dream,
The people are alone supreme,
From whom dominion springs.

Heaven's choicest gifts enrich her plain,
The red'ning orange, swelling grain,
Her genial suns refine ;

For her the silken insects toil,
The olive teems with floods of oil,
And glows the purple vine.

Her prowess Albion's empire shakes,
Her cataracts, her ocean'd lakes,
Display great Nature's hand ;
And Europe sees, with dread surprise,
Æthereal tow'ring spirits rise,
To rule the wondrous land.

Bold emulation stands confest ;
Through the firm chief's and yeoman's bre
The heroic passion runs ;
Imperial spirits claim their place !
No venal honors lift the base,
When Nature ranks her sons.

Lo! Britain's ancient genius flies
Where commerce, arts, and science, rise,
And war's dire horrors cease ;
Exulting millions croud her plains,
Escap'd from Europe's galling chains,
To liberty and peace.

ODE XXII.

A

*NEW SCHEME TO RAISE A NEW CORPS,
AND SUPPLY THE WANT OF
A SCOTCH MILITIA.*

ADDRESSED TO
LORD BARRINGTON, SECRETARY AT WAR.

By the Same.

Arma, virumque cano.

VIRGIL.

OF arms and wondrous tribes I sing;
My scheme shall through the nation ring,
Form'd on a liberal plan:
Though ev'ry day the bounty rise,
The standard too---your Lordship's size!
You can't recruit a man.

Adopt a philosophic hint,
Though its convey'd in rhyme and print;
Nor think my project odd:

Or else I'll set you at defiance,
And boast my new and grand alliance
With learned Lord MONBODD'.

Since you, my Lord, disdain to look
In any tome, but the *red book*,
By which your genius steers!
Perhaps you'll hear with some surprise
How monkies above monkies rise,
Like commoners and peers!

The Ouran Outangs wise and great,
(The Bedford party of a state,)
Who factions form or break;
With high-bon'd, eager, hungry features,
MONBODDO swears are human creatures,
---Only they cannot speak.

Ship Faucet quick with prosp'rous gales,
To catch these monkey men with tails;
Then check depopulation;
To barren Scotia waft them o'er,
For Donald flies his native shore
A rebel---to *starvation*!

Ourans outstrip the bounding hind,
Neither by coats or shoes confin'd,
They spring o'er stakes and ditches;

The Treas'ry's drain'd by Frazier's corps,
For bonnets blue, and kelts, they roar,
---You only save their breeches.

The French an Ouran nicely stuff,
I've seen one standing in his buff,
Who had been gay and frisky:
He once like you, could flirt a fan,
And was in truth a pretty man,
But dy'd by drinking whiskey.

Then speak no more, my lord, on trifles,
But arm these Baboon Clans with rifles,
At Rebels turn them loose:
Hips, haws, and acorns they will eat,
Or cram their paunches with raw meat,
Like Abyssinian Bruce!

With envious glance Germain shall see
These Tory troops skip up a tree,
Firing as quick as Prussians :---
He'll find the loyal Ourans far
More dexterous in this Yankey war,
And scorn the aid of Russians.

Mac-Homer too, in prose or song,
By the State-papers of Buffon,
To deep researches led,

A Gallo-Celtic scheme may botch
To prove the Ouran-race were Scotch,
Who from the Highlands fled.

At such a pedigree you sneer ;
Pert Sawney's logic makes it clear,
And NORTH no longer droops :
Indemnity he now disdains ;
As Scottish *bluid* flows in their veins,
Who'll vote them *foreign troops* ?

Herries and Sherri' shall *collogue*,
To twist their tongues to twang and brogue,
And MONBODD's hopes surpass :
I pledge myself that in six weeks
An Ouran better English speaks,
Than INNES or DUNDAS.

To check religious zeal and quarrels,
Let David Hume inculcate morals,
Dalrymple pen their story !
And as their jabbering smacks of Erse,
Let them recite MAC-OSSIAN's verse,
To fire their souls to glory.

Honors, like sulphur, cure all stains ;
Will fine the blood in Ouran's veins,
And dignify disgrace :

Then grant them titles, or a string,
They'll not betray a Brunswick king,
Though of a Scottish race.

Whatever Ouran catches LEE,
Let him be ribbon'd with K. B.
And clap a blazing star on ;
To shine at court with IRWIN's grace,
Or grin with sweet Sir JOHN's grimace,
A Nova Scotia Baron !

ODE XXIII.

ADDRESSED TO
THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

By the Same.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet
Cervice; nondum munia comparis
Acquare, nec tauri ruentis
In veterem tolerare pondus.

HOR.

MY Lord, your filley's hardly broke
She kicks and winces at the yoke,
Nor will submit to draw :
With too much spirit for a hack,
Though King, Lords, Commons, gall her back,
And bridle her with law.

By youth and freedom fir'd she roves,
The boundless wood and field she loves,
Nor heeds the herdsman's whistle :
With wanton colts she wildly strays,
But drives your braying ass to graze
On Nova Scotia's thistle.

Don't rob the orchard (though you've power)
The Boston apples yet are sour,
And apt to purge and gripe :
The loyal Yankies, for your use,
Would give and grant the genial juice,
You'd steal the fruit---unripe.

The saints, alas ! have waxen strong ;
In vain your fasts and godly song,
To quell the rebel rout !
Within his lines skulks valiant Gage,
Like Yorick's starling in the cage,
He cries, ' I can't get out.'

Why will the Council always blunder ?
Dull Leadenhall you still may plunder,
You ne'er can want pretensions ;
Seapoys and Nabobs can't resist,
A vote will pay the Civil List,
And Ireland furnish pensions.

But stubborn Yankies let alone,
They hurl defiance at the throne,
And all your schemes unsettle :
To mark your ACT with more disgrace,
They fling their tea-pots in your face,
And scald you with the kettle.

ODE XXIV.

CONGRATULATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO

LORD GEORGE GERMAIN,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE
COLONIES, IN THE ROOM OF LORD DARTMOUTH.

By the Same.

MY Lord, I hail your spotless fame ;
A civil post, and change of name,
Have wash'd away all sin :
The German slough no more prevails,
For serpent-like you 've cast your scales,
And shine in a new-skin.

Degraded from your martial station,
You still surprise and please the nation,
Your zeal they yet applaud :
Sentenc'd no more to blaze in arms,
Like an old trull with tarnish'd charms
You turn a useful bawd.

Bred in a priest's Socratic school,
Youth's fervid passions train'd to cool,
And virtue's lore endear;
He bade you ne'er fight face to face,
But mark the foe with more disgrace,
By charging in the rear.

GERMAIN, in combats often try'd,
Britannia's troops in triumph guide,
War's glorious art improving!
Bend rebel Yankies to our will,
Display again a General's skill,
And conquer without moving!

Your SCOTS and CATHOLICS review,
All honorable men, and true;
Staunch as intrepid Barre!
Your great exploits brisk Ned will boast
Make him official Penny-Post,
He'll tattle, fetch and carry.

Your levee's grac'd by heroes now;
There sturdy Harvey strives to bow,
Your splendor Philips sees;
The Scotch all puff you to a man,
And Colonel Roy presents a Plan,
With under-wood, and trees.

Throw out a lure for Ferdinand !
Invest him with supreme command,
At Boston fix his station !
Then Zanga-like (right well I ween)
You 'll gratify revenge and spleen,
And end him by *starvation* !

Or claim your rank---degrade Tom Gage,
A windmill now can't check your rage,
Or freeze your generous blood ;
Lead forth the horse to Roxburg town,
And drive full gallop to renown,
Except you meet a wood.

Could you keen Junius' thoughts refine,
Whose dangerous shafts like light'ning shine,
And pierce whome'er they hit ?
We all may think you---just as stout,
Your treachery too we never doubt---
We only doubt your wit.

The smart of Minden's wound is o'er,
You 've got court-plaister for that sore,
And yet, my Lord, I'm thinking,
Bold JOHNSTONE some reward may claim,
His powder sav'd your tainted fame,
Just on the point of stinking.

ODE XXV.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

A CONSOLATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO
LORD GEORGE GERMAIN.

By the Same.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus abjecto, remittas
Quærere.

HOR.

COURAGE, my Lord! though Howe be fled,
Look not so pale, or hang your head,
Like Nunc'mar at Hindostan :
The Atlantic sea is no bad screen,
And that (you know) still flows between
Pall-Mall and rebel Boston.

For want of Rhode-isle hogs and beeves,
The troops stole off, like valiant thieves,
To look for better quarters;

And spite of what Court-papers tell
The Yankies fish in pond and well,
For cannon ball and mortars.

Our horses too are left behind,
Starv'd, and unsound in limb and wind,
'T is no great loss they're taken :
Such steeds at Minden had you got,
Though GRANBY spurr'd, they cou'd n't trot,
This would have sav'd your bacon.

Chaunting of psalms the victors come,
Beating Te Deum on the drum,
And dancing to the fife :
The Yankey now no more afraid,
May *bundle* with the timid maid,
Or kiss his faithful wife.

I hope your army found some means
To save our fine theatric scenes
From being maul'd and pepper'd ;
Then Nova Scotia, with some grace,
May see BURGOTNE resume his place,
And act the *Gentle Shepherd* !

There let the trusty Hessians steer,
The rifle men will quake through fear,
And Yaugars shoot them dead.

Heister has finger'd HERVEY's gold ;
But till the wind is fair, he's told
To vomit at Spithead.

Away the dear bought cut-throats go,
To fight a wind-mill (your old foe) ;
Yet hear one serious truth :
We shall not with much sorrow read
How Sclatzen---Knotzen---Blatzchun bleed,
---Unless we break a tooth.

A friend demands the plaintive lay,
With whom I pass'd youth's joyous day,
And felt a soldier's pride ;
Still in my breast his virtues dwell,
And down my cheek the fond tear fell,
When ABERCROMBY died.

Strike now, my Muse, no venal lyre, .
In Conway mark the patriot's fire,
(Such whigs are out of date :)
He loves his country, loves her laws ;
For her alone his sword he draws,
The soldier of the state.

Provide, my lord, sour-cROUT and hock,
Germans will stand the fiery shock,
And dare the foe's approaches ;

And should they fall, with hopes elate,
Still Pharoah-like they lie in state,
All coffin'd in their coaches.

Did you the glorious treaty sign?
Who but GERMAIN could e'er divine,
Of algebraick head,
That as nine taylors make a man,
Three wounded Hessians, on this plan,
Are equal to one dead?

Is this the way, most valorous lord,
To 'destine rebels to the cord,'
Or conquer at Quebec?
In spite of every witty boast,
Howe sails along a barren coast,
He could not save his *neck*!

These glorious triumphs you may tell,
No doubt they'll have a magic spell,
And make 'Squire Boobies willing
To grant supplies at every check;
---Give them the plunder of a wreck,
They'll vote another shilling.

Unfit to wield the martial blade,
You chose the state assassin's trade,
Your country to undo:
As copper, tho' no warlike metal,
Can poison the domestic kettle,
And so resemble you.

ODE XXVI.

OMIAH.

ADDRESSED TO
CHARLOTTE HAYES.

By the Same.

O Venus, regina, Cnidi Paphique,
sperne dilectam Cyprum, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glycyrae decoram
Transfer in aedem.

NOR.

OF statesmens' wiles I scorn to sing;
Who flatter, to betray, the king,
Can scarce deserve my praise:
O Venus, thy own bard inspire,
In pleasing notes to wake the lyre
For buxom CHARLOTTE HAYES.

Nor let Parnassian maids be coy,
My strain is chaste, though tun'd to joy;
You oft obey my summons:
Though CHARLOTTE's damsels yield for hire,
'Tis through ambition they aspire
To act---like Lords and Commons.

Her sprightly fair ones laugh and sing ;
Bestow love's sweets, without the sting,
Since by a lucky stroke,
(APsLEY will vouch it,---if awake,)
Sage HANNAY, like the Athenian rake,
Hath MERCURY's statues broke.

O CHARLOTTE! I've a glorious theme,
You may get money by my scheme,
Ev'n from the MACARONIES :
Gallini's fops, who trip at balls,
Shall breast the cold air, wrapt in shoals,
Astride their little ponies.

Collect your vestals in a throng,
Then in procession glide along
To JEMMY TWITCHER's dome ;
With sugar'd kisses glue his lips,
And make him send out patriot PHIPPS
To waft OMIAH home.

Sweet Emily, with auburn tresses,
Will coax him by her soft caresses,
And CHARLOTTE win the day :
Old Jemmy's goatish eyes will twinkle ;
Lust play bo-peep from every wrinkle ;
- -But first bribe Madam Ray.

Round OMI' queen and virgins gaze,
Whilst he with STANLEY's grace displays
His splendid arms and dress ;
Then shews the steel which bore his weight,
For PALLISER taught him to skate,
And BANKS to play at Chess.

Around him hangs each faithful wife ;
He flourishes his fork and knife,
And strokes his well-fed dogs :
Talks of the court, and London pride,
Where ladies sit (but never stride)
On monstrous prancing hogs !

Pantheon-doom'd he rears his hut,
In figure like a cocoa nut ;
By art his tutors teach him ;
Describes our kings of corks---and ships,
But not a word 'bout pilf'ring chips,
Least TWITCHER should impeach him.

Of wondrous sights, OMIAH tells,
Of asses, apes, and Sadler's Wells,
And of our smooth Sestinos ;
How he admir'd a masquerade,
Was sometimes 'prentice to the trade
Of operas and festinos.

Capricious beauties, fond to change,
Will cry, 't is strange, 't is wondrous strange,'
And hug their dear OMIAH !
Of BEDFORD's dutchess then he'll rave,
And promise if they'll cross the wave,
A CHOLMONDELEY,---or Goliah !

But as a bribe ev'n there prevails,
CHARLOTTE must send out store of nails
To keep recruits in pay:
'Tis not against the act to trade
With Otaheite's beauteous maid;
Ask if you will---Sir GREY !

For then might hermits quit the cell,
They'll tempt the hero of Pall Mall
To press your soft pavillions !
The Coterie's experienc'd dame
Will laugh to find the bold GERMAIN
Entrench'd---behind Cotillions !

My Lord applauds OMIAH's skill,
Erects a kingdom at his will,
Then gives the king this nice toy ;
Resigns an Isle, and Boston town,
Joins Otaheite to the Crown,
And makes OMIAH VICEROY !

ODE XXVII.

ON THE
SUCCESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S ARMS.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER MDCCLXX II.

By the Same.

Custode rerum Caesare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis exigit otium;
Non ira, quae procudit enses,
Et miseras inlincat urbes.

HOR.

SING Io Paeans, through the land,
No more the Yankey cowards stand
Who basely meant to enslave us:
We've flay'd their virgins, babes, and wives,
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
Which GOD and NATURE gave us.

Our bayonets have oped their veins,
The CONGRESS quaking in our chains
Are 'destin'd to the cord;'
Yet still they talk of rights and laws,
And say they fell in Freedom's cause,
Beneath a tyrant's sword.

Base traitors ring from every tongue,
The king---the king---can do no wrong!
These knaves talk *Common Sense!*
Array'd in terrors let him shine,
And imitate the wrath divine;
'T is in his own defence!

'Grac'd with the magic power of words
'So known, so honor'd by the lords,'
Our Tully will harangue 'em :
Ambitious Twitcher act Jack Ketch,
And gratify his loyal letch,
Both to impeach and hang 'em.

Sam Johnson rob'd in gown and band,
With that fam'd pamphlet in his hand
Which charm'd the British nation;
Will tune his wit to gibe and scoff,
And roar---(just as they're all turn'd off)
'No tyranny Taxation.'

Gallant Germain cries---'Who's afraid,'
Then nobly draws his conquering blade,
Yet stain'd with Minden's slaughter:
He spares no rebel---live or dead,
For lo, he smites off---Cushing's head,
And flogs his wife and daughter.

Franklin shall Sawney's vengeance feel,
And die by neither rope or steel,
But take a daring flight;
To heaven he mounts in chains of wire,
To perish by his stolen fire,
Ty'd to a paper-kite.

Clinton and Howe will form a noose,
By twisting of their Cordon Rouge;
There Washington may swing:
Suffolk shall whet the scalping knife,
And chaunt (till he's bereft of life)
The mercy of our king.

One Arnold too shall feel our ire;
By horses torn, let him expire
Amidst an Indian screech!
Nor by his death let vengeance cease,
The jockey's ghost can't rest in peace,
If Burgoyne forge his speech!

Rejoice ye sprites of Hessians slain,
And hail us o'er th' Atlantic main
In shadowy whiskers drest;
On Del'war's banks those sons of thunder,
Weep not their fate,---but loss of plunder
Breaks their Elysian rest.

Now Wedderburne, your acts besmear
With poison purchased from Shebbeare,
The lawyers force to eat 'em;
And whilst they writhe with doleful face,
Hillsbro' may promise royal grace,
He knows the way to cheat 'em.

Loud let the song of triumph sound,
Americ's bleeding on the ground,
Britannia's hands have torn her;
Her children's heads she'll spike on high,
Soft Burke will raise the Irish cry,
And Chatham be chief mourner.

Rebellion dies, and war shall cease,
Great Caesar now presides in peace,
O'er arts his genius suit:
No more shall desp'rate Wilkes break loose,
To spoil the royal game of goose
He plays with Johnny Bute.

Then Bards will tune sublimer lays
To sing the blessings of these days;
Charles Fox Germain shall kiss;
Carlisle shall tickle Cibber's lyre,
And Mansfield, Simeon-like, expire
In ecstasies of bliss.

Then shall my lofty numbers tell,
Who taught the royal babes to spell,
And sovereign arts pursue ;
To mend a watch, or set a clock,
New patterns shape for Hervey's frock,
Or buttons make at Kew.

ODE XXVIII.

A
SUPPLEMENTAL ODE,

OR, A
HINT TO LORD NORTH,
ON
THE STATE OF THE NATION.

By the Same.

Quae cura Patrum, quaeve Quiritum
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas
Auguste, virtutes in aevum
Per titulos memoresque fastos
Aeternè!

THE various triumphs of our King
Distract the Muse;---She pants to sing,
And wanton in his praise:
Say, can the JERSEYS boast a cow?
ÆSOPUS' towers to VAUGHAN bow;
---Ev'n BURGOTNE saw the blaze!

Bind laurels round our VARRO's brows,
Speed joyful tidings to the HOWES,
That GATES's army droops;

In victory they feel disgrace,
And shrink abash'd, afraid to face
Disarm'd---indignant troops.

Hunger alone makes Britons yield;
With bellies full, they brave the field,
And scorn capitulation!
But Arnold play'd the very thief,
Stole off their pudding, bread and beef,
So took them by *starvation*!

Sir William's conquests raise a smile,
Lo, RED-BANK yields, and eke MUD ISLE,
Which Hessians storm'd---pell-mell!
The ditch was wet---they had no bladders,
The wall was high---they had no ladders,
So Donop fought and fell!

We've scalps to grace the new knights' collars,
Reduc'd in price---to just three dollars
Our Indians found such game:
Will North desert the glorious chace,
Give up the war, resign his place,
And end his days with shame?

To Adams ope St. James's gates,
As envoy from the Rising States!
'T would give our Liege the gripes;

Ask valiant Gambier if it's fit
That OCEAN'S QUEEN should e'er submit
To thirteen rebel stripes?

No,---pour out Britain's blood and riches,
Take hungry Donald without breeches,
And coax bold Kate of Russia:
Ally with negroes, gypsies, Danes
Stab with Scotch Dirks, and Irish Skanes,
And scorn the King of Prussia

We'll make the house of Bourbon dance;
When Yankey-land is join'd to France,
Be Britain's thunder hurl'd
In triumph let our navy ride,
Whilst vaunting Sandwich cries with pride,
'Old England 'gainst the world.'

How are thy subjects, Albion, blest!
The East as happy as the West,
As Pigot's ghost will tell us:
If on one hero's acts I dwell,
With envy every Scot would swell,
And Lovat's clan be jealous.

What though our debt the greater grows,
We always may defy our foes,
Ev'n when our credit's shaking:

For if the Dutch will lend no more,
We'll pay Mynheer the heavy score,
And clear ourselves by breaking.

Why should we whiggish zealots fear?
His grace of York and cropt Shebbeare,
Are royal scribes appointed;
Passive obedience they will preach,
From all the loyal texts that teach
To love the Lord's anointed.

Moral Gazettes spread law and truth,
To check the venom that our youth
Suck in from Woodfall's paper:
Both houses should the king address,
To grant an *imprimeur*-press;
No JUNIUS then will vapour.

Send Saville, Barre, Burke, to jail,
No Habeas Corpus, and no bail;---
Will then old Chatham riot?
From dungeons dark the Yankeys turn,
At Smithfield every rebel burn,
And give the nation quiet.

To Cranmer's stake be Adams ty'd,
Mild Markham preaching by his side,
The traitor's heart will gain;

For if he sees the blaze expire,
Locke's works he'll fling to wake the fire,
And put him out of pain.

The mitred peers, with holy song,
(As the procession moves along)
Kneel to their Faith's Defender;
And pray him to pursue that plan,
Which made all Scotia, to a man,
Abjure their own Pretender.

ODE XXIX.

CONGRATULATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO
WILLIAM WINDHAM, ESQ.
OF FELBRIDGE, NORFOLK, 1778.

By the Same.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam proceris in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

HOR.

To Windham tune no venal lyre ;
His name shall every note inspire,
And consecrate my lays :
Let Freedom's sons no more complain,
Again they 'll hear his manly strain,
And join in heart-felt praise.

Shall Windham fall, in bloom of youth,
Endued with genius, knowledge, truth,
Fitted for virtue's shrine ?
---O Jebb! appease the fever's strife,
(Britain owes you her Gloster's life)
I'll sing your skill divine.

No more in festive mirth we sit,
Nor relish humour, wine, or wit,
 Slow move the languid hours :
Of thee, my friend, alone we speak,
Whilst Sorrow dewes the pallid cheek,
 And on each visage lowers.

For you the timid blushing maid
With tenderest wishes fervent pray'd,
 (Love every accent wings ;)
But now she tunes her grateful voice,
And makes the vocal lyre rejoice,
 While rapture wakes the strings.

O! born to bless the common-weal,
To emulate a Keppel's zeal,
 In time's proud annals bright ;
When each indignant sailor rav'd,
And VICTOR's signals vainly wav'd
 To call the Recreant Knight :

I've seen thy Roman spirit rise,
I've mark'd the light'ning of thine eyes
 Along the embattled line :
Ardent, fair Freedom's sword to wield,
To lead her offspring to the field,
 And like a Hambden shine.

Again we'll turn the classic page,
Where Greece defies a tyrant's rage,
And soars above control :
Then liberty her sons could charm,
Nerve every hardy Chieftain's arm,
And fire his generous soul.

Townshend, with quick sensations blest,
Will snatch you to a soldier's breast,
By ancient friendship ty'd ;---
Who knew, who lov'd thy noble sire,
To all his fame sees thee aspire,
And feels a father's pride.

Around you will the patriot band,
With transport throng to press your hand,
And mutual welcomes blend :
From Burke the tear of joy will start,
Ca'ndish will clasp you to his heart,
And Saville hail his friend.

ODE XXX.

ADDRESSED TO
GENERAL ARNOLD.

By the Same.

WELCOME one Arnold to our shore!
Thy deeds on Fame's strong pinions bore,
Spread loyalty and reason:
O! had success thy projects crown'd,
Proud Washington had bit the ground,
And Arnold punish'd treason.

Around you press the sacred band,
Germain will kneel to kiss your hand,
Galloway his plaudits blend:
Sir Hugh will hug you to his heart,
The tear of joy from Twitcher start,
And Cockburn hail his friend.

Since you the royal levees grace,
Joy breaks thro' Denbigh's dismal face,
Sir Guy looks brisk, and capers;

Grave Amherst teems with brilliant jests,
The refugees are Stormont's guests,
His wine's a cure for vapors.

Mild Abingdon shouts out your praise,
Burgoyne himself will tune his lays,
To sing your skill in battle ;
Greater than Hans who scal'd the Alps,
Or Indian chiefs who brought him scalps,
Instead of Yankee cattle.

For camp or cabinet you 're made,
A Jockey's half a courtier's trade,
And you've instinctive art ;
Although your outside's not so drest,
Bid Mansfield dive into your breast,
And then report your heart.

What think you of this rapid war ?
Perhaps you'll say we've march'd too far,
And spar'd when we should kill ;
Was it by coursing to and fro,
That Sackville beat the daring foe,
Or bravely standing still ?

Heroic Sackville, calm and meek,
Tho' Ferdinando smote his cheek,
He never shook his spear :

(That spear in Gallic blood fresh dyed)
But, like Themistocles, he cryed,
Frappez, mon prince!---but hear,

As yet we've met with trifling crosses,
And prov'd our force e'en by our losses,
(Conquest or death's the word :)
Britons, strike home!--Be this your boast,
After two gallant armies lost,
Sir Henry---has a third.

Worn out with toils and great designs,
Germain to you the seals resigns,
Your worth superior owns ;
Would rev'rend Twitcher now retreat,
We still might keep a greater fleet,
By bribing o'er Paul Jones.

O'er Twitcher's breast, and Germain's too,
Fix Edward's star and ribbon blue,
To ravish all beholders ;
That when to heaven they get a call,
Their stars (like Eli's cloak) may fall
On Paul's and Arnold's shoulders.

Carmarthen, ope your sacred gates,
The gen'rous, valiant Germain waits,
Who held the Atlantic steerage :

(He'll shine a jewel in the crown)
When Arnold knocks all traitors down,
He, too, shall have a Peerage !

Should faithless Wedderburne decline
To rank his name, Germain, with thine,
This truth (unfeed) I'll tell you,
Rise a Scotch Peer---right weel I ween,
You'll soon be chose---one of sixteen,---
Dare Grafton then expel you ?

ODE XXXI.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO;

OR,

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

ADDRESSED TO

SIR JAMES LOWTHER, BARONET.

By the Same.

O decus Phoebe et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve,
Rite vocanti.

HOR.

FOR Lowther weave the wreath of fame !
Let ages hence record his name,
His liberal spirit own ;
---All Paris gilds one gaudy bark,
Pour plaire aux dames, et Grand Monarque,
But Lowther builds alone !

Proceed, Sir Knight---to scare our foes
But do n't the Irish Earl oppose,
That premier of all schemers !

And, ere your seventy-four you dip,
You'll get a star to guide your ship,
---Blue ribbond for the streamers !

Sing Muse the men---proud Albion's boast !
Who ope their purse to guard our coast,
And save the land from plunder ;
---That France and Spain with dread surprise,
May see a glorious navy rise,
To make all Europe wonder.

Great Smith his Viz'roy coin displays,
Compounding rupees Rumbold pays,
(The Advocate is dumb :)
Twitcher's old board will purchase slips,
Harley and Co. subscribe for ships,
And Atkinson for rum !

Even crosier'd Markham drops his mite.
Nay, Hertford lends one guinea (light)
At gentle Conway's pressing ;
Newcastle grants a whole week's fees,
And Scotia's sixteen---all their trees,
The loyal kirk---their blessing.

A time-keeper gives Richmond's grace,
Which measur'd rapid Sackville's pace
At Minden battle's din ;

---Sword---pistols too! (as ordnance store)
And to enhance the present more,
By Rawdon sends them in.

The gallant Rodney won't refuse,
Who drubb'd the French---and spoil'd the Jews,
And brought us home such riches ;
---Now Mynheers groan on 'Statia's shore,
Bare rump'd (as Graham's bonny corps)
Since Vaughan sold their breeches.

Tho' England's sun sinks in the socket,
Shelburne has twilight in his pocket,
To renovate its rays ;
---America will hug his chain,
Her independence will disdain,
And bless her brighter days.

The Spaniard roars for his old rib,
But Elliott padlocks Donna Gib,
And swears he ne'er shall kiss her ;
---Yet as she only swells our debts,
Since Twitcher shew'd her naked Streights,
Some think---we scarce should miss her.

From eastern climes come peace and joy,
Where once we bled for Ragaboy,
Whose virtues shine in story !

---Tremendous Hyder flies our coast,
Stuart (unscar'd by Pigot's ghost)
Revives Old England's glory.

Why in the land of saints this riot ?
Why, Paddy, will you not be quiet ?
Let Flood your charter shape ;
---Britannia means to give you bliss,
Then prithee wait the willing kiss,
And do n't commit a rape.

On peace and fencibles rely,
And Shelburne's word (a sacred tye !)
Which made his tenants merry :
---No petty arts debase his mind,
For honor's-self his leases sign'd,
Ask---volunteers of Kerry.

What wild commotions shake our age !
Religion's storm---then party's rage ;
---A dead calm of a sudden !
Each season shoots out something new ;
Alarms we must have, false or true,
Or John can't eat his pudden.

Bibles we saw crown Gordon's head,
Mad treason fire her Mansfield's bed ;
Lords-- commons---soldiers gaze !

Thro' every street---No popery rings,
Whilst pious Wilkes, like Simeon, sings,
To see the King's Bench blaze !

Ah, where was mighty Caesar then ?
---The best of kings---the best of men,
With legs all arm'd in leather ;
Tho' round him Franklin's fire-balls flew,
Hyde Park---St. James's saw him too
On horseback in hot weather !

Am---rst, who joys in dire alarms,
Stepp'd forth ;---beef-eaters flew to arms,
And Hotspur Jess' grew vain :
---The guards he lodg'd in King's-Place stews
In Pudding-Alley the Horse Blues ;
---His post---Blow-bladder Lane.

From courtiers burst those flaming ills ;
And patriots, brib'd by congress bills,
Were ripe for revolution !
---A spell at length a Scotch witch threw ;
The army, constables all grew,
And sav'd the constitution.

Now, for more knights each county cries !
As those they have a' n't very wise,
The cause of all our sorrows ;

This point Old Sarum's Pitt will touch,
Whilst young Will'---lights his father's crutch,
To fire the rotten boroughs.

But lest state creditors should squeak,
Let Shelburne save the state, and break
Th' ungrateful Dutch, confound them!
---As reynard wise, he'll trick such foes,
Who lur'd the fleas up to his nose,
Then took a plunge, and drown'd them.

Fitzmaurice still shall grace my lays,
No dupe, like North, to public praise,
Parts---honor---wit---miscarry:
Low at his feet kneels Fox and Burke,
Whilst Dundas shakes his brazen dirk,
And flings his targe o'er Barre.

ODE XXXII.

A

MONODY

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

URG'D to come down, and press'd to stay,
How shall I while slow time away ?
From l'Ennui how defend me ?
Oh! TOWNSHEND, could my hand like thine,
Command the comic pencil's line,
Yon groups would well befriend me.

That gift denied, perhaps the muse
Her pleasing aid may not refuse,
But tuneful notes inspire ;
And now she mourns o'er HANB'RY's dust,
May these revering fingers trust
To touch his broken lyre.

Then strike the chord, for Sawbridge speaks,
And, reason's foe, crude motion makes
From mental indigestion ;

Yet here the babbler's craft is shown,
Who 'scapes by rising ere 't is known,
The damning roar for question.

TOMMY, stern scowling, cannot bear
That worthless heads should honors wear,
But under foot would trample;
And who his patriot word will doubt,
That recollects he turn'd one out
A fit and great example.

What though away thy audience run,
ADAIR proceed, that boar begun,
Medusa could not still 'em;
For when you're up, if guts complain,
The long hour comes to ease their pain,
To empty or to fill 'em.

Ah CHARLES! would some blest power divide,
Thyself from thee, that hand might guide
The helm and rule the nation;
But now thy whole 's so ill combin'd,
We praise the tongue, and give the mind
Our scorn and execration.

When BURKE his thunder hurl'd around,
The trembling string refus'd to sound,
Th' admiring nine caress'd him :

And whilst he heaven and earth defy'd,
Smil'd on the mighty madman's pride,
Convinc'd the God possess him.

Like as the kind attendant shower,
Ordain'd to check the lightning's power,
Secures the world from burning:
So DUNNING, that disgusting form,
And voice, is sent to stay the storm
Of dang'rous parts and learning.

Wit, malice, cunning, knowledge, sense,
Together braze with impudence
From fam'd Hibernian quarry;
Sharp set this weapon will be fit
To arm a SHELBURNE, stab a PITT,
In short---will be a BARRE.

Peace to the rest; for faction now
To shield her sons, with poppi'd brow,
Bids Hartley stand before me;
Goddess the potent charm I own,
Sleep lulls the house, the muse is flown,
And dulness creeps all o'er me.

NOTES.



NOTES

ON
ODES
OF
THE SEVENTH CLASS.

ODE I.

Page 1. THIS Ode was occasioned by the Succession of Spain, the wars in the North, and the juncture of affairs in 1700, 13 Will. III. Carmen Seculare.

3. *Of the wrong'd priest, and ravish'd maid,]*
Chryses, and Chryseis.

5. *When Charles like a Gustavus rose,]*
Charles XII. King of Sweden, and Adolphus of Sweden.

6. *With Roman Julius, or our great Plantagenet;]*
Henry the Fifth.

ib. *Or such as stern Pelides bore,]*
Aeneas.

8. *Lament the funeral of kings;]*
Alluding to the death of Charles II. King of Spain.

ib. *All mourning for the monarch lost, and fearing
for the new.]*

Duke of Anjou.

ODE II.

Page 14. The Author was first settled at Lynn in Norfolk, and afterwards in Queen-square, London, where he died, March 10, 1774, aged 82.

[*See Ode 18 in this Volume.*

ib. *Not threatning Barnard,-----]*

Sir John Barnard, the celebrated lord mayor.

ib. *Not thundering Pulteney,-----]*

Earl of Bath.

ODE III.

Page 19. This Ode was written on the change of the Ministry in 1742, when William Pulteney, Esq. was created Earl of Bath.

20 *A treasury gets for Harry Vane,]*

Made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

ib. *'Tis said, besides, that t'other Harry]*

Henry Furnese, made Secretary to the Treasury.

ODE IV

Page 24. We know you miss'd the thing before,]

Upon the accession of George II. when it was the design of the Court to encrease the Civil List, Lord Wilmington, who was President of the Council, was offered the Treasury, if he would un-

dertake that measure. His Lordship was afraid : upon which Sir Robert Walpole accepted the post, with that condition, and performed his promise.

ib. *Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a place,*]

The first Lord Bathurst, appointed Captain of the Band of Pensioners.

25. *But not in flattery, Samuel Sandys ;*]

Made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ib. *See Tweeddale-----*]

Secretary of State for Scotland.

ib. -----*follow Carteret's call ;*]

Secretary of State for England.

ib. *See Hanoverian Gower,-----*]

Lord Privy Seal.

ib. *The black funereal Finches.*]

First Lord of the Admiralty, Vice Chamberlain, &c.

ODE X.

Page 46. The general cast of this Ode is formed on the VI. of the III. book of Horace.

ODE XV.

Page 70. *To raise recruits the Highlands join,
And Birmingham will furnish coin
To buy them---velvet breeches.]*

Strong Addresses were presented by the inhabitants of Birmingham and Manchester, to urge the continuance of the American war.---This Ode was written October 27, 1775.

71. *Since Kate Macaulay basely strove
To ravish George our King!]*

Mr. Richardson, (the witness against Sayre, and therefore the Titus Oates of the Court) will produce undoubted evidence to prove this extraordinary fact.---The Lord Mayor elect, Mr. Sawbridge, encouraged his sister to this atrocious attempt, unparralleled even in her own history.---Mr. Wilkes is also strongly suspected.

ib. *The dust and sweat on Putnam's brow,
Who in the battle equals Howe,
But kneels to Madam Gage?]*

To prevent malignant construction, the author thinks himself bound in honor to declare, that by Madam Gage he means Mrs. Gage, and not the General. At the same time he candidly owns a compliment was designed to the gallant old wood-cutter, for his singular politeness to that lady.

ODE XVI.

Page 72. To this Ode was prefixed the following Advertisement.

“ Ever since my first publication, the curiosity, not to say anxiety, of the world concerning my name, has been so great, that it has frequently given me pain to conceal what the world will now see it was not possible in my power to discover.

“ In short, I had no name, till the royal favor lately restored my very ancient and honorable clan to its pristine title and honors. I was therefore in

the same deplorable case with a certain nameless lady, whom I have long had the honor to call my neighbour, and who, I sincerely hope, will soon, by the same favor, be restored to that title, which, upon my honor, I believe, she has erroneously, and not intentionally, forfeited.

"I have only to add, that now, when the public is in possession of my real name, it will not, I hope, suffer any national prejudice to prevent it from receiving this my first lyrical attempt with its former candor. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not sell as well as Mr. CUMBERLAND's, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority of lyrical ordonance, but merely to its having been written by a Scotchman.

Knightsbride, May 6, 1776."

73. *While N--- and M---sputter there,]*

These initials, like those in the Banns of Marriage, published between N. and M. may be fill'd up at the reader's pleasure. *Vide Common Prayer Book.*

It is apprehended, however, notwithstanding the license here allowed to the Reader, that the Author meant ORTH should follow the N, and ANSFIELD the M.

ib. And makes a filthy pother ;]

Our ingenious Inventor's snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all candles are more or less subject.

See the Patentee's Advertisement.

74. *His arms, thou hallow'd image! bless,]*

It is humbly presumed, that the classical reader will here perceive a boldness of transition only to be equalled by PINDAR, and perhaps by HORACE in some of his sublimer Odes.

76. *And gasping Lee shall wish to breathe
A pint of Priestley's air.]*

This great philosopher has lately discovered a method of fabricating a new species of air, of so infinitely superior salubrity and duration to that vulgar atmospherical air, which, for want of better, we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thousand years, that it is to be supposed that no Macaroni, Savoir Vivre, or, in plain English, nobody that knows what's what, will in future condescend to respire any air that is not sealed with the Doctor's own arms, and signed with his own hand writing. It is to be feared, however, that his pneumatic vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our philosopher has not interest enough at court to procure a patent. Indeed, were such a patent granted, it might supersede Mr. Pinchbeck's; because that in this air a candle is found to burn so bright and continued a flame, that it could never want snuffing.

See Vol. II. of Dr. Priestley's experiments on air.

ODE XVII.

Page 77. This Ode is professedly an Imitation of

Horace, Ode VIII. Book IV. but placed here rather for its substance than form.

Q. HORATII FLACCI,

CARMEN VIII. LIB. IV.

DONAREM pateras, ^a grataque commodus,
 Censorine, meis aera sodalibus:
 Donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
 Graiorum: neque tu pessima, munerum,
 Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
 Quas aut ^b Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas;
 Hic saxo, liquidis ille colloribus
 Solers ^c nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
 Sed ^d non haec mihi vis; nec ^e tibi talium
 Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
 Gaudes carminibus: ^f carmina possumus
 Donare, ^g & pretium dicere muneri.
 Non ^h incisa notis marmora publicis,
 Per ⁱ quae spiritus & vita redit bonis
 Post mortem ducibus: ^k non celeres fugae,
 Rejectaeque retrorsum Annibalis minae,
 Non incendia Carthagenis impiae,

Guades carminibus.] The imitator found himself obliged to deviate in this place a little further from his original, than perhaps the strict critic will tolerate. But as he was not quite so certain of Sir Fletcher's fondness for poetry, as Horace seems to have been about the taste of Censorinus, he thought it best to express himself with a modest diffidence on that subject.

Ejus, qui domita nomen ab Africa
 Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
 Laudes, quam Calabrae¹ Pierides: nequ
 Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris
 Mercedem tuleris.

Quid foret Iliæ

Mavortisque^m puer, si taciturnitas
 Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
 Ereptum^a stygius fluctibus Aeacum,
 Virtus, & favor, &^o lingua potentium
 Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
 Dignum Laude virum Musa^p vetat mori
 Caelo, ^q Musa beat. Sic^r Jovis interest
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
 Clarum^r Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
 Quassas^t eripiunt æquoribus rates:
 Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
 Liber^u vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

1b. *To hit a Jollux or a king;*]

A phrase used by the bon ton for a fat parse
 a set of excellent Caricatures published by E
 ton, in New Bond-street.

78. *Unless his Treasurer in an ode,*]

The late promotion of a poet to the treasure
 the household, must necessarily give to
 votaries of the muses (as it does to me) grea
 tation. 'Tis whispered, by some people
 secret, that the very pacific cast of the L
 birth-day ode, occasioned the noble bar

altation; as it was thought expedient to have another poetical placeman in readiness to celebrate the final overthrow of the American rebels. Nay, it is assured, that a reversionary grant of the office of laureat has in this instance been superadded to the treasurership, yet with the defalcation of the annual butt of sack, which the Lord Steward calculates will be a considerable saving to the nation.

ODE XVIII.

Page 81. This Ode was occasioned by Sir W. Browne's legacy of two gold medals, to be disposed of annually, for the encouragement of poetry in the university of Cambridge; and to it the following Advertisement was prefixed.

“ In an age of unbounded liberty as the present, when even the * Regius Professor of Divinity himself dares publicly advance a vindication of the absurd principles of the Revolution, what are we not to expect ?

“ Is there no chosen † *David* in the University, who will boldly go forth, and bid defiance to this proud and gigantic Philistine? Must the sublime doctrine of passive-obedience and non-resistance fall into disrepute ?

“ I trust there are some devout men in this pious seminary of sound learning, and religious education, who would not blush to profess tenets which I once was weak enough to believe were inculcated only in

* See a Sermon lately published by Dr. Watson.

† Caledonia has long boasted of such a champion.

the loyal Universities of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

"My learned Tutor, in particular, from whom all men profess the sincerest veneration and esteem, has delivered such divine doctrines from the pulpit, as doubtless must render him, in the eyes of all good men, truly worthy of the *highest elevation*.

"There is one expression in the discourse to which I mean particularly to allude, which surely deserves to be engraven in letters of gold,

'Even a Nero was commanded to be obeyed.'

"To him likewise we are indebted for the subject of the Odes for the present year; a subject than which none can be imagined more excellent, since, as Waller very justly observed, on an occasion at least as remarkable as the present, "poets always excel in--fiction."

Eman. Coll. June 10th, 1776.

81. *Shall equal, O sublime Layard!*

And thine, sublimer Hayes!]

See two late Poems upon Duelling, which obtained, and surely very deservedly, Mr. Seaton's prize.

83. *Horatian Latin, Sapphic Greek,]*

It was stipulated in Sir William Browne's will, that the odes written for his medals should be, one in Greek, in imitation of Sappho; the other in Latin, after the manner of Horace.

The subject given out last year was, "*Laus Gulielmi Browne;*" that for the present, "*Bellum Americanum.*"

The Vice-chancellor names the subject, and confers the prizes.

ib. *Thy plains, Newmarket ! never taught
Young Wallop so divine a thought*]

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Wallop, Master of Magdalen college, was Vice-chancellor last year.

ib. *Should by his Horace be bestow'd ;]*

Sir William was remarkably fond of this author, whose works he always carried in his pocket, and even ordered by his will that they should be buried with him in his coffin, which order was punctually obeyed.

ib. *Farmer ! that task is thine !]*

Dr. Farmer, master, and at the same time tutor, of Emanuel college, bears the office of Vice-chancellor this year.

84. *Sure, Sappho, thy melodious shell
On such a theme will love to dwell !
In Percy's youthful train]*

Why in vain ? The author must surely mean, that Sappho, with so many kind Phaons to console her, would have no occasion to indulge the peculiar passion to which she is said to have been unhappily addicted : he cannot certainly hint, that the fair Americans would in vain display their charms to so many English Phaons ; especially, as we may fairly conclude they would naturally be proud to imitate that gallantry for which their noble leader, P-rc-y, has ever been so remarkable.

85. *Such as of late our transports knew :*

Sure softer zephyrs never blew

'Twixt London and Gravesend :

If there is any obscurity in this passage, Sir Peter Parker is humbly requested to favor the public with an explanation.

ib. *And, Farmer ! since thy plastic hand]*

There is no doubt, from the well-known humility of the worthy doctor, that he would be happy in having an opportunity put into his power of refusing an offer of this nature.

ODE XIX.

Page 86. *To Pembroke lend a scornful sneer,*

To Winnington a smile.]

The busts of Lord Pembroke and Mr. Winnington, the minister, in the parlour; remarkable for such countenances.

87. *Behold ! the marble busts turn pale,]*

The white busts in the hall.

ib. *At red'ning Lenox's sad wail !]*

A bust of one of the dukes of Richmond of a ruddy complexion.

ib. *The Faun no more his pipe shall play ;]*

A figure of a piping Faun : his instrument is broke.

ib. *And see ! the Eagle's anger'd eye,]*

The bird held by a Ganymede to the Eagle, was destroyed by the servants of the present tenant : this figure is companion to the Faun, and stands in the hall.

ib. *Where still the Richmonds live,*]

The painting gallery, adorned with the portraits of the families of the Lenoxes, Digbys, and Foxes.

ib. *What deep distress that aspect wears!*]

The mother of the present Duke of Richmond, portrayed in widow's weeds.

96. *'Midst distant wilds they'll find a home,*

Far as the untam'd Indians roam,

And freedom's luxury boast.]

"We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and without any sensible diminution of the necessities of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want; ---- *the luxury of being free.*"

The Address of the twelve United Provinces to the Inhabitants of Great Britain.

ib. *'Midst the Snow-storm]*

When every thing was prepared, the General waited the opportunity of a Snow-storm to carry his design into execution,----being obliged to take a circuit, the signal for the attack was given, and the garrison alarmed before he reached the place; however, pressing on, he forced the first barrier, and was just opening to attempt the second, when he was unfortunately killed."

Congress Account of the Action.

Debrett's Remembrancer.

ib. *You hero]*

General Montgomery.

ib. *Canadians scorn your vile behest,*]

The Canada, or Lawyer's Bill.

ODE XX.

Page 85. There Justice pois'd her equal scale,]

The moderation and good faith of the founder of Pennsylvania is yet remembered by the Indians. They call him their father Penn, and every dispute of theirs with that colony has been settled amicably, without bloodshed; which has been owing as much to their respect for its legislator as to the equitable conduct of its inhabitants.

90. " *But thou, thy suppliant sons afar*

" Who vexest with injurious war,

" Unnatural mother, hear thy doom !

" We ask but for peace, liberty and safety."

Address of the Congress to the People of England.

ib. " *From Cusco's mournful vale-----]*

The massacre of the innocent Peruvians, at the famous interview of their emperor with Pizarro and his Spaniards, in the valley near Cusco, was quickly followed and revenged by the cruelties attending the civil wars in that country among the conquerors. Pizarro, after sacrificing Almagro to his ambition, who had been his friend, and his original partner in the conquest of Peru, was himself assassinated, at noon, in his palace, by the nephew and partisans of his rival. That sordid and cruel avarice which first carried the sword thither, turned it against every one by whose death the ruffians could hope for plunder; and history affords scarce any thing more inhuman and perfidious than what the Spaniards

suffered from each other, except the miseries they had before inflicted on the mild and helpless Indians.

91. "*Lo! the bright van the royal patriot leads,*]
Alfred was the first who compiled a body of laws for the whole kingdom. *Blackstone's Introduction.*

ib. "*Girt with his peers Fitzwalter lifts his crest,*]
The leader of the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta.

ib. "*With him, who ill-star'd Henry's arms with-*
"*stood;*]

Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester, headed the opponents of Henry III.

ib. "*See Spencer's foe, fierce Lancaster appear,*]
The Earl of Lancaster was principal of the league against the Spencers, favorites of Edward II. who ruined that unfortunate prince, by alienating the affections of his people.

ib. "*And Kent-----*]
Edmund, Earl of Kent, was a young man of an amiable character, and of the blood royal. He joined in the opposition to the Spencers, but was afterwards put to death by the intrigue of the queen mother of Edward III. for endeavouring to remove her and Mortimer from the station they had usurped and filled so ill.

ib. "*Tressel's brow severe.*]
William Tressel, Chief Justice of England, was named procurator of the people, to resign back to

Edward II. their fealty at his deposition, and to renounce their allegiance to him.

ib. “ *Frowning from Chalgrave’s sanguine field,*

“ *In timely death his virtue seal’d,*

“ *The right he bled for, to maintain ;*

“ *Hampden in sun-bright mail augments the train.]*

He was killed in a skirmish in the beginning of the civil wars, while the parliament’s cause was yet that of liberty and the people. There seems a great similarity in the cases of Hampden refusing the payment of ship-money, and the American denial of parliamentary taxation. The British parliament seems to stand nearly in the same relation to America, as the King to the people of England; each possesses a constitutional supremacy, which invests them with the most important powers; but each is bound to abstain from invading a right which our constitution expressly reserves to the people; the only sure defence against the despotism of a king at home, or a nation at a distance.

ib. “ *In many a year of adverse fortune tried,*

“ *Leicester’s firm son, and Bedford’s gentle heir.]*

Whoever has seen the letters of Algernon Sydney, will easily estimate the worth of that truly great character. A modern reader will be much struck with the following passage from one of his father, the Earl of Leicester. “ It was not God’s will
“ that the King should follow the advice I gave
“ him, to accommodate his differences with the

“ Scots, and not to make war, where nothing was
 “ to be gained, and much might be lost.

92. “ *The sacred muse her promis'd seat assume.*]

However convulsions like those in America may retard the progress of the arts during their continuance, they make abundant recompence, by forcing the minds of men to uncommon exertions. The strength thus acquired cannot fail of producing the noblest fruits, when the return of peace and establishment of freedom permits them to be occupied with those objects.

ODE XXI.

Page 95. *Lo, yon sea-Alva rides the storm,*]
 Lord Howe.

ODE XXII.

Page 99. *Though ev'ry day the bounty rise,
 The standard too---your Lordship's size!
 You can't recruit a man.*]

“ Though the bounty has been raised, and the
 standard lowered, yet no recruits can be got.”---
Lord Barrington's Speech in the House of Commons.

Page 100. *The Ouran Outangs wise and great,
 (The Bedford party of a state,)
 Who factions form or break;
 With high-bon'd, eager, hungry features,
 Monboddo swears are human creatures,
 --Only they cannot speak.]*

“ A whole nation, if I may call them so, have been

“ found without the use of speech. The
 “ case of the Ouran Outangs that are found
 “ kingdom of Angola in Africa, and in
 “ parts of Asia. They are exactly the
 “ form, walking erect, not upon all four;
 “ sticks for weapons; they live in society
 “ carry off negro girls, whom they make slaves
 “ and use both for work and pleasure.”

Origin and Progress of Language

ib. *Ship Faucet quick with prosperous gales;*
 Col. Faucet was frequently employed to recruit
 recruits in Germany during the American war.

ib. *To catch these monkey men with tails;*]
 “ For that there are men with tails, is a fact
 attested, that I think it cannot be doubted
 Keeping, a Swede by birth, saw men who
 like those of cats, and which they met in
 the same manner, on an island in the gulf of
 called Nicobar.”

Origin and Progress of Language

ib. *And end him by starvation!*]
 Our ministers have improved the English language
 under the present reign as much as the mint
 the coin: To Mr. Dundas we owe *starvation*
 Mr. Pitt *reciprocity*.

101. *The French an Ouran nicely stuff;*]

“ I myself saw at Paris, one of them who
 was stuffed standing upon a shelf in the
 cabinet. He had exactly the shape and features
 a man. He lived several years at Versailles

died by drinking spirits. He had as much the understanding of a man as could be expected from his education, and performed many little offices to the lady with whom he lived, but never learned to speak."

Origin and Progress of Language.

ib. *Hips, haws, and acorns they will eat,*]

Excellent qualities for the American service, as provisions are rather scarce.

ib. *And scorn the aid of Russians.*]

A negociation was then carrying on to hire a body of Russians to serve in America.

102. *A Gallo-Celtic scheme may botch]*

Vide Whitaker's Remarks, &c. &c.

ib. *Indemnity he now disdains;*]

The opposition kindly offered an *Act of Indemnity* to Lord North for employing Hessian troops in the British dominions; but as his lordship thought our colonies were not comprehended within the meaning of the prohibition in the Act of Settlement relative to foreign troops, he thanked his opponents for the offer, but declined accepting it.----It was for this measure that Lord Albemarle proposed a similar bill on the landing the Hessian troops in 1794, and the ministers rejected it.

ib. *Herries and Sherri'----*]

Messieurs Herries and Sheridan, Scotch and Irish professors of oratory, who modestly undertook to teach us the true enunciation and pronunciation of the English language.

103. *Whatever Ouran catches Lee,*
General Charles Lee.
ib. *Or grin with sweet Sir John's grimace,*
Sir John Dalrymple.

ODE XXIV.

- Page 107. Bred in a priest's Socratic school,*
Archbishop Stone.
ib. *There sturdy Hervey strives to bow,*
The late Lieut. General Hervey.
• ib. *And Colonel Roy presents a Plan,*
With under-wood, and trees.]

Lord George complained that a plan was sent over of the battle of Minden, in which the impervious wood that obstructed the march of the cavalry was omitted.----The name of the malicious engineer who drew it, was, if I mistake not, Col. Roy.

108. *Throw out a lure for Ferdinand !]*
Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was at this time talked of for the command of our army in America.

ib. *Cou'd you keen Junius' thoughts refine,*
Many of Lord George Germain's friends studiously hinted, that he was the author of the celebrated Essays published under the name of Junius.

- ib. *Bold Johnstone some reward may claim,*
Alludes to the duel between Lord Sackville and Governor Johnstone, Dec. 17, 1770.

ODE XXV.

Page 109. The Yankies fish in pond and well,]

Lord Mansfield and Mr. Wedderburne both agree in opinion, that the fishery-bill was only designed to prevent their fishing in the open seas; any thing in the prohibitory bill to the contrary notwithstanding.

110. *The Yankey now no more afraid,*

May bundle with the timid maid.]

This word is thus explained by a traveller: "At their usual time the old couple retire to bed, leaving the young ones to settle matters as they can, who having sat up as long as they think proper, get into bed together also, but without pulling off their under garment, in order to prevent scandal...If the parties agree, it is all very well; the banns are published, and they are married without delay"

Burnaby's Travels through N. America.

ib. *To save our fine theatric scenes].*

The Maid of the Oaks, and the Siege of Boston, a farce, (as Mr. Burgoyne seemed dissatisfied with the real one) both written by the same author, were frequently represented. This celebrated strolling company of Comedians have quitted Boston, and intend exhibiting for the summer season at Halifax. --According to private letters received by Lord Sandwich (of which the Gazette takes no notice) the roof of the meeting-house (converted into a theatre by express orders of a council of war) was

destroyed by the shells, and the wardrobe and curtain were considerably damaged.

ib. *And act the Gentle Shepherd !]*

Patie and Roger.

ib. *Heister has finger'd Hervey's gold ;]*

General Hervey prevailed on him to sail, without the second division, by giving him a dose of *aureum potabile* in his hock.

111. *How Sclatzen--Knotzen, Blatzchun bleed,]*

The names of officers in the Brunswick guards.

112 *Still Pharoah-like they'll lie in state,*

All coffin'd in their coaches.]

These lineal descendants of Hengist have laid in a large stock of old hock, and refused (though transports are scarce) to sail without their coaches, as they have some thoughts of settling in America. Lord Mansfield says, their claims by hereditary right are unquestionable. The argument stands thus ;--England being the mother country, Hesse is the grandmother ; as the English (I appeal to Mr. Macpherson) can only be considered as colonised Hessians.

ib. *Three wounded Hessians, on this plan,*

Are equal to one dead ?

* By the Hessian treaty, three wounded men shall be reckoned as one killed, and paid for accordingly.*

See the Parliamentary Register.

ib. ---Give them the plunder of a wreck,

They'll vote another shilling.]

Mr. Burke's humane bill, the purport of which was

to levy on the inhabitants of the coast the value of a ship wrecked and plundered, was thrown out by the country gentlemen, (those great supporters of the American war) who were determined to preserve their tenants right to all deodands

ODE XXVI.

Page 114. (*Apsley will vouch it if awake,*)]

The Lord Chancellor.---He refused to grant a royal patent to Mr. Hannay, for his salutary PREVENTATIVE; wisely observing, that if an *uncon-jugal* intimacy between the sexes were not attended with danger, morality and matrimony would rapidly decline.---Mr. Thurlow, the Attorney General, in his report, expressed himself with his usual energy, and gave it as his opinion, that Mr. Hannay's invention was a *d---'d good thing*.

ib. *Sage Hannay, like the Athenian rake,
Hath Mercury's statues broke.*]

The Athenians had statues of Mercury at the doors of their houses, made of stones of a cubical form, which were mutilated and broken in one night by Alcibiades, and his companions. The resemblance between him and Mr. Hannay, and the reason why the respectable name of the Lord Chancellor is introduced, are points of an arduous and delicate nature. Every reader will form his own judgment on them.

- ib. *Gallini's fops, who trip at balls,
Shall breast the cold air, wrapt in shawls,
Astride their little ponies.]*

The fashionable mode of paying visits.

- ib. *And make him send out patriot Phipps]*

The present Lord MULGRAVE.---Some years ago he threatened to impeach Lord MANSFIELD;---during a six weeks cruize, he carefully studied Blackstone's Commentaries, and Burn's Justice of Peace, and undertook to prove in the House of Commons, that the chief justice was a mere ignoramus, both in law and navigation. Lord MULGRAVE has since lost his patriotism and popularity in the coal pits of Newcastle. He is at present in the service of Lord SANDWICH, and expects soon to be employed in the Dock-yards. His daring voyage to the North Pole (lately published) is full of wonderful discoveries!

- 115 *Whilst he with Stanley's grace displays]*

The present Earl of Derby.

- ib. *His splendid arms and dress ;]*

Oemiah has been presented with a rich suit of armour, to enable him to conquer Otaheite. He is to hold it by charter from the Crown, and has promised to acknowledge the right of taxation, and the supremacy of the British Parliament.

- ib. *For Palliser taught him to skate,]*

It is said that Dr. SOLANDER was highly offended, as this part of Oemiah's education was not entrusted to him. The Doctor being a Swede, was early in

initiated in the art of skating, and claimed this slippery post as his right. I cannot omit mentioning an anecdote, which evinces Omiah's affection and gratitude to all his preceptors. Commodore PAL-LISER was appointed lieutenant-general of marines, entirely through Omiah's interest with Lord SANDWICH; his Lordship had some thoughts of doing justice to Lord Howe's rank and merit; but Omiah's tears and entreaties at last prevailed!

ib. *Around him hangs each faithful wife,*]

Polygamy is allowed; and the sentence of the ecclesiastical court is final and decisive at Otaheite.

ib. *Where ladies sit (but never stride)*

On monstrous prancing hogs.]

"As the whole language of an Otaheitan does not exceed a thousand words, he is extremely at a loss for terms to express the new ideas he has acquired, and objects he has seen in this country. As these southern people have only three quadrupeds, the dog, the rat, and the hog; he has no term for describing a horse, but that of a great hog that carries people; or a cow, but that of a great hog that gives milk."

Annual Register for 1774.

ib. *Pantheon-doom'd he rears his hut,*]

Omiah is a great admirer of the Pantheon, and has often declared his intention of erecting a similar building at Otaheite.---N. B. He studies architecture under Sir William Chambers.

ib. *Describes our kings of corks---and ships,*]

Similar to this, Omiah distinguished himself when

he was introduced to Lord Sandwich. He first pointed to the butler, and said, "he was king of the bottles," that Captain Fourneaux "was king of the ship," but Lord Sandwich "was king of all the ships."---Genuine account of Omiah from the Annual Register for 1774.

116 *Of Bedford's dutchess then he'll rave,]*

Several members of the Royal Society have persuaded Omiah, that all the ladies in this country have new teeth (like her Grace) at the age of seventy.---He will not omit this flattering argument to induce his fair countrywoman to make a voyage to England.---He was also told, that the amorous passions grew again with their teeth.

ib. *Charlotte must send out store of nails]*

See Hawksworth's voyage.

ib. *Ask if you will---Sir Grey!]*

Sir Grey Cooper. The prohibitory act to prevent all intercourse with America, which was drawn up by this gentleman, had lately passed.

ib. *They'll tempt the hero of Pall-Mall]*

Lord George Germain, who resided in Pall-Mall.

ib. *Resigns an isl,-----]*

Sullivan's Island; key of Charles-town.

ODE XXVII.

Page 117. The address to the Editor, here subjoined, was prefixed to this ode.

"Though my friend General Burgoyne and his army have laid down their arms, yet they were in-

vincible while they held them in their hands---This is my consolation---the campaign has not answered our expectations---Ego et Rex meus are disappointed---One army being prisoners at Boston, and another army shut up in Philadelphia, are (it must be owned) rather unlucky accidents---But let it be considered that we have only sixty thousand men in America, (General Burgoyne and his army included.) Thirty or forty thousand more may do great things, and perhaps reduce the rebels to unconditional submission in five or six campaigns. I took up the pen from a generous motive; to celebrate our supposed victories, to display the glory of Old England, the extension of our commerce, the wisdom of our ministers, the magnanimity of our monarch, and the happiness of the people---As it is my ardent wish to raise the spirits of my desponding countrymen, I still think the publication of the following chearful Ode (though a little malapropos at present as to facts) may prove a national benefit.

- ib. *We've flay'd their virgins, babes, and wives,
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
Which God and Nature gave us.]*

Lord Suffolk's speech.

- ib. *The Congress quaking in our chains
Are 'destin'd to the cord;']*

These words were used by General Gage in a proclamation published at Boston.

118. *These knaves talk Common Sense!*]

A celebrated American pamphlet, by the lately celebrated Thomas Paine.

ib. *Ambitious Twitcher*-----]

The Earl of Sandwich.

ib. ' *No tyranny Taxation.*']

Alluding to his pamphlet, entitled ' *Taxation no Tyranny.*'

ib. *For lo, he smites off--Cushing's head,*

And flogs his wife and daughter.]

The severe punishment designed for this gentleman, and his family, was probably owing to his lordship's having discovered that Mr. Cushing had conceived an idea of being elected king by the revolted colonies. I am indebted to my learned friend, Dr. Johnson, for this anecdote, to which he alludes by saying, "If their rights are inherent and underived, they may by their own suffrages encircle by a diadem the brows of Mr. Cushing."

Taxation no Tyranny. p. 214.

119 *To perish by his stolen fire,*

Ty'd to a paper-kite.]

It is clear beyond a possibility of doubt, that this arch-patriot, philosopher, modern Prometheus, and rebel, is an old offender. The solicitor-general, Mr. Alexander Wedderburne, was therefore highly commendable for calling him a thief. He proved the charge (to the entire satisfaction of the king and council) by a quotation from Zanga. Mr. Wilson,

it is to be hoped, will dress up the doctor for his execution with a few blunted conductors.

119. *Clinton and Howe will form a noose,*]

This co-operation between the generals, was expressly ordered by the military cabinet, at the instance of Lord Mansfield.---The secretary for the colonies prevailed on his royal master, to give Mr. Clinton a red ribband, to enable him to perform this manoeuvre.

ib. *The jockey's ghost can't rest in peace,*

If Burgoyne forge his speech!]

Mr. Arnold is understood to have been originally a dealer in horses, and to have had his conduct *severely criticised*, as being the reverse of Saul, in respect to certain strayed asses; for, instead of finding them before they were lost, he was unable to recover them after.

See 1st Sam. ix. 3.

120. *Hillsbro' may promise royal grace,*]

His Lordship's circular letter to the colonies, quoted and commented on by Mr. Burke, with so much wit, spirit, and eloquence.

ib. *Carlisle shall tickle Cibber's tyre,*]

This young nobleman obtained a promise of being created Poet Laureat, on his being disappointed of the lieutenancy of Ireland.

ib. *And Mansfield, Simeon-like, expire]*

Julian.

ODE XXVIII.

Page 122. Say, can the Jerseys boast a cow?]

The children in the Jerseys are certainly reduced to

the greatest distress since General Clinton carried off the milch cows. This will probably induce such of their rebellious parents, as are not totally devoid of natural affection, to sue for pardon, lay down their arms, and take the benefit of his Majesty's gracious proclamation.

122. *Aesopus' towers to Vaughan bow ;]*

A large populous and opulent city, situated on the Western side of the Hudson's river, about 55 miles South of Albany.---It was taken by storm the 17th of October, and the garrison (composed of all the villains in North America, put to the sword. The houses were set on fire as a signal to inform General Burgoyne of the approach of Mr. Clinton's co-operating army.---In the military style it was saying---*Nous voici !*

123. *In victory they feel disgrace,
And shrink abash'd, afraid to face]*

General Gates, from an affected generosity (for the honor of soldiership) to spare the British troops the mortification of having the yankies witnesses of their humiliation, ordered his banditti not to stir out of their tents, when Lieutenant General Burgoyne gave the word of command, both in German and English, to the whole line, (according to the terms of the capitulation) to pile their arms.---But the true reason of this boasted magnanimity, was because Mr. Gates and his poltroons did not feel themselves bold enough to be spectators of so august and awful a ceremony.

123. *The ditch was wet, they had no bladders,
The wall was high, they had no ladders,
So Donop fought and fell!*]

Colonel Donop might have been supplied with a sufficient number of both these articles for twenty pounds, which would have insured him success; besides saving the lives of six hundred gallant Hessians, who cost this country (on a moderate computation) forty pounds a man, before they can be transported to America; consequently here would have been a nett saving of 23,980*l*. In a country where there is no scarcity of wood, the Provost Marshall (or military Jack Ketch) whose duty it is to provide ladders, can have no excuse. [*Vide Sir William Howe's letter.*]---As few of the foreign troops can swim, they should be always furnished with bladders when they take the field. [*Vide King of Prussia's regulations, and Marshal Saxe's reveries.*]

- ib. *We've scalps to grace the new knights' collars,*]

A new order of knighthood (at the request of Lord Suffolk) is to be speedily instituted, and confined to such of the Scotch noblemen or gentry as will raise regiments for the American service at their own expence. They are to be called Knights of the Tomahawk. Their collars are to be decorated with scalps, and they are to wear scalping knives whenever they appear at court.

- ib. *Reduc'd in price to just three dollars,*]

A French scalp cost 10*l*. last war; but, by General Burgoyne's oeconomy, the price was reduced to three dollars.

[*Vide Gates's letter.*]

124. *Stab with Scotch Dirks, and Irish Skanes,]*

Six regiments of loyal papists to be raised in Ireland, and armed with skanes, which, by Spenser's description, are a sort of Hibernian scalping knife. The Dirk is well known in this country since 1745.

ib. *If on one hero's acts I dwell,]*

Col. Stuart's generous, manly conduct, is sufficiently known.

125. *Both houses should the king address,
To grant an imprimatur-press ;]*

All true friends to liberty call aloud for a licensing act, otherwise our civil and religious rights must suffer. The last act expired in 1694. Vide Blackstone's Comm.

ib. *To cranmer's stake be Adams ty'd,]*

The notorious Sam. Adams.

126. *As the procession moves along]*

It is supposed that the king and the reverend bench will attend the execution of the rebels : an Auto de fe is always a Gala Day in Portugal.

ODE XXIX.

Page 127. *--O Jebb ! appease the fever's strife,]*

The late Sir Richard, through whose medical skill, the Duke was twice restored.

128. *And Victory's signals vainly wav'd**To call the Recreant Knight :]*

Sir Hugh Palliser.---This aspersion, however, was afterwards honorably wiped off.



A
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF 68782
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XVII.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian fields,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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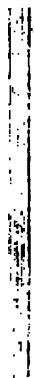
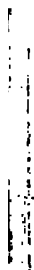
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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3.

ODES.

CLASS THE SEVENTH

CONTINUED.

ODE XXXIII.

TO LOLLIVS.

BY JOHN HALL STEVENSON, ESQ.

THO' born in an ungenial clime,
Where T. with brawls his tribute pays,
'Tis possible, my Lord, for Time
To fancy these uncommon lays.

If Shakespear ev'ry muse inspire,
Sole sov'reign of the tuneful throng,
Praise still is due to Cowley's lyre,
And Gray's sweet melancholy song.

Prior shall live with laughing eye
Amongst the vivid sons of Fame;
Maids ever weep, and widows sigh,
And burn with Eloisa's flame.

Vol. XVII.

B

Not Sparta's queen alone has tripp'd ;
Charm'd with fine breeding and fine cloaths,
Other fair princesses have slipp'd,
And troubled the whole world's repose.

Teucer is not the only prince
Famous for shooting the long bow ;
Troy has been lost before, and since,
By cunning, with a patriot show.

Heroes have bled, as well as Hector,
Both for their minions and chaste wives ;
Else how had Cromwell been Protector,
Or Charles and Edward lost their lives ?

Pitts, with the same aspiring mind,
In dark oblivion are gone down ;
But they had not the luck to find
Churchills to hand them to renown.

Worth, undistinguish'd by applause,
But equals sloth ; nor shall the chief
In livid silence guard our laws,
Forgotten like a mouldy brief.

Supremely wise when wisdom's wanted,
Prudent where caution is a merit,
Upright, inflexible, undaunted,
Pure and enlighten'd like a spirit ;



Sworn enemy to falsehood base,
Against corruption firm and steady,
Not for one single heat or race,
But always booted, always ready ;

You rose at Freedom's sacred call,
Snatch'd her from th' invading great,
Added new trophies to her hall,
And fix'd the Goddess in her seat !

'Tis the wise use, not the possessing
The smiles of Fortune or of Kings,
That can make Wealth a real blessing,
Or take from Poverty her stings.

That dignifies the virtuous man,
Scorning tho' poor to flinch or falter,
Who for his prince, or his dear clan,
Despises the impending halter.

ODE XXXIV.

TO
MAECENAS,

Lord Bute.

By the Same.

OFFSPRING of British Kings of yore,
To put your spirits in fine tune,
I have some Burgundy in store,
With roses for the tenth of June !

Quit those damp glades, nor musing mope,
Enchanted, with your arms across,
Fix'd like a statue on a slope,
Or the pagoda like a Joss.

Let not the noise of yon black city
One moment discompose your peace ;
Look down on pomp awhile with pity,
And let fastidious plenty cease.

A grateful change to homely fare,
A cot, a barn-door fowl, and mutton,
Oft smooth the anxious face of Care,
And Squeamishness herself turns glutton.

Now Phoebus rages, now the swain
With languor drives his fainting sheep
From the parch'd meads and sultry plain,
To silver streams and thickets deep.

Upon the Thames there's not a breeze,
No zephyr with expiring breath,
To animate those horrid trees,
Silent and motionless as death.

There you form all your decent plans,
To righteousness give a new birth,
And with your tories and your clans
Govern the princes of the earth.

Heav'n kindly keeps us in the dark,
And, spight of all our fine-spun schemes,
Laughs, when we over shoot the mark,
Both at our fears and sanguine dreams,

The present's all we have to heed;
Futurity is like a current,
Now smooth and pleasant as the Tweed,
Now dreadful like a Highland torrent;

Tumbling with fury down the vale,
The rocks resound, the mountains rattle;
Pines float along with groves of cale,
Huts, plaids, blue bonnets, and black cattle.

Happy is he who lives to-day,
Lives for himself, 'tis so much gain,
Whether the next be sad or gay,
Or the sun never rise again.

'Tis done—nor can the pow'r of Fate
Cancel or set the deed aside ;
Nor Fortune's insolence and hate,
That loves to mortify our pride.

Let her pursue her cruel sport,
Past pleasures cannot be destroy'd ;
She cannot, as she does at court,
Vacate what we have once enjoy'd.

Faithful while she continues mine ;
But if she violates my bed,
The painted harlot I resign,
And Virtue, though unportion'd, wed.

When the storm beats, and seas run high,
I shall not importune with pray'rs
The angry princes of the sky,
To spare my curious Cyprian wares.

Nor dup'd by Hope, like many a one,
Stay blubbering beneath the deck ;
But, when both mast and rudder's gone,
Take to my boat and leave the wreck.

ODE XXXV.

TO
DANIEL WEBB, ESQ.

By the Same.

I WOULD, with all my heart and soul,
Send ev'ry friend a golden bowl,
And with each bowl a purse of gold,
To fill the bowl and make it smile,
And to secure the bowl awhile
From being either pawn'd or sold.

To every military friend,
Heroic tripods I would send,
Tripods fit only for brave fellows ;
That is to say, crutches a pair,
And one stout leg of the same ware.
Made like the nosle of a bellows.

Pictures I'd send of every school,
I am so generous a fool,
With statues too, and busts for niches ;
These I would send to none but you,
The prince and mirror of virtú,
If I was master of such riches.

As to virtú, that point's decided,
You are sufficiently provided :
 All that you want of me is metre ;
You may have plenty at my forge,
I need not steal, like thrifty George,
 From Paul, in order to pay Peter.

I know the prince of lyric song,
Easy, yet elegantly strong ;
 And know that Beckford's head of marble ;
I mean that head the sculptor made,
That marble head will sooner fade,
 Than any songs the Muses warble.

Your fame must fly with wings of paper,
Be you a Wolfe, a Howe, a Draper,
 Victor at Minden or at Canna ;
Or legislator great as he,
That led the Jews through the Red Sea,
 And pamper'd them with quails and manna.

Great bards great favours can bestow,
In heaven above or hell below ;
 They can convey you with a nod,
From Styx, whenever they think fit,
And call you up to heav'n by writ,
 And make you an immortal god.



Lollius with Æacus may dwell,
Minos and he may judge in hell,
 When future poets sing his worth ;
Bute may, like Enoch, be translated,
Then made a star, and made related
 To *slow Bootes* of the North.

And Sandwich, if the Muses please,
Shall outwit Mercury with ease,
 And my Lord Duke outshine Apollo ;
And each Olympic peer outvie
Castor, the Jockey of the sky,
 And Rigby bold beat Bacchus hollow.

ODE XXXVI.

TO

ANY MINISTER, OR GREAT MAN.

WHETHER you lead the patriot band,
Or in the class of courtiers stand,
Or prudently prefer
The middle course, with equal zeal
To serve both king and common-weal,
Your grace, my lord, or sir !

Know, minister ! whate'er your plan,
Whate'er your politics, great man,
You must expect detraction ;
Though of clean hand and honest heart,
Your greatness must expect to smart
Beneath the rod of faction.

Like blockheads, eager in dispute,
The mob, that many-headed brute,
All bark and bawl together ;
For continental measures some,
And some cry, " Keep your troops at home,"
And some are pleas'd with neither.

Lo ! a militia guards the land ;
Thousands applaud your saving hand,
And hail you their protector ;
While thousands censure and defame,
And brand you with the hideous name
Of state-quack and projector.

Are active, vig'rous means prefer'd—
Lord ! what harangues are hourly heard
Of wasted blood and treasure !
Then all for enterprize and plot,
And, pox o' this unmeaning Scot !
If cautious be your measure.

Corruption's influence you despise ;
These lift your glory to the skies,
Those pluck your glory down ;
So strangely diff'rent is the note
Of scoundrels that have right to vote,
And scoundrels that have none.

Ye then who guide the car of state,
Scorning the rabble's idle prate,
Proceed as ye design'd ;
In rugged ways, the reins and steeds
Alone the skilful driver heeds,
Nor stays to cut behind.

ODE XXXVII.

FROM
ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL,

NOVEMBER 21.

ADDRESSED TO
THE AUTHOR OF THE MONODY.

O BARD! whene'er you rhyme again,
In blacker tints pray dip your pen,
The Muse's aid implore:
Perchance a tragic muse may stoop
To sing of that heroic group,
On t'other side the floor.

And yet—to raise their laurels higher,
Asks not the chord of your dull lyre,
Touch'd by the quill of goose;
But such a cord as oft you see
On Hounslow's plain swung o'er a tree,
And ending in a noose.

Tho' none (like TWITCHER) filch a purse,
With pirates or with thieves converse,



Nor cut a single throat ;
To rob three millions at a time,
Or butcher thousands is no crime ;
Hence are our fleets afloat.

With ev'ry brute of Noah's ark,
Legions of human brutes embark,
Vot'ries to sword and fire :
May half, like SACKVILLE, prove alert,
Like CORNWALL t'other half desert !
From conscience—not for hire.

Young bees forsake their native hive,
By travel—and by toils they thrive,
With ease and plenty dwell ;
Say, when the parent-swarm hath flown,
Tho' rich in honey of their own,
To plunder ev'ry cell ?

That this be just—hear yon Scotch gang ;
Here GIBBY's and DUNDAS's twang,
The genius of starvation !
“ The faulchion's edge—the cannon's thunder,
Shall make America knock-under,
Or ruin either nation.”

Sawney, bring up your corps of blacks,
Set oliv'd Indians on their backs,

The Russ beat out their brains !
The Switzer too shall leave his Alps,
With Briton's deal for British scalps,
The only trade remains !

ELLIS come next—thou boar of boars,
The oldest boar within these doors ;
Yet INNIS 'tis agreed,
The boar fam'd Meleager slew,
Was a poor harmless boar to you,
Of Caledonia's breed.

THURLOW approach with rugged DICK,
Both sly and saucy as Old Nick,
Avow your Bedford-creed :
So void of sense—so damn'd audacious,
Hotter than that of Athanasius :
A direful one indeed !

Next for a Nap—behind the clock,
While STANLEY and the Surrey Cock
Upon their legs appear.
Then pause awhile, my dear Sir GREY,
And ere you make me run away,
This for your Master's ear :

“ Boreas, whose bloated blust'ring jowl,
“ Can urge the storm, or can controul,

“ Keep not so bold a sail !
“ There’s scarce a man will stand the deck ;
“ The vessel lies a perfect wreck ;
“ She’ll founder in the gale !”

ODE XXXVIII.

ADDRESSED TO
LORD GEORGE GERMAIN,
ON
HIS APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

My Lord, to celebrate your praise,
Your perishable fame to raise,
And brighten SACKVILLE's name ;
My flowing numbers wildly great,
Shall speak your merit—now compleat !
Resisting more than shame.

Alas ! how callous to this wound,
No spark of honor to be found,
Within your canker'd heart :
Yet still to keep your nauseous breath,
Survive a sentence worse than death,
Out-plays a traitor's part !

Yes ! History's remotest page,
To Britons with indignant rage,
Shall make your fame revive :
When you dissolve in crumbling dust,
And moulded clay shall form your bust,
Then SACKVILLE's name shall live.

Your victories shall marble grace,
Your German trophies we shall trace,
 Display'd o'er Minden's plain :
While Fame revers'd her trumpet sounds,
Reclining honour counts her wounds,
 Departing in disdain.

A solid, senseless form ingrate,
In attitude of servile state,
 Shall your perfections show :
Brisk NED your prowess shall relate,
And CUMBERLAND shall mourn your fate,
 ☞ THAT MONUMENT OF WOE!

ODE XXXIX.

**ON SOME
LATE PUBLICATIONS,**

**ASCRIBED TO
RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.**

CURS'D be the pen by faction sway'd,
The tool of blind invective made,
The foe to virtuous fame ;
That dares amongst the mean and base,
With more than German rancour place
Much injur'd SACKVILLE'S name.

When half America was lost,
And timid DARTMOUTH left his post,
He took the dang'rous lead ;
To vindicate insulted laws,
And hazard in his country's cause,
His fortunes and his head.

With affluence blest, and blest with friends,
Connected for no selfish ends,
His happiness was home ;

He knew the joys of private life,
He lov'd his children and his wife,
Nor wish'd abroad to roam.

Already toss'd on boist'rous seas,
His object was domestic ease ;
Not all the smiles of court,
Not all that lavish princes give,
Or greedy favorites receive,
Could tempt him out of port.

But, by the will of adverse fate,
When foul rebellion shook the state,
And poison'd half the realm ;
No luke-warm prudence cou'd control
The patriot spirit of his soul :
He boldly grasp'd the helm.

He only heard his country's call,
Ease, comfort, quiet, safety, all
That wisdom's thought to teach,
Submitted to the vast desire
To keep the empire still entire,
Or perish in the breach.

ODE XL.

THE *GENIUS OF BRITAIN.*

IN ALLUSION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXXV.

WHERE roams the genius of the British Isle,
The awful spirit of the ancient times ?
Sun-born, the child of fire, what distant climes
Lure thy lorn steps from this thy native soil ?

Ye oaks, of everlasting growth !
Ye black pines waving in the clouds !
Ye mountains, red with Heaven's wrath !
Ye rocks, whose heads the vapours shroud !
Say, have ye ye seen him ?—By his tread
Well known, of thundering sound,
His voice of whirlwind, and his head
With blazing meteors crown'd.

Say, Etna, seest thou from thy burning throne,
Or o'er the land, or o'er the wide-spread seas,
The path or shadow of a son free-born ?
Or hearest thou around thy triple zone,

Or in the scorching beam, or sea-born breeze,
Save groans of abject woe, or taunts of swelling scorn ?
Then dwells he not with thee : his sullen ear,
Not music floating on Sicilian gales,
His eye, not beauty panting with desire,
His heart, not Ceres' mantle in the vales,
His soul, not Bacchus rob'd with purple fire,
One moment can detain to thralldom near,
The sickly child of sloth, and pale unmanly fear.

O mountain Appenine ! and distant thou,
The fairest and the tallest of the plain,
That near Olympian Pisa wreath'dst thy brow
With laurels won beneath thy fair domain,
Howe'er thou'rt call'd !—And thou of surer name,
That near the haunted stream,
Inspir'dst the poet's dream !——
And northern ye, that, like a chain,
Bind in Epirus' golden plain !——
Ceraunian mountains, thunder scarr'd !
And ye that like a rampart stood,
Link'd in holy brotherhood,
And saw the routed Persian host,
Their pride, their hope, their glory lost,
When the sea-scourging Xerxes dar'd,
In thought, but vainly dar'd to yoke the Grecian fame !

Alas, the days that ye have seen
Are now as if they ne'er had been !

Groveling Superstition creeps
Thro' your vales and o'er your steeps,
Like a black and baleful mist,
Withering every manly pow'r,
Treasur'd in the patriot breast,
Against the great decisive hour.

O lands, rever'd of old, the gaze of all,
How vast your zenith's height, how deep your fall !
Here the mooned Prophet raves,
'Midst a darken'd land of slaves ;
There the spotted dragon flings
Woos, desolations, deaths, from his terrific wings.

Turn we hence—the Muse disdains
To seek her son amidst ignoble chains.
See, she wings her rapid flight
To the Pyrenean height :
She casts her eyes, and views on either hand
Two sister queens, but of a various land ;
Each head with fair and flow'ry garlands crown'd,
But ah ! their feet in galling shackles bound !
In tarnish'd state sits one forlorn,
With wither'd bays and trophies torn ;
Buxom, blithe, and debonaire,
Sings the other spite of care ;
Genius, science, arts and arms,
Wait upon her careless charms ;
A race so bright, a land so fair,
What pity Freedom dwells not there !

Northward to the Alpine ridge
Now she turns her lofty head ;
Instant she lights ; the massy bridge
Shakes beneath her sounding tread.

She asks of every hill and dale,
If he, the son she seeks, inhabits there ;
No answer comes upon the lonely gale :
“ Alas, thy son is vainly sought for here ! ”

Onward she moves ; when from Helvetia's hill
A mournful accent strikes her troubled ear !
Her daring archer she remembers still,
When lo ! his cloud-clad spirit glided near.

MUSE.

Hast thou seen my fav'rite son,
Once of thee so lov'd and known ?
He who whisper'd in thine ear,
When the arrow, wing'd with fear,
At a tyrant's stern command
Fled from forth thy parent hand ;
Once of thee so lov'd and known,
Hast thou seen my favourite son ?

SPIRIT.

In vain, alas, thy favourite son
Of me was lov'd, of me was known !

Long since he fled, and left this land
A slave to every slave's command ;
Petty tyrants rule her now,
And all in vain I drew the bow.

MUSE.

Northward perhaps he dwells : the rigorous North
Is still propitious to the patriot flame.
Perhaps thine eye descry'd him passing forth,
Perhaps thine ear retains his distant fame.
Say, doth he wander o'er the hollow plains
Of Dalecarlia, where he wont to stray,
And hear amid the miner's clanking chains
Big groans burst forth for that auspicious day,
When he, the hero, patriot, sage, and king,
Should raise the voice, and lift the shining spear,
That, like a comet leaping from his sphere,
Pointed the path to liberty amain,
And flash'd red vengeance on the cruel Dane ;
Whereof remotest lands and latest times shall ring.

SPIRIT.

Alas, no more he wanders there,
No sounds congenial catch his ear ;
No more the torch of Freedom lights
Their weary days, their tedious nights,
All dreary, dark, and wild !
O land, deserted and forlorn,
Never, ah never, shall return

Thy summer-sun : thy leaf is shed,
Virtue and Liberty are fled,
The parent with the child !

MUSE.

Say, doth he walk upon the face of earth,
Or lies he buried in the gulphy wave ;
Or some enchantress frowning on his birth
Lulls in her lap, or locks him in her cave ?
Time was, one touch of this resounding lyre
Rous'd him from line to line, from pole to pole ;
Sublim'd him to the height of martial fire,
Or soft entranc'd to peace his melting soul.
Where sleeps he now ?—The Goddess bow'd her head,
No answer came—the cloud-clad sp'rit was fled.

She turn'd her steps ;—when from the Arctic shore
A voice was heard across th' Atlantic roar :
“ He lives ! he lives ! ” the enraptur'd Goddess cries,
Then instant springs aloft and cleaves the skies ;
To the huge Andes points her eager way ;
Stately she lights, and thus begins her lay :—

Ye giant hills, ye first-born of the earth,
That with Titanian fronts assail the skies !
Ye mighty race, who saw great Nature's birth,
And all the pigmy mountains round you rise,
Then when the waters fled
To their capacious bed,

And left the round earth rob'd in green,
Spangled with lakes and hills between!
Ye with solemn song I greet,
And on your tall heads plant my feet,
A stranger erst ;—but now a voice divine
Calls me to wait at Freedom's sacred shrine.

Lo! across the Darien land,
Bending to the dexter hand,
Lies a crescent-formed bay,
Once with fluttering streamers gay :
Commerce, the queen, her breast unbound,
Nourish'd all her children round ;
Yet still with filial duty warm,
Own'd the sweet parental charm,
That binds with strong but gentle reign,
Beyond the tyrant's iron chain.

Now other sights and other sounds arise :
Black waves the flag upon the mournful shore ;
In dread confrontment the red banner flies,
And hell's own engines wait the time to roar.

Seest thou not a form divine
Of the ancient Genii line,
Such as Rome and Athens own'd,
When on Freedom's base enthron'd ?
'Tis he, long sought, through fears and toils,
The Genius of the British Isles!—

Awful like a God he stands ;
The thronging nations lift their hands,
And, as they pour the ardent vow,
Catch inspiration from his brow.

Softly, ah softly, wake the sleeping fire,
Rouse not the angry lightning's utmost force ;
A parent's breast must meet its destin'd course,
A parent's breast must bleed beneath its ire.

Be firm, but calmly firm ;—maintain the rights
That Nature gives, and free-born manhood claims ;
Pursue the radiant track where Virtue lights,
And on her sacred column grave your names.

But ah, if heedless duty aught have err'd,
If Freedom kindling in too fierce a blaze,
That heaven-descended scroll hath aught impair'd,
The thrice dear charities of human race !

O Mercy ! stoop thou from thy golden skies,
Thy charmed veil among the nations cast,
Wave thy soft wand of pity o'er their eyes,
And tears on either face blot out the past.

So sung the Muse ; the hills the strain prolong,
And Heav'n in thunder ratify'd the song.

ODE XLI.

TO THE
GENIUS OF ALBION.

WRITTEN AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR,
BY BRYAN EDWARDS, ESQ.

Proh ! Curia Inversique mores !

HOR.

GENIUS of Albion! whither art thou fled?
Thou, who wast wont at Freedom's call to rise,
With thund'ring voice, and heav'n-directed eyes,
And mock th' oppressor's rage, or smite the tyrant
dead!
O stretch again thy saving hand,
In mercy to this groaning isle!
No common ills thine aid demand;
Corruption triumphs in her spoil;
Fierce Discord hurls her torch on high;
Nor public weal, nor social tie
Can fix the sordid, selfish mind;
Ambition breaks Law's feeble chain,
Swoln Lux'ry leads her bloated train,
And Ruin stalks behind!

Beyond the rough Atlantic tide,
Inspir'd by Virtue and by Thee,
Thy junior sons still dare be free ;
Nor e'er shall subtle fraud divide
The gen'rous band. Oh ! while the tempest low'rs,
Reflect our cause is one—that Freedom's foes are ours !

Peace to thy shade, lamented King !
Great Brunswick, second of thy race,
Call'd England's happy throne to grace,
What time fair Freedom made each valley ring.
From the cold tomb couldst thou arise,
How would this prospect sear thine eyes,
And drive thee back in wild affright !
For lo ! fierce issuing from their native north,
The howling furies murd'rous storms send forth ;
Glut the Gaul's proud revenge, and spread vile
Slav'ry's night !

In vain, alas ! thy gallant son,
On fam'd Culloden's glorious field,
Taught the proud trait'rous Scot to yield,
And deathless laurels nobly won.
In vain rejoic'd th' admiring world,
When our brave sires, by Nassau led,
At tyrant-pow'r their thunders hurl'd,
While the dark tyrant crouch'd and fled.

No longer now, in patriot shackles bound,
With fruitless wailing Envy bites her chain ;
Oppression leaps o'er Freedom's sacred mound,
And vainly Hampden fought, and Sydney bled in vain !

Lo ! Saunders mingles with the mighty dead ;
No more th' avenger of his country's wrong :
O'er his cold dust let no weak tear be shed ;
He wept, alas ! that he had liv'd too long !
O greatly glorious ! had he died .
Ere set in darkness Britain's sun ;
Ere frantic rage and Stuart pride,
That empire lost his valor won !
" What more (he cry'd) can adverse fate require ?"
Dying he saw his country's fame expire ;
Saw her bright cross he late triumphant spread,
Droop on the sick'ning gale, and blush with deeper red !

Hark ! thro' America's indignant shore,
What groans for vengeance rend th' affrighted skies !
Foul impious war hath broken Nature's ties ;
And Britain, terror of the world no more,
Turns on herself, and drinks her children's gore !
Oh ! quickly drop the murd'rous sword,
What horrors rise around ?
Canst thou, ill-fated realm, afford
With thine own blood to drench the ground ?
The vet'ran, yet untaught to yield,
Reluctant views the death-fraught field,

Conscious of guilt would fain retreat,
And dreads ev'n victory as defeat ;—
In vain : still o'er Ontario's flood,
With ghastly smile, and blasting eyes,
Stern Alva's guilty spirit flies,
And snuffs the scented air, and rages still for blood !

Hear how her sons Iberia tells
Exulting as the tempest swells ;
And faithless Gallia, with prophetic eye,
Beholds thy golden streams of Commerce dry,
Or marks them for her own. " O great event !"
She cries,—" Thy shame and punishment,
" Rash, ruin'd rival ! Now I see
" Thy palm of glory snatch'd by me ;
" That envied prize, by Nature giv'n,
" Which rais'd thy tow'ring front to Heav'n,
" Spurn'd by thyself !—Oh ! speed thy ling'ring fate,
" And to thyself be false, to make my empire great."

But Britain, happier fates are thine :
Thy sun shall yet unclouded shine !
A day (not far remote) shall come,
When, Rage disarm'd, and Envy dumb,
The pious child, her sorrows o'er,
Shall urge the loud complaint no more :
But nourish (in her suff'rings blest)
'Th' expiring parent from her breast !

For lo! Futurity her page unfolds :
What floods of glory fill yon western skies !
I see, I see, the radiant forms arise,
Where venerable Time Fair truth upholds,
And awful Justice, her divine compeer,
Exalts her gen'rous brow, and shakes her glitt'ring
spear !

" Ye parricides, who broke the golden cords
" Of filial piety—maternal love !
" Ye perjur'd senators—ye venal lords,
" Now curse your damned deeds—for vengeance
dwells with Jove !
" America ! no longer thou
" Shalt lift thy plaintive voice in vain ;
" Nor Britain's sons to slav'ry bow,
" Nor forge for others' necks the chain !
" 'Tis Justice speaks !" above controul,
Her thunders smite the guilty soul.
See murder'd Sydney grimly smile,
And virtuous Russel bless her glorious toil !
Oh sleep, ye sacred shades ! in endless rest ;
The sign of Mercy, beaming from the west,
Kind Heav'n has giv'n ;—for o'er the patriot crowd
Bright Conquest soars aloft, and claps her wings aloud.

ODE XLII.

PERFORMED

AT ST. JAMES'S

ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE, 1776,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S BAND OF MUSICIANS.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

[POET LAUREAT.]

YE western gales, whose genial breath
Unbinds the glebe, 'till all beneath
One verdant livery wears;
You sooth the sultry heats of noon,
Add softness to the setting sun,
And dry the morning's tears.

This is your season, lovely gales,
Thro' Æther now your power prevails;
And our dilated breasts shall own
The joys, which flow from you alone.

Why, therefore, in yon dubious sky,
With out-spread wing, and eager eye
On distant scenes intent,

“ Sits Expectation in the air.”—
Why do alternate hope and fear
Suspend some great event ?

Can Britain fail ?—the thought were vain ;
The powerful empress of the main
But strives to smoothe th’ unruly flood,
And dreads a conquest stain’d with blood.

While yet, ye winds, your breezy balm
Thro’ nature spreads a general calm,
While yet a pause fell Discord knows ;
Catch th’ soft moment of repose,
Your genuine powers exert ;
To pity melt th’ obdurate mind,
Teach ev’ry bosom to be kind,
And humanize the heart !

Propitious gales, O wing your way !
And whilst we hail that rightful sway
Whence temper’d Freedom springs ;
The bliss we feel to future times
Extend, and from your native climes
Bring peace upon your wings !

ODE XLIII.

TO THE NAVAL OFFICERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TRIAL OF ADMIRAL
KEPPEL, FEBRUARY THE ELEVENTH, 1779.

BY WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

HENCE to thy Hell! thou fiend accurst,
Of sin's incestuous brood the worst,
Whom to pale Death the spectre bore :
Detraction hence! 'tis Truth's command,
She launches, from her seraph hand,
The shaft that strikes thee to th' infernal shore.
Old ENGLAND's Genius leads her on
To vindicate his darling son,
Whose fair, and veteran fame
Thy venom'd tongue had dar'd defile ;
The Goddess comes, and all the isle
Feels the warm influence of her heav'nly flame.

But chief in those, their country's pride,
Ordain'd, with steady helm, to guide
The floating bulwarks of her reign,
It glows, with unremitting ray,
Bright as the orb that gives the day.
Corruption spreads her murky mist in vain .

To Virtue, Valour, Glory true,
They keep their radiant prize in view,
Ambitious sterling aim ;
They know that titles, stars, and strings,
Bestow'd by Kings on slaves of Kings,
Are light as air, when weigh'd with honest fame.

Hireling courtiers, venal peers,
View them with fastidious frown ;
Yet the Muse's smile is theirs,
Theirs her amaranthine crown.
Yes, gallant train, on your unsullied brows,
She sees the genuine English spirit shine,
Warm from a heart where ancient honour glows,
That scorns to bend the knee at Int'rest's shrine.
Lo ! at your Poet's call,
To give prophetic fervor to his strain,
Forth from the mighty bosom of the main
A giant deity ascends ;
Down his broad breast his hoary honours fall !
He wields the trident of th' Atlantic vast ;
An awful calm around his pomp is cast,
O'er many a league the glassy sleep extends.
He speaks ; and distant thunder, murmuring round,
In long-drawn volley rolls a symphony profound.

“ Ye thunders cease ! the voice of Heav'n

“ Enough proclaims the terrors giv'n

“ To me the Spirit of the deep ;
“ Tempests are mine ; from shore to shore,
“ I bid my billows when to roar,
“ Mine the wild whirlwind’s desolating sweep.
“ But meek and placable, I come
“ To deprecate Britannia’s doom,
“ And snatch her from her fate ;
“ Ev’n from herself I mean to save
“ My sister sov’reign of the wave ;
“ A voice immortal never warns too late.

“ Queen of the isles ! with empire crown’d,
“ Only to spread fair Freedom round,
“ Wide as my waves could waft thy name ;
“ Why did thy cold reluctant heart
“ Refuse that blessing to impart,
“ Deaf to great Nature’s universal claim ?
“ Why rush, through my indignant tide,
“ To stain thy hands with parricide ?
“ —Ah, answer not the strain !
“ Thy wasted wealth, thy widows’ sighs,
“ Thy half-repentant embassys
“ Bespeak thy cause unblest, thy councils vain.

“ Sister, sov’reign of the wave !
“ Turn from this ill-omen’d war ;—
“ Turn to where the truly brave
“ Will not blush thy wrath to bear :

“ Swift on th’ insulting Gaul, thy native foe
“ (For he is Freedom’s) let that wrath be hurl’d;
“ To his perfidious ports direct thy prow,
“ Arm every bark, be every sail unfurl’d;
“ Seize this triumphant hour,
“ When, bright as gold from the refining flame,
“ Flows the clear current of thy KEPPEL’s fame.
“ Give, to the Hero’s full command,
“ Th’ imperial ensigns of thy naval pow’r:
“ So shall his own bold auspices prevail,
“ Nor Fraud’s insidious wiles, nor Envy pale
“ Arrest the force of his victorious band.
“ The Gaul subdu’d, fraternal strife shall cease,
“ And firm, on Freedom’s base, be fixt an Empire’s
peace.”

ODE XLIV.

. TO
THE HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PITT.

By the Same.

Μή νῦν, οἷσι φθονεραὶ
Θνατῶν φρίνας ἀμφικερέμανται ἐλπίδες,
Μήτ' ἀρετάν ποτε σιγάτω πατρίαν,
Μηδὶ τέσδ' ὕμνος. PINDAR. Isthm. Ode 2.

'Tis May's Meridian reign ; yet EURUS cold
Forbids each shrinking thorn its leaves unfold,
Or hang with silver buds her rural throne ;
No primrose show'r from her green lap she throws,
No daisy, violet, or cowslip blows,
And Flora weeps her fragrant offspring gone.
Hoar frost arrests the genial dew ;
To wake, to warble, and to woo,
No Linnet calls his drooping love :
Shall then the Poet strike the lyre,
When mute are all the feather'd quire,
And Nature fails to warm the Syrens of the grove ?

He shall : for what the sullen Spring denies,
The orient beam of virtuous youth supplies ;
That moral dawn be his inspiring flame.
Beyond the dancing radiance of the East
Thy glory, Son of CHATHAM ! fires his breast ;
And, proud to celebrate thy vernal fame,
Hark, from his lyre the strain ascends,
Which but to Freedom's fav'rite friends
That lyre disdains to sound.
Hark, and approve ! as did thy sire,
The lays which once with kindred fire
His Muse in Attic mood made Mona's oaks rebound.

Long silent since, save when in KESPEL's name,
Detraction, murd'ring Britain's naval fame,
Rous'd into sounds of scorn th' indignant string.
But now, replenish'd with a richer theme,
The vase of Harmony shall pour its stream,
Fann'd by free Fancy's rainbow-tinctur'd wing.
Thy country too shall hail the song,
Her echoing heart the notes prolong ;
While they alone with envy sigh,
Whose rancour to thy parent dead
Aim'd, ere his fun'ral rites were paid,
With vain vindictive rage to starve his progeny.

From earth and these the Muse averts her view,
To meet, in yonder sea of Ether blue,
A beam to which the blaze of noon is pale ;

In purpling circles now the glory spreads,
A host of angels now unveil their heads,
While Heav'n's own music triumphs on the gale.
Ah see, two white-rob'd seraphs lead
Thy Father's venerable shade !
He bends from yonder cloud of gold,
While they, the ministers of light,
Bear from his breast a mantle bright,
And with the Heav'n-wove robe thy youthful limbs
enfold !

“ Receive this mystic gift, my Son ! (he cries)
“ And (for so wills the Sov'reign of the skies)
“ With this receive, at Albion's anxious hour,
“ A double portion of my patriot zeal,
“ Active to spread the fire it dar'd to feel
“ Thro' raptur'd Senates, and with awful pow'r
“ From the full fountain of the tongue
“ To roll the rapid tide along,
“ Till a whole nation caught the flame.
“ So on thy Sire shall Heav'n bestow
“ A blessing TULLY fail'd to know,
“ And redolent in thee diffuse thy father's fame.

“ Nor thou, ingenuous Boy ! that Fame despise,
“ Which lives and spreads abroad in Heav'n's pure eyes,
“ The last best energy of noble mind ;
“ Revere thy Father's shade ; like him disdain
“ The tame, the timid, temporizing train,
“ Awake to self, to social int'rest blind :

- “ Young as thou art, Occasion calls ;
“ Thy country’s scale or mounts or falls
“ As thou and thy compatriots strive ;
“ Scarce is the fatal moment past,
“ That trembling ALBION deem’d her last ;
“ O knit the union firm, and bid an Empire live.
- “ Proceed, and vindicate fair Freedom’s claim,
“ Give life, give strength, give substance to her name;
“ The native rights of Man with Fraud contest ;
“ Yes, snatch them from Corruption’s baleful pow’r,
“ Who dares, in Day’s broad eye, those rights devour,
“ While Prelates bow, and bless the Harpy feast.
“ If foil’d at first, resume thy course,
“ Rise strengthen’d with Antæan force ;
“ So shall thy toil in conquest end.
“ Let others court the tinsel things
“ That hang upon the smile of Kings,
“ Be thine the Muse’s wreath ; be thou the PEOPLE’S
FRIEND.”
-

ODE XLV.

SUNG BY

MR. WEBB,

AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER

OF THE

SOCIETY FOR CONSTITUTIONAL INFORMATION,

At the Shakspeare Tavern, on Tuesday, the 14th Day of May, 1782.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

VERDANT myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreathe :
Soon shall grace each manly side,
Tubes that speak, and points that breathe.

Thus, Harmodius, shone thy blade !
Thus, Aristogiton, thine !
Whose, when Britain sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine ?

Dearest youths, in islands blest,
Not, like recreant idlers, dead,
You with fleet Pelides rest,
And with godlike Diomed.

Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade entwine :
Such, Harmodius, deck'd thy side !
Such, Aristogiton, thine !

They the base Hipparchus slew,
At the feast for Pallas crown'd ;
Gods ! how swift their poniards flew !
How the monster ting'd the ground !

Then, in Athens all was peace,
Equal laws and liberty :
Nurse of arts, and eye of Greece !
People valiant, firm, and free !

Not less glorious was thy deed,
Wentworth, fix'd in Virtue's cause ;
Nor less brilliant be thy meed,
Lenox, friend to equal laws !

High in Freedom's temple rais'd,
See Fitz-Maurice beaming stand,
For collected virtues prais'd,
Wisdom's voice, and Valour's hand !

Ne'er shall Fate their eyelids close :
They, in blooming regions blest,
With Harmodius shall repose,
With Aristogiton rest.

Noblest chiefs, a hero's crown
Let the Athenian patriots claim :
You less fiercely won renown ;
You assum'd a milder name.

They through blood for glory strove,
You more blissful tidings bring ;
They to death a *tyrant* drove,
You to fame *restor'd* a KING.

Rise, Britannia, dauntless rise !
Cheer'd with triple Harmony,
Monarch good, and *nobles* wise,
People valiant, firm, and FREE !

ODE XLVI.

By the Same.

Οὐ λίθῳ ὀδὴ ξύλῳ, ὀδὴ
Τέχῃ ταυθῶσι αἱ ἐνάλεις εἰσὶν,
'Αλλ' ἐνὶ πῶτι' αἱ ὄσιν ἌΝΔΡΕΣ
Αὐτὰς σάξιν εἰδότες,
'Επείθεα τέχῃ καὶ ἐνάλεις.

ALC. quoted by ARISTIDES.

WHAT constitutes a State ?
Not high-rai'd battlements, or labour'd mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate ;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd ;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride ;
No :—MEN, high minded MEN,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
Men, who their *duties* know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
Prevent the long aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain :

These constitute a State ;
And sov'reign LAW, *that state's collected will*,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling *Crown*
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such *was* this heav'n-lov'd isle,
Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Cretan* shore !
No more shall Freedom smile ?
Shall *Britons* languish, and be MEN no more ?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

ODES.

CLASS THE EIGHTH.

Vol. XVII.

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14

ODES.

CLASS THE EIGHTH.

ODE I.

THE CONQUERED DUTCHESS.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY EOX,
On the marriage of the Dutchess of Manchester to Edward Hussey, Esq. now
Lord Beaulieu.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, KNT.

CLIO, behold this charming day,
The zephyrs blow, the sun looks gay,
The sky one perfect blue;
Can you refuse at such a time,
When Fox and I both beg for rhyme,
To sing us something new?

The Goddess smil'd, and thus begun :
I've got a pleasing theme, my son !
I'll sing the Conquer'd Dutchess ;
I'll sing of that disdainful fair,
Who, 'scap'd from Scotch and English snare,
Is fast in Irish clutches.

Sunk is her pow'r, her sway is o'er,
She'll be no more ador'd, no more
Shine forth the public care:
Oh ! what a falling off is here,
From her whose frowns made wisdom fear,
Whose scorn begot despair !

Wide was th' extent of her commands,
O'er fertile fields, o'er barren lands,
She stretch'd her haughty reign :
The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,
Youth, manhood, age, and impotence,
With pride receiv'd her chain.

Here Leicester offer'd brutal love,
Here gentle Cornbury gently strove
With sighs to fan desire ;
Here Churchill snor'd his hours away,
Here drowsy Stanhope every day
Sat out her Grace's fire.

Here constant Bateman too we saw,
Kneeling with reverential awe,
T' adore his high-flown choice !
Where you, my Fox, have sigh'd whole days,
Forgetting king's and people's praise,
Deaf to ambition's voice.—

What clothes you made ! how fine you drest !
What Dresden china for her feast !
But I'll no longer tease you ;
Yet 'tis a truth you can't deny,
Tho' lady Caroline is nigh,
And does not look quite easy.

But careful Heaven design'd her Grace
For one of the Milesian race,
On stronger parts depending ;
Nature indeed denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all comprehending.

Which to accomplish, Hussey came,
Op'ning before the noble dame
His honourable trenches ;
Nor of rebukes or frowns afraid,
He push'd his way (he knew his trade)
And won the place by inches.

Look down, St. Patrick, with success,
Like Hussey's, all the Irish bless,
May they all do as he does ;
And still preserve their breed the same,
Cast in his mould, made in his frame,
To comfort English widows !

ODE II.

ADDRESSED TO
THE AUTHOR OF
THE CONQUERED DUTCHESS.
IN ANSWER TO THAT CELEBRATED PERFORMANCE.

BY EARL NUGENT.

WHAT clamour's here about a dame,
Who, for her pleasure, barter's fame !
As if 'twere strange or new,
That ladies should themselves disgrace,
Or one of the Milesian race
A widow shou'd pursue.

She's better sure than Scudamore,
Who, while a Dutchess, play'd the whore,
As all the world has heard ;
Wiser than Lady Harriet too,
Whose foolish match made such ado,
And ruin'd her and Beard.

Yet she's as gay as Lady Vane,
Who, should she list her am'rous train,
Might fairly man a fleet ;

Sprightly as Orford's Countess, she,
And as the wanton Townshend free,
And more than both, discreet.

For she had patience first to wed
Before she took the man to bed !
And can you say that's bad ?
Like Diomed's, your arrows rove ;
Like him you wound the Queen of love,
And may like him run mad.

There was, Sir Knight, there was a time,
If you invok'd your Muse for rhyme,
That all the world stood gazing ;
You sung us then of folks that sold
Themselves and country too for gold,
Or something as amazing :

How Sandys, in sense, and person queer,
Jump'd from a patriot to a peer,
No mortal yet knows why ;
How Pulteney truck'd the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
To call his vixen by :

How Compton rose when Walpole fell,
'Twas you, and only you could tell,
And all the scene disclos'd ;

How Vane and Rushout, Bathurst, Gower,
Were curs'd and stigmatiz'd by power,
And rais'd to be expos'd.

To heights like these your Muse should fly,
To others leave the middle sky,
Whose wings are weak and flaggy ;
Leave these to some young Foppington,
Who takes your leavings, Woffington,
And tunes his odes to Peggy.

For you, who know the sex so well,
Must own that women most excell,
When ruling, or when rul'd ;
While young, they others lead astray,
When old they ev'ry call obey,
Still fooling, or befool'd

Scheme upon scheme must still succeed,
They ev'ry coxcomb's tale must heed,
Until their brains grow muzzy ;
And then by one false step 'tis seen,
How slight the difference is between
The Dutchess and the *Hussey*.

ODE III.

THE
RURAL REFLECTIONS
OF A
WELCH POET.

STOP, stop, my steed! hail, Cambria, hail,
With craggy cliffs and darksome vale,
May no rude steps defile 'em !
Your poet, with a vengeance sent
From London, post, is hither bent,
To find a safe asylum.

Bar, bar the doors, exclude e'en Fear,
Who press'd upon my horse's rear,
And made the fleet still fleetier ;
Here shall my hurried soul repose,
And, undisturb'd by Irish prose,
Renew my lyric metre.

Thus Flaccus, at Philippi's fields,
Behind him left his little shield,
And sculk'd in Sabine cavern :
Had I ~~not~~ wrote that cursed ode,
My coward heart I ne'er had show'd,
The jest of every tavern.

Ye guardians of Mercurial men,
I boast from you my sprightly pen,
I rhyme by your direction :
Why did you partial gifts impart ?
You gave a head, but gave no heart,
No heart for head's protection.

Hence 'tis my wit outruns my strength,
And scans each inch of Hussey's length,
His length of sword forgetting ;
Hence angry boys my rhyme provoke :
I ne'er (too serious proves the joke)
Can think on't without sweating.

What the Lieutenant once deny'd,
My inauspicious wit supply'd,
And forc'd me into action ;
To me, as to this scribe indite,
Hibernia's sons—I cannot write,
To give them satisfaction.

Fool, could I sing for others sport,
The taking of the Dutchess' FORT,
And which the way to win her ;
I, undisturb'd, my town enjoy'd,
Then (Nero like) with fire destroy'd,
By springing mines within her.

Oh! had I sung sweet roundelay,
Great George's birth, or New-year's-day,
As innocent as Colly,
Your other Pope, (oh hear, ye Nine!)
He'd gladly all his odes refine,
And screen himself in folly.

Ah! since my fear has forc'd me hither,
I feel no more that sweet blue weather
The Muses most delight in;
Dark and more dark each cloud impends,
And ev'ry message from my friends
Conveys sad hints of fighting.

To harmless themes I'll tune my reed,
Listen, ye lambkins, whilst you feed,
Ye shepherds, nymphs, and fountains!
Ye bees, with soporif'rous hums,
Ye pendent goats, if Hussey comes,
Convey me to your mountains!

There may I sing secure, nor Fear
Shall pull the songster by the ear,
T' advise me while I 'm writing;
Or if my satire will burst forth,
I'll lampoon parsons in my wrath:
Their cloth forbids them fighting.

Where'er I think, can Williams brook
To skulk beneath this lonely nook,
And tamely bear what few will?
Harcourt like Priam's son appears,
Cries, as he shakes his bloody ears,
Beware of Irish duel!

I flutter like Macbeth! Arise
Strange scenes, and swim before my eyes,
Swords, pistols, bloody—shocking!
Whole crowds of Irish cross my view,
I feel th' involuntary dew
Run trickling down my stocking.

Sure sign how all's within, I trow:
Connel once forc'd such streams to flow,
So dreadful he to meet is;
Should gentle Cornbury, Leicester, Bath,
Or drowsy Stanhope wake in wrath,
'Twould cause a diabetes.

Oh Patrick! courage-giving saint,
Reverse my pray'r thou late didst grant,
Or I'm for ever undone!
Rust all their pistols, break their swords,
And if they'll fight it out in words,
I'll come again to London.

ODE IV.

TO

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING ODE, ASCRIBED TO
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

WHO's this?—what! Hanbury the lyric?
Changing his notes to panegyric,
In fearful dread of fighting?
But 'tis in vain: for Hanbury swears,
If Cynthia won't, he'll lug your ears,
And make you leave off writing.

Think you, because you basely fled
To Saxony, to hide your head,
On odes you still may venture?
Or wipe off scandal left at home,
By meanly daubing him, in whom
All commendations centre?

No; Stanhope chooses thy abuse,
Detesting such a filthy Muse,
Whose very praise is satire;

For well he knows the worthless knight is
Just such another as Thersites,
For bulk, abuse, and stature.

If charg'd with courage man should be,
(Like powder in artillery,
Proportion'd to the barrel),
Canst thou, a blunderbuss so large,
With scarce a pocket-pistol's charge,
Presume to bounce or quarrel?

Then quit these dang'rous trifling lays,
With low abuse, or empty praise,
'Tis nonsense all, and folly;
Or, if you will be writing odes,
Which ev'ry mortal here explodes,
Write birth-day odes for Colly.

There may you stretch poetic wing,
Sing peace or war, ' God bless the King,'
And all his measures praise;
Then, should old Cibber chance to die,
And Hanbury lets you come and try,
Perhaps you'll get the bays.

ODE V.

TO

VENUS,

ON OPENING THE PANTHEON.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

BRIGHT Venus, Covent-Garden's queen,
Forsake awhile each hackney'd scene,
For something new and rare ;
And, quitting Lust's confin'd abode,
Bid Thomas drive to Oxford Road,
And seek a purer air.

From Nelson's, Hayes's, and Soho,
And Frere's politer bagnio,
To yon gay temple rove ;
There lavish all your winning arts,
To catch our purses or our hearts,
And give a loose to love.

Libations, lo ! to thee are made,
Of capillaire and lemonade,
And juice of cooling tea ;

Whole hecatombs of biscuits rise,
Beaux, bawds, and bishops, mingle sighs,
To sacrifice to thee.

Bright Goddess haste, and with thee take
The modish Macaroni Rake,
Who Fashion's law reveres ;
Array'd, as her caprice decrees,
In coat a yard above his knees,
And curls above his ears.

Soft soother of the bed of Care,
Let wanton Coxe attend thee there,
For Dissipation made ;
Her manners open, free, and kind,
Her heaving bosom unconfin'd
By whalebone or brocade.

Lead Vigour, lusty child of Health,
More coveted than birth or wealth,
By all who wish to please ;
Without whose salutary grace,
The rapture-feigning Fops embrace
Is but a pow'r to *teize*.

ODE VI.

EARL DELAWAR's FAREWELL

TO

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR,

ON HIS BEING PROMOTED TO HIS LATE FATHER'S TROOP, AND RESIGNING THE PLACE OF VICE-CHAMBERLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

YE maids who Britain's court bedeck,
Miss Wrottesly, Tryon, Beauclerk, Keck,
Miss Meadows, and Boscawen !
A dismal tale I have to tell ;
This is to bid you all farewell :
Farewell ! for I am going.

I leave you, girls ; indeed 'tis true,
Altho' to be esteem'd by you
Has ever been my pride :
'Tis often done at court, you know ;
I leave my dearest friends, and go
Over to t'other side.

No longer shall we laugh and chat,
In th' outer room, on this and that,
Until the queen shall call :
Our gracious king has call'd me now ;
Nay, holds a stick up too, I vow,
And so God bless you all !

They tell me that one word a day,
From him, is worth the whole you say,
Fair ladies, in a year:
A word from him I highly prize;
But who can leave your beauteous eyes
Without one tender tear?

No longer shall I now be seen,
Handing along our matchless queen,
So generous, good, and kind;
While one by one each smiling lass,
First drops a curtesy, as we pass,
Then trips along behind.

Adieu, my much-lov'd golden key!
No longer to be worn by me,
Adorn'd with ribband blue;
Which late I heard look'd ill and pale—
I thought it but an idle tale,
But now believe 'twas true.

Farewell, my good Lord Harcourt, too!
What can, alas! your Lordship do
Alone among the maids?
You soon must some assistance ask:
You'll have a very arduous task,
Unless you call for aids.

Great is the charge you have in care ;
Indeed, my pretty maidens fair,
His situation's nice :
As Chamberlain, we shall expect
That he, sole guardian, shall protect
Six maids, without a vice.

ODE VII.

QV

THE PRESENT AGE.

No more, my friend, of vain applause,
Nor complimentary rhymes :
Come, Muse, let's call another cause,
And sing about the Times.

For of all ages ever known,
The present is the oddest ;
As all the men are honest grown,
And all the women, modest.

No lawyers now are fond of fees,
Nor clergy of their dues :
Few people at the play one sees,
At church, what crowded pews !

No courtiers now their friends deceive
With promises of favour :
For what they make 'em once believe,
They faithfully endeavour.

Our nobles !—Heav'n defend us all !
I'll nothing say about 'em :
For they are great, and I'm but small ;
So, Muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry ! what a virtuous race !
Despising earthly treasures ;
Fond of true honour's glorious chace,
And quite averse to pleasures.

The ladies dress so plain, indeed,
You'd think 'em Quakers all ;
Witness the wool-packs on their head,
So comely ! and so small !

What tradesman now forsakes his shop
For politics, or news ?
Or takes his dealer at a hop,
Through interested views ?

No soaking sot his spouse neglects
For mugs of mantling nappy ;
Nor madly squanders his effects,
To make himself *quite happy*.

Our frugal taste the state secures,
Whence, then, can woe begin ?
For lux'ry's all turn'd out of doors,
Frugality took in.

ODE VII.

ON

THE PRESENT AGE.

No more, my friend, of vain applause,
Nor complimentary rhymes :
Come, Muse, let's call another cause,
And sing about the Times.

For of all ages ever known,
The present is the oddest ;
As all the men are honest grown,
And all the women, modest.

No lawyers now are fond of fees,
Nor clergy of their dues :
Few people at the play one sees,
At church, what crowded pews !

No courtiers now their friends deceive
With flattery of favour :

Once believe,

Or,

Your character ! (with wond'ring stare,
Says Tom) is mighty high, sir !
But pray forgive me, if I swear,
I think 'tis all a LYE, sir !

Ha ! think you so, my honest clown ?
Then take another light on't ;
Just turn the picture *upside-down*,
I fear you'll see the right on't.

ODE VIII.

THE
LAWYER'S FAREWELL
TO
HIS MUSE. -

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXIV.

BY THE LATE
SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, KNT.

As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam,
An endless exile from his home ;
Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay ;
'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below ;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu :
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,



How blithsome were we wont to rove,
By verdant hill, or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend !
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee !
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along ;
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more :
Lost to the field, and torn from you,—
Farewell !—a long, a last adieu.

Me, wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,
To smoak, and crowds, and cities draw ;
There selfish Faction rules the day,
And Pride and Av'rice throng the way ;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare ;
Loose Revelry and Riot bold
In frightened streets their orgies hold ;
Or, when in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks her lonely round :
No room for Peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu !

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please :
Instead of these, a formal band,
In furs and coifs, around me stand ;
With sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore ;
And points with tott'ring hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat,
Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat ;
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe ;
And there from vulgar sight retir'd,
Like eastern queens, is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid !
There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page ;
(Th' united boast of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years)
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,

And other doctrines thence imbibe
'Than lurk within the sordid scribe ;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right ;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end ;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all !

Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun at last
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage retirement loves to dwell !
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace ;
Untainted by the guilty bribe ;
Uncurs'd amid the harpy tribe ;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear ;
My honour and my conscience clear ;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

ODE IX.

WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE

THE LONG COLLEGE VACATION,

IN THE YEAR, M D CCLXIII.

BY C. T. HARTIS.

COME, thou laughter-loving pow'r,
Goddess of the festive hour,
Blue-eyed Mirth, and bring along
Gamesome Sport, and jocund Song ;
Wit, with native Humour warm,
Conversation's lively charm,
And yet more, to ope the soul,
Bring, O bring, the jovial bowl ;
Let us lift the gladsome shout,
Let us wake the midnight rout,
Briskly let us all advance,
In the sprightly-woven dance ;
Every deed, on every side,
Let the soul of rapture guide :
Care begone ! and Grief adieu !
What have ye with Joy to do ?
And thou too, that lov'st to dwell
Musing in the pensive cell,

Heav'nly queen of piercing eye,
Farewell, sweet Philosophy !
What if thou, with hermit-look,
From retirement's farthest nook,
Mark'st the world, in bustling show,
Struggling o'er the waves of woe,
By the wind of black Despair
Dash'd away from care to care,
Whilst thou, calm on safety's shore,
Dost but hear the tempest roar ;
What if thou the flow'ry pride
Of the meadow's velvet side,
To the proudly-arching bower,
And the glitt'ring court of power,
Can'st prefer ; we envy not,
Holy seer, thy simple lot.
Sisters twin are Youth and Pleasure,
Meant t' enjoy the sweets of leisure,
Made for every blithsome sport,
Purpose mild, and gay resort.
Age was form'd for meditation,
Not the toys of recreation,
With the smiles of wisdom fraught,
And the glow of solemn thought ;
Such is Age, Philosophy,
Such the mind that suits with thee.
But now joys of different kind
Wing the wish, and fire the mind ;
Tumbling rills that warbling flow,
Yellow meads with gold that glow,

Wandering walks, and rural ease,
Such alone have power to please ;
Or perchance the lucid scene,
Where the rays of beauty's mien,
Kindling every fond desire,
Set the soul of Love on fire ;
Or the loudly echoing horn,
As it cheers the slumb'ring morn,
Waking nature, haply may
Lure us to the chace away.

Farewell then, thou willow'd stream,
Glittering bright with wisdom's beam,
Silver Cam ! whose bow'rs among
Inspiration leads her throng,
Clio breathes celestial fire,
Music hangs her dulcet lyre,
Yet farewell !—To brighter joys
Pleasure lifts our wandering eyes,
With her own resistless smile
She shall smooth each care awhile ;
Yes, she, fair queen, shall all the mind possess,
With gladness fire it, and with rapture bless.

ODE X.

ON
THE BANISHMENT OF CICERO.

FIRST PRINTED WHEN ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,
WAS BANISHED, IN 1724.

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

As o'er the swelling ocean's tide
An exile Tully rode,
The bulwark of the Roman state,
In act, in thought, a god;
The sacred genius of majestic Rome
Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom:

Farewell! renown'd in arts, farewell!
Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
Of honours, and of friends depriv'd,
In exile must thou go:
Yet go content; thy look, thy will sedate,
Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
Thy virtue thy offence,
With god-like zeal thou did'st espouse
Thy country's just defence;

Nor sordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,
Nor fears, nor guilty numbers could controul.

What tho' the noblest patriots stood
Firm to thy sacred cause,
What tho' thou could'st display the force
Of rhet'ric and of laws ;
No eloquence, no reason could repel
Th' united strength of Clodius and of hell.

Thy mighty ruin to effect
What plots have been devis'd !
What arts ! what perjuries been us'd !
What laws and rites despis'd !
How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,
And witnesses by hopes and threats secur'd !

And yet they act their dark deceit,
Veil'd with a nice disguise ;
And from a specious shew of right,
From treachery and lies,
With arbitrary power, the people awe,
And coin unjust oppression into law.

Let Clodius now in grandeur reign,
Let him exert his pow'r,
A short liv'd monster in the land,
The monarch of an hour ;
Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,
And act against their senses at his nod.

Pierc'd by an untimely hand,
To earth shall he descend,
Tho' now with gaudy honours cloath'd,
Inglorious in his end.
Blest be the man who does his pow'r defy,
And dares, or truly speak, or bravely die.

ODE XI.

ON

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY;

LOSING HIS HAT, AND CHARGING THE FRENCH
LINES BARE-HEADED.

WHERE'S now Othello's hair-breadth 'scapes,
And all his fancied hardships of the field?
Avaunt! ye mimic, bug-bear shapes!
Shadows must to substance yield.

Granby hath more horrors seen,
By greater perils been beset;
Death and Granby thrice have met,
And not an hair between.

The Frenchmen star'd, as well they might,
Threw down their arms, and took to flight:
His naked poll more terror bore,
Than Caesar armour'd o'er and o'er.

"*Parbleu!*" says one,

"But I'll begone,

"This is the devil of a Don!

"'Tis father Time! I know his pate;

"And that's his scythe as sure as fate."

Granby, who loves a little fun,
And knew the cause which made them run,

Thus the timorous foe bespoke,
(By way of keeping up the joke:)

“ But, gentlemen—hollo ! I say—
“ Take nothing but yourselves away ;
“ Ye carry now the jest too far ;
“ Are these your tricks and spoils of war ?
“ To leave a man in open air,
“ Waiting on you, *sans* hat or hair ?
“ Why, what a plague ! what breeding’s that ?
“ You, fellow there—return my hat.
“ ’Tis true I am not very old ;
“ But, what of that ?—I may take cold.”

“ Not so, my son” Fame, smiling, said,
And clapt the laurel on his head :
“ Beyond the reach of human eye,
“ Thy warlike beaver waves on high ;
“ Mars saw it fall, and bad it rise
“ An hat immortal to the skies.”
The hero to the Goddess bow’d,
And saw her vanish thro’ a cloud ;
Then turn’d about his horse’s head,
And pick’d his way thro’ heaps of dead ;
Within his tent retir’d to rest,
And slept—with honor in his breast.

ODE XII.

ON

MISS F——

APPEARING AT A MASQUERADE IN THE HABIT
OF A JUDGE.

BY VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

CUPID JEALOUS.

A Nymph of ev'ry charm possest,
To animate the coldest breast
With love's auspicious flame,
Of late her mimic art display'd,
And from a lovely, tender maid,
A rev'rend judge became.

The spreading wig, the solemn hat,
Where venerable dulness sat,
Deceiv'd our wond'ring eyes ;
Her pleasing shape, her easy mien,
Her graceful airs, no more were seen,
In that uncouth disguise.

From that soft tongue was heard no more
The music, which it us'd to pour,
The music of the mind ;

Nor could those eyes their beams dispense,
Which shine replete with manly sense,
And female softness join'd.

Yet say, dear girl, what magic art,
Tho' thus disguis'd, from ev'ry heart
A secret homage drew ?
Why round thee press'd the gay, the young,
Forsook the dance, and left the song,
Thy rev'rend form to view ?

In vain, tho' every art was try'd,
In vain, alas ! you strove to hide
What could not be conceal'd !
Malicious Cupid spoil'd the jest,
And darting swift thro' every breast,
The whole deceit reveal'd.

And is it thus, ungrateful maid,
The god, in jealous anger, said,
My empire you disown ?
And could'st thou with love's foes combine,
And bid those eyes no longer shine,
Which best support my throne ?

Then give me back each winning grace,
With which I deck'd that lovely face,
And arm'd each sparkling eye ;
In whose bright orbs, at my command,
The little loves, a num'rous band,
In secret ambush lie.

My favourite's triumphs to insure,
I gave whate'er might best secure,
Or most extend her sway ;
And can that heart so soon forget
What gratitude, for such a debt,
Should prompt thee to repay ?

No : let thy gentle bosom prove
Obedient to the voice of love,
And quit this strange disguise ;
Nor let the am'rous youths in vain
Lament that thou no more wilt deign
To bless their longing eyes.

The nymph, with smiles consenting, heard,
And in her own bright form appear'd,
To sooth the anxious boy :
Grace led her easy steps along,
And with her came in mystic throng,
Wit, beauty, love, and joy.

Thus breaking from the vernal clouds,
Where oft his radiant beams he shrouds,
The sun appears more bright ;
With fresher crimson paints the rose,
And o'er the face of nature throws
A more refulgent light.

ODE XIII.

ON

MISS HARRIET HANBURY,

AT SIX YEARS OLD.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

WHY should I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
Why shou'd I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue?

The pow'r as yet is all in vain;
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces:
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parent's faces.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel;
'Those charms their pow'rful sway shall find:
Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms,
My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the vict'ries of your charms;—

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
At least while verse like mine endures ;
And future Hanburys shall boast,
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

A little vain we both may be,
Since scarce another house can shew,
A poet that can sing like me,
A beauty that can charm like you.

ODE XIV.

BY

E. DRAX, ESQ.

ON

HIS DAUGHTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE twenty-second day of May
Is little Fanny's natal day ;
Pretty warblers of the wood,
Quit awhile your callow brood,
Gaily prune each gaudy wing,
Each a merry carol bring,
To commemorate the morn,
When my little maid was born !

Come, Aurora ! bring thy hours,
All array'd in May-morn flowers ;
Ev'ry hour shall wear a smile,
Little troubles to beguile ;
Airy phantoms, lightly tread
O'er the cowslip's glittering head,
O'er the cup of golden hue,
Fill'd this morn with silver dew,
By kind Nature fill'd for you ;

Let each little fairy sip,
Of the pearly dew-drop sip,
Nature pours out all her wealth,
Drink to her's and Fanny's health ;
She, I'm sure, will not refuse,
Gratefully those gifts to use.

O Innocence ! protect her Youth,
Lead her down the paths of Truth,
Culling sweets from every flower,
Truth has twin'd round Virtue's bower,
There to dwell with sweet Content,
Virtue's constant resident.

Sweets too redolent will cloy ;
Prudence mildly tempers joy ;
Thorns may grow, tho' sweets are near,
Pity oft will have a tear ;
Tears will start, howe'er confin'd,
From a feeling gen'rous mind.

Idleness for ever meets
Bitter, in its cup of sweets !
Let her not recline her head,
Long on Pleasure's rosy bed :
Pleasure does itself destroy,
Be improvement then her toy,
Doing right her greatest joy.

Mindful of her parent's nod,
And her duty to her God ;
Tell her " to the good and wise,
" Every place is paradise ;
" Every month to them is May,
" And a birth-day every day."

ODE XV.

ON
BREAKING A CHINA QUART MUG.

BELONGING
TO THE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

BY AN UNDER-GRADUATE.

AMPHORA NON MERUIT TAM PRETIOSA MORI.

WHENE'ER the cruel hand of Death
Untimely stops a fav'rite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell
How lov'd he liv'd—how mourn'd he fell :
Catullus 'wail'd his sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortaliz'd his cat.
Thrice tuneful Bards ! could I but chime so clever,
My Quart, my honest Quart, should live for ever.

How weak is all a mortal's pow'r,
T' avert the death-devoted hour !
Nor can a shape, or beauty save,
From the sure conquest of the grave.
In vain the butler's choicest care,
The master's wish, the bursar's pray'r !

For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span,
China itself must fall, as well as Man.

Can I forget how oft my Quart
Has sooth'd my care, and warm'd my heart ?
When barley lent its balmy aid,
And all its liquid charms display'd !
When orange and the nut-brown toast
Swam mantling round the spicey coast !
The pleasing depth I view'd with sparkling eyes,
Nor envied Jove the nectar of the skies.

The side-board, on that fatal day,
When you in glitt'ring ruins lay,
Mourn'd at thy loss—in guggling tone,
Decanters poured forth their moan—
A dimness hung on ev'ry glass—
Joe wonder'd what the matter was—
Corks self-contracted free'd the frantic beer,
And sympathizing tankards dropp'd a tear.

Where are the flow'ry wreaths that bound
In rosy rings thy chaplets round ?
The azure stars, whose glitt'ring rays
Promis'd a happier length of days ?
The trees that on thy border grew,
And blossom'd with eternal blue ?
Trees, stars, and flow'rs, are scatter'd on the floor,
And all thy brittle beauties are no more.

Hadst thou been form'd of coarser earth,
Had Nottingham but giv'n thee birth,
Or had thy variegated side
Of Staffords' sable hue been dy'd,
Thy stately fabric had been sound,
Tho' tables tumbled on the ground.—
The finest mould the soonest will decay ;
Hear this, ye Fair ! for you yourselves are clay,

ODE XVI.

AN INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH,
MDCCLXIII.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

AGAIN the balmy Zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat ;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest ;
Here rove, and sing, the live-long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings,
The Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among;
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
O let me thus your friendship bribe!
Come feed without reserve!

For you these cherries I protect;
To you these plumbs belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual interests guard,
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

ODE XVII.

TO

A RED-BREAST.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed ;
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me :
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing heed an idle song.

Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal ;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glaring eye ;
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again !
Well thou know'st the broken pane ;

Ask of me thy daily store,
Go not to *Avaro's* door :
Once within his iron hall
Woeful end shall thee befall.

Savage! he would soon divest
Of its ruddy plumes thy breast ;
Then with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy !

ODE XVIII. •

TO
A ROBIN.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

BY MR. J. GILES.

O Come, thou melancholy Muse,
With solemn dirge assist my strain,
While shades descend, and weeping dews
In sorrows wrap the rural plain.

Her mantle grave cool Evening spreads,
The Sun cuts short his joyful race ;
The jocund hills, the laughing meads,
Put on a sickening, dying face.

Stern Winter brings his gloomy train,
Each pleasing landscape fades from view ;
In solemn state he shuts the scene,
To flow'ry fields we bid adieu !

Quite stript of every beauty, see
How soon fair Nature's honours fade !
The flow'rs are fled, each spreading tree
No more affords a grateful shade.

Their naked branches now, behold,
Bleak winds pierce thro' with murmuring sound ;
Chill'd by the northern breezes cold,
Their leafy honours strew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active stage,
Like leaf or blossom, fades away ;
In tender youth, or riper age,
Drops thus into his native clay !

Alas ! and can we chuse but moan,
To see all Nature's charms expire !
Fair blooming Spring, gay Summer gone,
And Autumn hastening to retire !

But see the tender Redbreast comes,
Forsaking now the leafless grove,
Hops o'er my threshold, pecks my crumbs,
And courts my hospitable love ;

Then soothes me with his plaintive tale,
As Sol withdraws his friendly ray ;
Cheering, as evening shades prevail,
The soft remains of closing day.

O welcome to my homely board !
There unmolested shalt thou stand ;
Were it with choicest dainties stor'd :
For thee I'd ope a liberal hand.

Since thou of all the warbling throng,
Who now in silence far retire,
Remain'st to sooth me with a song,
And many a pleasing thought inspire.

ODE XIX.

TO

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Thou that to the moon-light vale
Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
What time the village-murmurs cease,
And the still eye is hush'd to peace,
When now no busy sound is heard,
Contemplation's favourite bird !

Chauntress of night, whose amorous song
First heard the tufted groves among,
Warns wanton MABBA to begin
Her revels on the circled green,
Whene'er by Meditation led
I nightly seek some distant mead,

A short repose of cares to find,
And sooth my love-distracted mind ;
O fail not then, sweet Philomel,
Thy sadly warbled woes to tell ;
In sympathetic numbers join
Thy pangs of luckless love with mine !

So may no swain's rude hand infest
Thy tender young, and rob thy nest ;
Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
No more to visit vale or shade,
Some barbarous virgin's captive made.

ODE XX.

TO
A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON,
OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

O Thou that glad'st my lonesome hours,
With many a wildly warbled song,
When Melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her sullen storms along ;
When fell Adversity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
With all her host of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
And give the humbled heart to sympathy's controul ;

Sweet soother of my mis'ry, say,
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing ?
Why dost thou pour that artless lay ?
How canst thou, little prisoner, sing ?
Hast thou not cause to grieve
That man, unpitying man ! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou should'st, as well as he, receive—

The pow'r to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build, where instinct points, where chance directs,
to rove ?

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
Nor wishest to be unconfin'd ;

Then how relentless he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave such innocence
Of life's best blessing, Liberty †

Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care !

But why for thee this fond complaint ?

Above thy master thou art blest :

Art thou not free ?—Yes : calm Content,

With olive sceptre sways thy breast :

Then deign with me to live ;

The falcon with insatiate maw,

With hooked bill and griping claw,

Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive ;

And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,

While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare

Thy wiry tenement assail ;

These, these shall be my constant care,

The limpid fount, and temperate meal ;

And when the blooming Spring
In chequer'd liv'ry robes the fields,
'The fairest flow'rets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring ;
A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine !

From drear oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave—
This meed she knows thy merits claim ;
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to dispense
The tide of bland Benevolence,
And Melody's soft aid impart ;
Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,
Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains
away.

Erewhile when, brooding o'er my soul,
Frown'd the black daemons of Despair,
Did not thy voice that pow'r controul,
And oft suppress the rising tear ?
If Fortune should be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm blest,
I'll often seek some friend distrest,
And when the weeping wretch I find,
Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
And solace all his woes with social sympathy.

ODE XXI.

ON

THE DEATH OF MATZEL,

A FAVOURITE BULL-FINCH.

Addressed to

MR. STANHOPE,

TO WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD GIVEN THE REVERSION OF IT
WHEN HE LEFT DRESDEN.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

TRY not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

Matzel's no more! ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funeral verse:

My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way :
On pains and tortures I'll refine ;
Yet, Matzel, that one of death thine
His nine will ill repay.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who, never to return,
Is fled to happier shades ;
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming and most fair
Of all th' Elysian glades,

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love ;
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phaedra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love ;
While each attendant's soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.

ODE XXII.

TO

LORD EDGECUMBE'S PIG.

YE Muses, quit your sacred stream,
And aid me like the bard of yore,
Hight Milton, for like his, my theme
In verse was never sung before.
Indeed the tale is often told in prose ;
Since all the world the mighty wonder knows !

Theme of sublimity ! my boar,
All hail ! thou beast of high renown,
As famous as the horse of yore,
That won his lucky Lord a crown ;
Fam'd as Miss Lesbia's bird, in verse so soft
Recorded, or the rabbits of Moll Toft

Hail, Pig ! at Tunbridge born and bred,
Who singlest out his Lordship there,
Event that round the region spread,
And made the gaping million stare ;
And strange it was to see, upon my word,
A pig for ever trotting with my Lord

The gentry marvell'd at the sight ;
The public walks, the rooms, they rung :
'Twas Lord and Pig, from morn to night,
And Pig and Lordship, all day long.
Soon did the wond'rous tale to London wing,
The nobles heard it, and they told the King.

'Good Lord !' says one, ' what can this mean ?'
And rais'd the whites of both his eyes,
' It bodes some dire portent I ween ;'
' I can't tell, sure,' a second cries.
Thus did the world indulge conjecture vague,
For earthquakes some contending, some a plague !

But such the meaner world, the crew
Of dull uneducated brains ;
But mark th' opinions of the few,
Hear what the learned world maintains :
Some deem'd the Lord St. Anthony incog.
To earth re-travell'd with his fav'rite hog.

Others, in Oriental lore
Deep vers'd, that heard the peerless tale,
Declar'd with judgment sage, the boar
Did secrets to my Lord reveal ;
Like the fam'd Dove the Mussulmans revere,
Which, billing, whisper'd in the Prophet's ear.

While some as sagely as the rest,
Who firm believ'd in transmigrations,
Pronounc'd this friendly grunting beast
One of his Lordship's near relations,
Doom'd by the Fates for certain deeds divine,
To animate the body of a swine!

Hail, Pighog! by whose potent aid,
My Lord his health had, and employ!
My Lady too was brought-to-bed,
Heav'n bless it! of a chopping boy:
Event that Fame so sounded with her horn,
As scar'd the very infants yet unborn!

Thrice happy hog! with Mrs. Joan,
Who, in a chariot, cheek by jole,
Did'st, Jehu-like, from Tunbridge Town
To Mount's enchanting mansions roll;
Where to thy levee, thousands did repair,
With nine fat Aldermen and Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor and Aldermen polite,
Swore that without or fee or purchase,
If so his Lordship thoft it right,
They'd choose thee, gentle swine, for burgess.
'Thank ye,' replied his Lordship; 'but, odsnigs!
'Tho' asses sit, 'tis never granted pigs.'

Thrice happy hog ! who lov'st to snore,
Reclining on my Lady's lap,
Who gives thy hist'ry o'er and o'er,
While pigsnye gruntling takes his nap.
Delightful tale, that strikes all stories dumb,
From Gog, the mighty giant, to Tom Thumb.

ODE XXIII.

ADDRESSED
TO THREE LADIES,
ON THE
DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PARROQUET.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENROSE.

DEEP from your hallow'd silent shades
Attend, attend, ye tuneful Maids ;
Ye Muses, haste along !
Inspire the tender moving lay,
For surely such a mournful day
Demands a serious song.

See, where with pity's force oppress,
(While rising sorrows heave each breast)
Three gentle sisters weep !
See, how they point with streaming eyes,
Where Parroqueta slumb'ring lies,
Her last, eternal sleep !

In vain the pride of Beauty's bloom,
The vivid dye, the varied plume
O'er her fair form were spread :

In vain the scarlet's blushing ray,
Bright as the orient beam of day,
Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection—all
Together undistinguish'd fall
Before th' opposing Fates ;
The lisping tongue, the silver hairs,
One common ruin overbears,
One common lot awaits.

Then calm, dear Maids, your woes to peace,
With unavailing sorrow cease
Your favourite to deplore :
For know, the time will surely come
When you (tho' now in beauty's bloom)
When You shall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,
Ere yet those moments fly :
For Fate has doom'd this lot severe,
The brightest Belle, the loveliest Fair,
Like Parroquetes, must die.

ODE XXIV.

TO
THE NIGHTINGALE

COMING IN THE SPRING;

To invite CHLOE from the tumults of the Town to the innocent retreat
of the Country.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN MDCCLXXX.

LITTLE Songster, who dost bring
Joy and music to the Spring,
Welcome to our grateful swains,
And the nymphs that grace the plains!
How the Youths thy absence mourn!
What their joy at thy return!
For their mirth and sports are done
All the year that thou art gone;
But at thy approach their joys
Take new date from thy dear voice.
Every shepherd chooses then
Some fair nymph for Valentine,
While the maid with equal love,
Does the happy choice approve:
Underneath some shade he sits,
Where soft silence Love begets;

And in artless sighs he bears
Untaught passion to her ears.
No deceit is in his tongue,
Nor she fears, nor suffers wrong;
But each other's faith believe,
And each hour their loves revive.

Often have I wish'd to be,
Happy Damon, blest as thee;
Not that I for Sylvia pine,
Sylvia, who is only thine;
But that Chloe cannot be
Kind, as Sylvia is to thee.

Thou, dear bird, whose voice may find
Charms, perhaps, to make her kind,
Bear a message to her breast,
And make me happy as the rest.
In the place where tumult dwells,
Treasons lurk, ambition swells,—
Pride erects her monstrous head,
And Perj'ry swears the guiltless dead,—
Pow'r oppresses, Envy pines,
Friends betray, and Fraud designs,—
Fears and Jealousy surprize
Rest and slumber from our eyes,—
And where Vice all ill contains,
And in gloomy glory reigns;
Where the loyal, brave, and just,
Are victims to fanatic lust,—

Where the noble Stafford's blood
Calls from Heav'n revenge aloud ;—
In this place there lives a maid,
Bright as Nature ever made,
Fair beyond dull beauty's name
Can express her lovely frame.
In her charming eyes reside
Love, Disdain, Desire, and Pride.
Such, we know not which to call,
But has the excellence of all.
The first blushes of the day
Or the new-blown rose in May,
Or the rich Sidonian dye
Wrought for Eternal majesty,
Is not gayer than the red,
Nature on her cheeks has spread.
Her soft lips still feed new wishes
Of a thousand fancy'd kisses,
Gently swelling, plump, and round,
With young Smiles and Graces crown'd;
Her round breasts are whiter far
Than the backs of ermines are,
Or the wanton breast of Jove,
When a swan for Leda's love.
Eyes that charm whene'er they dart,
And never miss the destin'd heart.
Would'st thou have me tell thee more,
And describe her beauties o'er,
I perhaps might make a rape
On my Idea's naked shape.

Therefore fly, you'll quickly see,
By this picture, which is she.
Tell her the loud winds are dumb,
Winter's past, and Spring is come,
The delightful Spring! that rains
Sweets and plenty o'er the plains,
And with shady garlands crown'd
All the woods and groves around.

If she see the winged quire
Chuse this season to retire
To the shelter of the grove,
'Tis by instinct (say) of Love.'

If she see the herds and flocks
Wanton round the meads and rocks,
Thus their wishing males to move,
'Tis the instinct (say) of Love.'

If she see the bull, among
Crowds of females sleek and young,
Fight his rival of the drove,
'Tis by instinct (say) of Love.'

If she see the blooming vines,
In their season, fold their twines
Round the oak that near them grows,
Say, 'tis Nature mix'd their boughs:
Then, if instinct these do move,
We by reason ought to love.

Tell the fair-one, every day
Youth and beauty steal away,
And within a little space
Will destroy her charming face.
Every grace and smile, that lies
Languishing in lips and eyes,
First he 'll make his prey, and then
Leave to death what does remain;
Who old Time does only send
To begin what he must end.
If she ask what hour and place,
Where and when, Time wounds the face;
Say, it is not in the night,
Nor when day renews her light,
In the morning, or at noon,
Or at evening when alone,
Or when entertain'd at home,
Or abroad this hour will come;
But swift Time is always by,
First to perfect, then destroy;
And in vain you seek a cure,
Since his wounds are every hour.
Bid her view Aurelia's brow,
Naked of her glories now;
Yet she once could charm the throng,
Conquering with her eyes and tongue.
Now, only's left this weak relief,
(To support her years and grief)
When she could she us'd her prime,
And enjoy'd the fruits of time;

And where-ever she profest
Love or hate, she kill'd or blest ;
While the neighb'ring plains were fill'd
With their names she lov'd and kill'd.

Oh, when youth and beauty's past,
That poor pleasure that does last
Is to think they were admir'd,
And by every youth desir'd,
While the dotage of each swain
She return'd with scorn again.

Oh, then let my Chloe know,
When her youth is faded so,
And a race of nymphs appears,
Gay and sprightly in their years,
Proud and wanton in their loves,
While the shepherds of the groves
Strive with presents who shall share
Most the favours of the fair ;
And herself she does behold
Like Aurelia, now grown old,
Sighing to herself she 'll say,
I was once ador'd, as they !
Yet with pleasure think, that she
Lov'd, and was belov'd by me.

Therefore bid her haste and prove,
While she may, the joys of Love.

I will lead her to a soil
Where perpetual Summers smile,
Without Autumn, which bereaves
Fairest cedars of their leaves;
Where she shall behold the meads
Ever green, the groves with shades;
Lasting flow'rs the banks shall wear,
And birds shall warble all the year.
Where the rustic swain does owe
Nothing to the spade and plough;
For their harvest, Nature's care,
Without toil relieves them there,
And no differing seasons bring
Changes to the constant Spring.
In the morn she shall awake
With the noise the shepherds make,
Chearing, with the echoing sounds
Of their horns, the eager hounds.
Nymphs, as well as shepherds too,
In these groves the chase pursue;
While at their backs their flowing hair
Loosely wantons in the air;
Gilded quivers on their thighs,
With darts less fatal than their eyes.
Each the other's sloth does blame,
While they seek the hart for game;
Who, poor fool, his feet employs,
And through woods and dales he flies,
Over plains and rivers bounds,
And out-flies the winds and hounds.

When perhaps some nymph, whose eyes
Makes both men and beasts her prize,
Swifter than Camilla's pace
Soon o'er-takes the winged race,
And with one bright glance she wounds,
And his fancy'd hope confounds ;
Who, reflecting his faint eyes
On her face, with pleasure dies.

When the sports are done, they rest
Underneath some shade, and feast
On sweet beds of violets, crown'd
With sweet roses, on the ground.
Where they garlands weave and posies
Of green myrtle, pinks, and roses ;
For which grace the ravish'd swains
Pay soft kisses for their pains.
Thus they dally till the light
Falls behind the scene of night.

ODE XXV.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

MDCCLXIX.

BY DR. JOHN HOADLY.

GROWN sick of crowds and noise,
To peaceful rural joys
Good Belmont from the town retires;
Miss Harriet seeks the shade,
And looks *the country maid*,
And artfully his taste admires.

Their sympathizing themes
Of lawns, and shades, and streams,
Were all they sung, and all they said.
The music sweet he finds
Of well according minds,
And loves the perfect *rural maid*.

His honest pure desires,
Not fed by vicious fires,
Suggest to speak his flame betimes;
But, scarce his passion known,
This *Passage-Bird* is flown
To warmer air, and brighter climes.

From shades to crowded rooms,
From flow'rs to dead perfumes—
The *season* calls—she must away.
'Tis then alone she lives,
When she, in riot, gives
To *routs* the night, to *sleep* the day.

He follows her enrag'd,
And finds her deep engag'd
At crafty *Crib* and brazen *Brag*;
He hears her betting high,
He sees her slur the die—
He takes his boots, and mounts his nag.

ODE XXVI.

THE BULLFINCH IN TOWN.

BY LADY LUXBOROUGH.

HARK to the blackbird's pleasing note,
Sweet usher of the vocal throng !
Nature directs his warbling throat,
And all that hear admire the song.

Yon bullfinch, with unvary'd tone,
Of cadence harsh, and accent shrill,
Has brighter plumage to atone
For want of harmony and skill.

Yet, discontent with nature's boon,
Like man, to mimic art he flies :
On opera-pinions hoping soon
Unrivall'd he shall mount the skies.

And while, to please some courtly fair,
He one dull tune with labour learns,
A well-gilt cage, remote from air,
And faded plumes, is all he earns !

Go, hapless captive ! still repeat
The sounds which nature never taught ;
Go, list'ning fair ! and call them sweet,
Because you know them dearly bought.

Unenvy'd both ! go hear and sing
Your study'd music o'er and o'er ;
Whilst I attend th' inviting spring,
In fields where birds unfetter'd soar.

ODE XXVII.

TO

THE SPARROWS AT MENWYNYON IN CORNWALL.

BY THE REV. J. WHALEY, M. A.

BIRDS, in joy all birds excelling,
Happy slaves to endless Love,
Happier here than if your dwelling
Were the sacred Cyprian grove!
What though those celestial sparrows
Boast their food from Venus' hands,
And their feathers wing the arrows,
With which Cupid all commands;
Tell them, Beauty's all opinion,
And ye much mistaken are,
If the sisters at Menwinyon
Outgo not the Graces far.
Tell the charms ye daily gaze on,
As ye hop the woods among;
Such no mortal e'er set eyes on,
Such Catullus never sung.
Were his mistress' sparrow living,
And these sisters to him shown,
He, poor bird, would die with grieving,
Seeing Lesbia so out-done.

Her then, sparrows, each gay morning
With your chirping lays salute ;
Hither each cool eve returning
Nestle midst the leaves and fruit.
And if e'er your rest be broken
By the nets of some rude clown,
To the sisters be it spoken,
And they'll kill him with a frown.

ODE XXVIII.

ON
A FLY,
THAT FLEW INTO A LADY'S EYE,
AND THERE LAY BURIED IN A TEAR.

BY R. FLETCHER.

POOR envious Soul! what could'st thou see
In that bright Orb of purity—
That active globe—that twinkling sphere
Of beauty—to be meddling there?
Or didst thou foolishly mistake
The glowing morn in that day-break?
Or was 't thy pride, to mount so high
Only to kiss the Sun and die?
Or did'st thou think to rival all,
Don Phaeton and his great fall?
And in a richer sea of brine
Drown Icarus again in thine?
'Twas bravely aim'd, and, which is more,
Thou hast sunk the Fable o'er and o'er:
For in the single death of thee
Thou has bankrupt all antiquity.

O had the fair Egyptian Queen
Thy glorious monument once seen,
How had she spar'd what Time forbids,
The needless tottering pyramids !
And, in an emulative chafe,
Have begg'd thy shrine her epitaph !
Where, when her aged marble must,
Resign her honour into dust,
Thou might'st have canonized her
Deceased Time's executor !

To rip up all the western bed
Of spices, where Sol lays his head,
To squeeze the Phoenix and her nest
In one perfume that may write BEST,
Then blend the gallery of the skies
With her seraglio of eyes,
T' embalm a name, and raise a tomb,
The miracle of all to come,
Then, then, compare it : here's a gem,
A pearl, must shame and pity them ;
An amber drop, distilled by
The sparkling limbec of an eye,
Shall dazzle all the short essays
Of rubbish worth, and shallow praise.

We strive not then to prize that tear,
Since we have nought to poise it here.
The World's too light. 'Hence, hence,' we cry,
'The World : the World's not worth a Fly.'

ODE XXIX.

ON

A SPIDER.

BY DR. LITTLETON.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture has display'd!
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid!

Insidious, restless, watchful Spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly cieling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof.

Whilst I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain ;
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain.

He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye ;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better shew it ;
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

ODE XXX.

FLOWERS.

BY ANTHONY WHISTLER, ESQ.

----- Ego apie matinae
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma.

NOR.

LET sages with superfluous pains
The learned page devour ;
While Florio better knowledge drains
From each instructive flower.

His fav'rite Rose his fear alarms,
All opening to the sun ;
Like vain coquettes, who spread their charms,
And shine to be undone.

The Tulip, gaudy in its dress,
And made for nought but show,
In every sense may well express
The glittering, empty beau!

The Snow-drop first but peeps to light,
And fearful shews its head :
Thus modest merit shines more bright,
By self-distrust misled.

Th' Auric'la, which through labour rose,
Yet shines compleat by art,
The force of education shows,
How much it can impart.

He marks the Sensitive's nice fit ;
Nor fears he to proclaim,
If each man's darling vice were hit,
That he would *act the same*.

Beneath each common hedge, he views
The Violet, with care,
Hinting we should not worth refuse,
Although we find it *there*.

The Tuberose that lofty springs,
Nor can support its height,
Well represents imperious kings,
Grown impotent by might.

Fragrant, though pale, the Lily blows ;
To teach the female breast,
How virtue can its sweets disclose
In all complexions drest.

To every bloom that crowns the year,
Nature some charm decrees ;
Learn hence, ye Nymphs, her face to wear,
Ye cannot fail to please.

ODE XXXI.

THE VIOLET.

HAIL, blooming daughter of the youthful year,
Sweet to the smell, and pleasing to the sight!
How does thy presence gloomy nature cheer,
And fill the bosom with a soft delight!

At thy approach stern rugged winter flies,
To pour his anger on the frozen north;
While balmy zephyrs fill our peaceful skies,
And call the buds and genial blossoms forth.

The lark, high-mounting at the rise of day,
Salutes the blushing morn with gladsome notes;
The little warblers hop from spray to spray,
And trill wild music thro' their tuneful throats.

The shepherd counts his flock, the rustic ploughs,
The farmer views with joy his springing corn,
The milk-maid drains the sweetly-smelling cows,
And sings the pleasures of the April morn.

Now, lovers, now, the golden minute seize,
In every word express a gen'rous care ;
In every act be studious how to please,
And weave the flowery chaplet for the fair.

Pleas'd with the beauties of the rifled mead,
Their smell her sense, their colours strike her eye ;
Snow-drops, like innocence, in white array'd,
And violets glowing with a purple die.

Should ye, ambitious, strive to gain her ear,
In softest words the moving tale convey ;
The moving tale shall gain a pitying tear,
If it be true what antient poets say.

Nature assum'd her loveliest, fairest look,
Cold chilling frosts and noxious damps were fled,
When jolly Spring his native skies forsook,
To woo fair Flora to his fertile bed.

Gay drest in all the colours of the bow,
He sought the goddess in her fair abode ;
Quick winds and hasty show'rs his coming show,
But his bright beams proclaim the present god.

The fanning gales convey a grateful smell,
From where the hyacinth and crocus blow ;
With sudden life the buds around him swell,
And where he treads, all flow'rs promiscuous grow.

The feather'd songsters full of joy appear,
And chant his nuptial bliss through every grove;
Spring, the gay god, that leads the smiling year,
And Flora, queen of beauty, and of love.

From this unblam'd, this chaste delight, arose
An offspring worthy of their mutual flame;
Invok'd Lucina eas'd the mother's throes,
And Violetta was the daughter's name.

Whate'er enraptur'd poets have design'd
Of wit, youth, beauty, or excelling grace,
The nymph enjoy'd in person, and in mind,
So bright her wit, so beauteous was her face.

Alas! what ills must careless nymphs betide,
Since prudence nought avails to guard the dame!
Lascivious Pan the blooming virgin eyed,
And vow'd by force to gratify his flame.

The virtuous fair his loath'd embraces flies,
The amorous god pursues with equal speed,
The plains around re-echo to her cries,
While every pow'r is absent from her aid.

Fatigu'd, her panting bosom heaves for breath,
Her trembling legs refuse the tedious race,
She faints, she sinks into the arms of death,
And a cold paleness overspreads her face.

Her melancholy fate the mother mourns,
 With tears fast-flowing in a gentle shower ;
The much-lamented child to life returns,
 No more a virgin, but a purple flower.

As long as grief for innocence distrest,
 As long as tears from gentle hearts shall flow,
So long her fate shall melt the feeling breast,
 With generous pity, and with virtuous woe.

The gentle nymph the mournful story hears,
 Within her bosom various passions move,
Soft pity melts her tender soul to tears,
 And virtuous pity is a friend to love.

ODE XXXII.

TO

A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

BY DR. COTTON.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Eden's garden grew ;
Flowers of Eve's imbower'd dwelling
Are, my Fair-one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek ;
How the buds its sweets discloses ;
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind ;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away ;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Ever greens, that ne'er decay.

ODE XXXIII.

OCCASIONED BY

MISS HIGHMORE;

BEING BURNT WITH CURLING IRONS.

BY THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

FAIR British ladies, whom with matchless charms
Profuse the daedal hand of Nature stor'd,
So that for beauty ye're almost ador'd,
And in the lovely circle of your arms
Lies the chief earthly bliss, by Heaven design'd
To cheer the toils and sorrows of mankind;

The lamp of Beauty was in Heav'n first tin'd
To light us through this weary pilgrimage;
Then with due care preserve the precious gage,
As erst in native purity it shin'd;
Nor let adulterate Art its lustre hide,
For which ye far and near are glorified :

Both far and near your charms are glorified,
And with sweet tyranny despotic reign
In hearts of men, who hug the silken chain;
The merchant's wealth, the king's imperial pride,
The victor's laurels, poet's ivy crown,
All at your feet are laid submissive down.

O strike not dead with an heart-thrilling frown
Your faithful liegeman, while he begs you spare
Th' ambrosial tresses of your flowing hair,
Which Love, our common lord, asserts his own;
In them well pleas'd he lurks, and of them makes
Those subtle nets with which fond hearts he takes.

For Love's dread power, and for the Graces' sakes,
Let far away the murd'rous sheers be thrown;
Nor give those locks, the virgin's radiant crown,
To torturing fire, which their fine texture breaks,
Drinks up their juice, and brings with quick decay
December's hoary badge on blooming May.

Let Gallia's dames, in borrow'd beauty gay,
Who o'er their cheeks the plaist'ring ceruse spread,
And youth's sweet flush disgrace with tawdry red,
In nature's spite make artful ringlets play;
And, when the fire denies its wonted aid,
With purchas'd curls their faded temples shade:

In native charms secure, the British maid
Should trust to Nature; since to her she owes
Th' unsullied lily, and the glowing rose;
Let her point out how best may be display'd
Those beaming glories, which her hand has shed
With various bounty on the beauteous head.

ODE XXXIV.

CHLOE'S UNKNOWN LIKENESS.

BY DR. JOHN HOADLEY.

IN shape, in air, in face and voice,
The very ape of Chloe!
Since I have fix'd for life my choice,
'Tis well I do not know you.

Yet witness, Love, I own the pow'r
Of this *ideal* maid:
So much my Chloe I adore,
I bow me to her *shade*.

If idol-worship be a fault,
Have mercy, Love, on me—
Chloe's the goddess of my thought,
Though Celia bows my knee.

Though the mock-sun amuse the sight,
And more demand the view;
We *wonder* at the *mimic* light,
But only *feel* the *true*.

Forgive me, fair reflected shade,
That I suppress this flame :
Who can pursue th' ideal maid,
Bless'd in the real dame ?

Consult your mind, consult your glass,
Each charm of sense and youth ;
Then own, who changes is an *us*,
Nor wonder at my truth.

ODE XXXV.

ON THE FALLING

OF

THE AUTHOR'S HAIRS.

Few and easy in your stay,
Never curl'd, and hardly gray;
Hairs adieu! though falling all,
Blameless, harmless, may you fall.
Light and trifling though you be,
More deserving poetry
Than the dream of guilty pow'r,
Than the miser's gather'd ore,
Than the world's most serious things,
Murd'ring victors, haughty kings,
If your moral fall presage
Death, the certain end of age,
If a single hint you give
Well to die, and soon to live.

ODE XXXVI.

TO
MISS LAURENCE,

IN THE PUMP-ROOM, BATH. 1753.

NAID of this healthful stream,
Fair LAURENTIA, if I deem
Rightly of thy office here,
If the theme may please thine ear,
Listen gracious to my lays,
While the springs of HEALTH I praise :
Nor will less thy glory shine,
If their praise I blend with thine.
For of their renown of old
Stories many Fame hath told :
Ancient bards their names have sung
Heroes, kings, and gods among,
And with various titles grac'd,
While their fountain-head they trac'd ;
Whether Bladud, king of yore,
Skill'd in philosophic lore,
Mingling various kinds of earth,
Metallic, gave the waters birth,
KING'S-BATH nam'd, beneath thy feet
Boiling ay with min'ral heat ;
Or, whether from his car on high
Phœbus saw with amorous eye

The fountain-nymph, with humid train,
Light of foot, trip o'er the plain ;
Straight the god, inflam'd with love,
Swift descending from above,
All in fervors bright array'd
Press'd her bosom ; and the maid
Gladly to his warm embrace
Yielded : whence the happy place,
Where the nymph he woo'd and won,
Was call'd the **WATERS OF THE SUN**.
FAME that title widely spread ;
Yet, ere Roman legions fled
The wrath of sturdy British knights,
Pallas claim'd religious rights ;
British **PALLADOUR** then rose,
From the goddess nam'd, who chose
Near the favourite streams to dwell,
Guardian of the sacred well.

But long since **HYGEIA** fair
Under her peculiar care
Receiv'd the springs : for well she knows
Each salubrious rill that flows
Forth from subterranean vaults,
Stor'd by **NATURE**'s hand with salts,
Steel, or sulphur : for *her* use
NATURE opens every sluice,
Which **HYGEIA** gives in charge
To several nymphs ; herself at large

Roams o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
Lucky'd by a duteous train ;
Oreads, Naiads, Dryads pay
Service glad : some smooth her way,
Or mists disperse, or brush the trees ;
Others waft the morning breeze
Or bathe her limbs in fountain neat,
Aiding, all, her influence sweet.
SHE with smiling eye surveys
Rustic labours, and conveys
STRENGTH to the active thresher's arm,
To village maidens BEAUTY's charm.

Happy are the sons of earth
Whom the goddess at their birth
Shin'd on. Yet, her heavenly ray
Numbers, not respecting, stray
From her presence, and pursue
LUXURY's paths, whose sordid crew,
LUST inordinate, and SLOTH,
And GLUTTONY's unwieldy growth,
Lead them on to SHAME and PAIN,
And MALADIES, an endless train.
Oft, with pangs distracting torn,
They HYGEIA's absence mourn ;
Bitter change! their languid eyes
Feel not joy in sunny skies ;
Nor doth NIGHT, with slumber blest,
Close them at the hour of rest.

And oft with sighs, and tears, and pray'r
Half-suppress'd by sad despair,
They the queen of health implore
Her wish'd presence to restore.

Nor unmindful of their woes
Is the goddess : for she chose
Thee, LAURENTIA, loveliest maid
Among thy sister nymphs, who play'd
On the banks of Avon ! Thee,
Bright-ey'd nymph, she chose to be
Her substitute ; and pow'r she gave
Sov'reign o'er the healing wave
Which thou rul'st with gentle sway.
Thee the smoking tides obey
Joyous ; and at thy command
Wash thy rosy-finger'd hand ;
Thence in crystal cups convey'd
Yield their salutary aid
To all, whom Thou with look benign
Smil'st on round HYGEIA's shrine.
All of appetite deprav'd,
Those whom pale-eyed SPLEEN enslav'd,
Cripples bent with gouty pain,
Whom JAUNDICE ting'd with muddy stain,
Or whose frame of nerves, with stroke
Benumbing, tremulous PALSY broke ;
These the balmy, cordial stream
Quaff, rejoicing ; Thee, their theme

Of praise, extol ; thy tender care,
Thy soft address, and courteous air ;
And while HARMONY, the friend
Of HEALTH, delights to recommend
Thy ministry, thy charms inspire
Love, and joy, and gay desire :
For the goddess, when she gave
Rule imperial o'er the wave,
T' adorn the gift, and grace thy state,
On thee bade YOUTH and BEAUTY wait.

Nor dost thou not taste delight
Where thou sit'st in duteous plight :
For the joy, thy hand bestows,
Back to thee redounding flows,
When the cheek of faded hue,
Thou seest displaying roses new.
Thee suspended crutches please,
Signal trophies from DISEASE
Won to HEALTH victorious. Hail,
Comfort, and support of frail
Human state ! Hail, blooming maid !
Nymph belov'd ! without thy aid,
He, who, greeting thee, his lays
Now attunes to notes of praise,
Mute had been, oppress'd with pain
Of spasm rheumatic. Hail, again,
Priestess of HYGEIA's shrine !
Still dispense her gift divine,

Still her vot'ries lead to health ;
Else, what profits Marlborough's wealth,
Eliza's form, and Stanhope's wit,
And all the eloquence of Pitt ?



NOTES ON ODES

OF THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH CLASS.

NOTES ON ODES OF THE SEVENTH CLASS.

ODE XXXIII.

Page 1. *OTHER fair princesses have slipped,*] Brantome furnishes us with many examples of royal frailty.

2. *Famous for shooting the long bow;*] Cydonio arcu—the Cretan or long bow. See St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, chap. i. v. 12. Χρῆτες αἰεὶ ψευδῶς. The Stuart race of princes were as famous as Teucer for the Cretan bow.

XXXV.

Page 9. *To slow Bootes of the North.*] I know there is a classical authority for this epithet.

Sive est arctophylax, sive est piger ille Bootes.

Ov. Fast. iii. 405.

Yet I cannot help fancying the author wrote Sly instead of Slow Bootes: he is represented in his northern situation watching his charge with unremitting vigilance; and I am apt to believe, that our Sly Boots is a contraction of Bootes. I have seen the same thought in a manuscript collection of verses composed by the

Professors of a famous University upon the Revolution in 1760. It was beautifully pursued in the verses of the Astronomy Professor, which struck me so that I still retain them.

Attendant upon Charles's wane,
 Bootes, commonly called Bute,
 The brightest star in all his train,
 Without all manner of dispute.

Mayst thou for ever fixt remain,
 Cunning and watchful as the dragon;
 Lest Ursa Minor break his chain,
 And overturn the northern waggon.

XXXVII.

Page 12. See the MONODY, (page 40 of Vol. xvi.)

13. *Here GIBBY's and DUNDAS's twang,*] Sir Gilbert Elliot, Judge Advocate of Scotland.

ib. *SAWNEY, bring up your corps of blacks,*] Alexander Wedderburne.

14. *ELLIS comes next—thou boar of boars,*] The Right Honourable Welbore Ellis.

ib. *Yet INNIS, 'tis agreed,*] Late member of Ilchester.

ib. *THURLOW approach, with ragged DICK,*] Attorney General, and Richard Rigby, Paymaster General.

ib. *While STANLEY and the Surrey cock !*] Colonel Onslow.

ib. *Then pause awhile my dear Sir GREY,*] Sir Grey Cooper, Lord North's secretary.

14. BOREAS, *whose bloated blust'ring jowl,*] Lord North.

ODE XXXVIII.

Page 17. While Fame revers'd,] The sagacious reader will easily discover, that the position of Fame alludes to Hudibras's description of that double-mouthed goddess.

ODE XXXIX.

Page 18. It is probable that Mr. Cumberland's *Character of Lord Sackville*, published soon after that nobleman's decease, occasioned this Ode to be ascribed to him; but however that might be, it is somewhat singular, Mr. Cumberland, when making so solemn an asseveration in respect to anonymous attacks, as the beginning of his character exhibits, should have forgotten his own virulent and *nameless* Letter, addressed to BISHOP WATSON.

ODE XLIII.

Page 35. To this Ode the following ADVERTISEMENT was prefixed:—

“ THIS Ode was written at the time of its date, and a few manuscript copies of it then given to the author's friends, with permission to circulate them among their acquaintance. A mode of publication which he adopted for the present, till an opportunity might offer itself of printing it in some future collection of his poems; in which he hoped (more out of respect to the subject

than to himself) that it might be preserved, as long as any thing he has written should merit preservation. But, since an inaccurate copy has lately stolen into a public newspaper, he has thought proper to print a more correct edition of it, in this separate form. For, while the enemies of Mr. Keppel seem to attack his cause with increasing virulence, it is surely right to continue the application of every honest antidote."

Whether what occurred on the trial of Sir Hugh Palliser should have induced Mr. Mason to change his opinion, the public is left to determine.

35. *Whom to pale death the spectre bore:]* Alluding to the well-known allègory of "Sin and Death," in the second book of Paradise Lost.

XLIV.

Page 39. No primrose shower from her green lap she throws.] This expression is taken from Milton's song on May morning, to which this stanza in general alludes, and the 4th verse in the next.

40. *Hark, and approve! as did thy sire,]* The poem of Caractacus was read in MS. by the late Earl of Chatham, who honoured it with an approbation which the author is here proud to record.

ib. Rous'd into sounds of scorn th' indignant string.]
See Ode to the naval officers of Great Britain, written 1779.

ib. While they alone with envy sigh,] See the motto from Pindar.

42. *O knit the union firm, and bid an Empire live.*]

In allusion to a fine and well-known passage in Milton's *Lycidas*.

ODE XLV.

Page 43. This Ode and the following are imitations of *Callistratus* and *Alcaeus*; but, being evidently written for a political purpose, are inserted amongst other compositions of the kind. We add also in this place a Latin Ode to Liberty, by the same animated author.

JULII MELESIGONI

AD LIBERTATEM

CARMEN.

VIRTUS renascens quem jubet ad sonos
Spartanam avitos ducere tibiam?

Quis fortium coetus in auras
Ætherias juvenum ciebit,

Quos, Marti amicos, aut hyacinthinis
Flava in palæstra conspicuos comis,
Aut alma Libertas in undis
Egelidis agiles videbat,

Plausitque visos? Quis modulabitur
Excelsa plectro carmina Lesbio,
Quæ dirus, Alcaeo sonante,
Audiit, et tremuit, Dynastes?

Quis myrtea ensem fronde reconditum
Cantabit? Illum civibus, Harmodi,
Dilecte servatis, nec ullo
Interituro die, tenebas:

Vix se refrænât fulmineus chalybs,
Mox igne coelesti emicat, exilit,
Et cor reluctantis tyranni
Perforat ictibus haud remissis;

O ter placentem Palladi victimam !
Nec tu minorem, Roma, dabas Jovi,
Ex ore cum Bruti sonaret
Sanguine Cæsareo rubentis.

Vox grata Divis, grataque Tullio.
Ah ! lacrymarum ne scatebræ fluant,
Divina Libertas, tuarum,
O pudor ! O miseri Quirites !)

Vafri tacebo carnificis dolos,
Cui nomen Augusto esuriens dedit
Vates, et infandas Neronum
Nequitias odiosiorum :

Nolo tyrannorum improbioribus
Sanctum inquinari nominibus melos,
Quos turpis aetas in Latinæ
Dedecus exitiumque gentis

- 4 Produxit. His te, diva, furentibus,
Ad templa cœli et sidereas domos
Vidit jugatis subvolantem
Musa aquilis nitidoque curru.

At Roma vasti molibus imperi
Sublata, centum nubila brachiis
Differt, Colosseoque Olympi
Vertice verticibus minatur ;

Sed, fervidi instar diluvii, ruens
Septem relictis turba Trionibus
Formidosorum gigantum
Hesperium populatur orbem ;

Qui, plurimo conamine, plurimis
Immane adorti monstrum ululatibus,
Vix diro anhelantesque frenden-
tesque trahunt strepitu ruinam.

Gens, te remota, nulla diu potest
Florere. Mox tu purpureas, dea,
Sedes reliquisti priorum,
Ausa novas habitare terras.

Tum vitibus Florentia vestiens
Colles apricos, et nemora aureo
Splendore pomorum coronans,
Te coluit, coluitque Musas,

Casura amata (vae miserae!) manu :
At tu petebas pratula mollium
Pisarum, olivetumque Lucae,
Et scopulos tenuis Marini.

Vix te vocabat, nec docilem sequi,
Dux gloriosae gemmifer Adriae,
Qui scandit, haud pauper maritus,
Caeruleum Thetidos cubile.

Post exulem te, nobilis insula,
Tutis recepit Corsica rupibus,
Qua, Marte non uno, subacta,
Sæve Ligur, nimium superbis.

Nunc te nivas, diva, libentius
Quæro per Alpes, durus ubi gelu
Helvetius frangit ligone, aut
Remigiis agitat Lemnum :

Quæro per urbes, dona maris, novas,
Et fida sacris tecta ciconiis,
Quæro paludosos per agros
Et validæ saliceta gentis,

Quæ fulmen Albani haud timuit ducis.
Hinc pulsa migras? Quo, dea, quo fugis?
Ah! grata dilectis Britannis,
Nympha, tuas video latebras.

Olim, hæc reclusit Musa vetustior,
Inter feracis litora Galliae,
Interque divisum Albionis
Nulla solum resonabat unda ;

At sæpe ab Icci, non madido pede,
Saxis, vergendas ad Doroberniae
Sedes, adornati ambulabant
Glandifera Druides corona :

Tunc aestuantes ad mare Suevicum
Fluctus ruebant transite dissito,
Quo belluosis horret Orcas
Montibus, et glaciata Thule.

Sed mox resurgens Oceanus manum
Effert minacem, et, dum croceum aethera
Scindunt percussis procellae
Fulguribus, valido tridente

Divellit agros dissociabiles :
Tunc enatabas, pulchra Britannia,
Sylvisque et arvis et sonoris
Amnibus egregie triumphans.

Gemmata multa tum Thetis insula
Risit : sacratis Mona, parens mea,
Ornata quercetis refulsit,
Et Zephyro recreata Vectis.

Hæc facta nutu, diva potens, tuo ;
Nam lassa dulcis pomiferas Vagae
Ripas, et undantis Sabrinæ,
Nobile perfugium, eligebas,

Semota Gallis ; Galli etenim truces
(Psychen ut antehac barbari amabilem)
Te reppulerunt exulantem,
Gens meritas luitura poenas.

Tunc in recessu fertilis insulae
Lecto, sacratum nominibus tuis
Fanum smaragdis emicabat
Consitum, et aethereis pyropis :

Ventura jam tum fama Britanniae
Mira arte miris picta coloribus
Postesque et excelsum lacunar
Et variam irradiabat aulam :

Depictus ense protulit et stylum
Sidneyus heros, quem neque iudicis
Vultus, nec immitis tyranni
Terruit ira diu reposta.

Effulsit ardenti et gladio et lyra
Miltonus audens, cui nitidam nimis
Te, nuda Libertas, videnti
Nox oculos tenebrosa clausit :

Nunc templo in ipso (qua radiet vetor
Ora, profani, dicere) vatibus
Insertus heroumque turmae,
Verba canit recitanda Divis.

O Nympha, moestam grata Britanniam
Ni tu revisas, percita civium
Non molle Nepenthes levabit
Corda salutiferumve Moly.

Altaribus te jam tredecim vocat,
Te thure templisque urget America :
Audis ; Atlanteumque pennis
Ire paras levibus per aequor.

Ah ! ne roseta et flumina deseras
Dilecta nuper ; nam piget heu ! piget
Martis nefasti, fratricidae ;
Imperiique male arrogati :

Jam, veris instar, praeniteas novo
Placata vultu. Pax tibi sit comes,
Quae blanda civilis duelli
Sopiat ignivomos dracones.

Cum transmarinis juncta sororibus
Nectat choream laeta Britannia,
Neu mitis absit, jam solutis
Mercibus, haud violanda, Ierne.

O quae paratur copia fulminis
Centum reposti navibus, improbos
Gallos et audaces Iberos,
Civibus haud nocitura, frangat.

V CAL. MAIAS.

A. D.

MDCCCLXXX.

NOTES

ON

ODES OF THE EIGHTH CLASS.

ODE I.

Page 51. THE celebrity of this Ode in its day, and the relation of the following Poem to it, have occasioned it to be inserted here as a note. It was written by the writer of the Ode.

ISABELLA; OR, THE MORNING.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Duchess of Manchester is represented as rising from breakfast with her parrot, monkey, and lap-dog.----- Dicky Bateman comes in with a Staffordshire *teapot*, with which the Duchess is charmed :---a smile---She makes a fine speech upon the occasion, which is broken off by General Charles Churchill's coming in.---His character.---His first speech.---The Duchess shews him the *teapot*.---She tells him of fire-works to be sold at Margus's, which gives him an opportunity of telling a story of some he saw in Flanders. It appears from the very beginning of the story that it could have no end. It is broken off by the entrance of Charles Stanhope.---A smile on his coming in.---His character as a companion.---He gives an account of a *polypus*. The

Duchess longs for a *polypus*. Both the Charles's fall fast asleep, on each side of the Duchess. Contrast between Susanna and the two Elders.---The whole company roused by Lord Lovell's coming into the room.---His character.---He talks of the opera, of Chesterfield and Fanny *.---Lady Fanny's looks owing to love.-----The General begins the story of Miss How. The company's dismay described at the General's beginning a story.---The clock strikes three.---The Duchess rings to dress.---The company rises.---The departure of the company described.

In various talk the instructive hours they past.

MILTON.

THE monkey, lap-dog, parrot, and her Grace,
Had each retir'd from breakfast to their place,
When, hark, a knock! "See, Betty, see who's there."
" 'Tis Mr. Bateman, Ma'am, in his new chair."
" Dicky's new chair! the charming'st thing in town,
" Whose poles are lacker'd, and whose lining's brown!"
But see, he enters with his shuffling gait;
" Lord," says her Grace, " how could you be so late?"
" I'm sorry, Madam, I have made you wait,"
Bateman reply'd; " I only staid to bring
" The newest, charming'st, most delightful thing!"
" Oh! tell me what's the curiosity!
" Oh! shew it me this instant, or I die!"

To please the noble dame, the courtly 'squire
Produc'd a *teapot*, made in Staffordshire:
With eager eyes the longing Duchess stood,
And o'er and o'er the shining bauble view'd.
Such were the joys touch'd young Atrides' breast,
Such all the Grecian host at once exprest,
When from beneath his robe to all their view,
Laertes son the fam'd Palladium drew.
So Venus look'd, and with such longing eyes,
When Paris first produc'd the golden prize.

* Lady Shirley.

"Such work as this," she cries, "can England do?
 It equals Dresden, and excels St. Cloud :
 All modern china now shall hide its head,
 And e'en Chantilly must give o'er the trade.
 For lace let Flanders bear away the bell ;
 In finest linen let the Dutch excel ;
 For prettiest stuffs let Ireland now be nam'd,
 And for best fancy'd silks let France be fam'd ;
 Do thou, thrice happy England ! still prepare
 This clay, and build thy fame on earthen-ware."

Much she'd have said, but that again she heard
 The knocker---and the General appear'd.

The Gen'ral ! one of those brave old commanders,
 Who serv'd through all the glorious wars in Flanders ;
 Frank and good-natur'd, of an honest heart,
 Loving to act the steady, friendly part :
 None led through youth a gayer life than he,
 Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee :
 Sweet was his night, and joyful was his day,
 He din'd with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay ;
 But with old-age its vices came along ;
 And in narration he's extremely long ;
 Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
 He each minute particular relates.
 If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
 He tells you its whole history for your pains ;
 And Blenheim's field becomes, by his reciting,
 As long in telling as it was in fighting ;
 His old desire to please is still express'd ;
 His hat's well cock'd, his periwig's well drest ;
 He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
 And in the boxes with the beaux appears ;
 His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays ;
 Still he looks chearful, still soft things he says,
 And still, rememb'ring that he once was young,
 He strains his crippled knees and struts along.
 The room he enter'd *smiling* ; which bespoke
 Some worn-out compliment, or thread-bare joke,
 (For not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
 Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.)

"How does your Grace? I hope I see you well:
 What a prodigious deal of rain has fell!
 Will the sun never let us see his face?
 But who-can ever want a sun that sees your Grace?"

"Your servant, Sir---but see what I have got!
 Isn't it a prodigious charming *pot*?
 And a'n't you vastly glad we make them here,
 For Dicky got it out of Staffordshire.
 See, how the charming vine twines all about!
 Lord! what a handle!---Jesus! what a spout!
 And that old Pagog, and that charming child!
 If Lady Townshend saw them sh'd be wild!"

To this the Gen'ral answer'd, "Who would not?
 Lord! where could Mr. Bateman find this *pot*?
 Dear Dicky, couldn't you get one for me?
 I want some useful china mightily;
 Two jars, two beakers, and a *pot pourrie*."

"Oh, Mr. Churchill, where d'ye think I've been?
 At Margus's, and there such fire-works seen;
 So very pretty, charming, odd, and new;
 And, I assure you, they're right India too!
 I've bought them all, there's not one left in town;
 And if you was too see them you would own
 You never saw such fire-works any where."
 ---"Oh, Madam, I must beg your pardon there,"
 The Gen'ral cry'd, "for 'twas in the year ten---
 No, let me recollect, it was not then;
 'Twas then year *eight*, I think, for then we lay
 Encamp'd with all the army near Cambray---
 Yes, yes, I'm sure I'm right by one event,
 We supp'd together in Cadogan's tent,
 Meredith, Lamley, and poor Geo. Grove,
 And merrily the bumpers round we drove:
 Marlbro's health we drank confounded hard,
 For he'd just beat the French at Oudenarde;
 And Lord Cadogan then had got by chance,
 The best champaign that ever came from France;
 And 'twas no wonder that it was so good,
 For some dragoons had seiz'd it on the road;

And they were told from those they took it from,
 It was design'd a present for Vendosme.
 So we'---But see ! another Charles's face
 Cut short the Gen'ral, and relieves her Grace!

So, when one crop-sick parson, in a dose,
 Is reading morning service through his nose,
 Another in the pulpit straight appears,
 Claiming the tir'd-out congregation's ears,
 And with a duller sermon ends their pray'rs.
 For this old Charles is full as dull as 'tother,
 Bavius to Mœvius was not more a brother :
 From two defects this talk no joy affords,
 From want of matter, and from want of words.

" I hope," says he, " your Grace is well to day,
 And caught no cold by venturing to the play."

" Oh, Sir, I'm mighty well---won't you sit down?
 Pray, Mr. Stanhope, what's the news in town?"

" Madam, I know of none ; but I'm just come
 From seeing a curiosity at home :

'Twas sent to Martin Folkes, as being rare,
 And he and Desaguliers brought it there.
 It's call'd a *polypus*."---" What's that ?"---" A creature,
 The wonderful'st of all the works of Nature :
 Hither it came from Holland, where 'twas caught,
 (I should not say it came, for it was brought :)
 To-morrow we're to have it at Crane-court ;
 And 'tis a reptile of so strange a sort,
 That if 'tis cut in two, it is not dead ;
 Its head shoots out a tail, its tail a head ;
 Take out it's middle, and observe its ends,
 Here a head rises---there a tail descends ;
 Or cut off any part that you desire,
 That part extends, and makes itself entire.
 But what it feeds on, still remains a doubt,
 Or how it generates, is not found out ;
 But at our board to-morrow 'twill appear,
 And then 'twill be consider'd, and made clear,
 For all the learned body will be there."

" Lord I must see it, or I am undone,"
The Duchess cry'd; " pray can't you get me one ?
I never heard of such a thing before,
I long to cut it and make fifty more:
I'd have a cage made up in taste for mine,
And Dicky---you shall give me a design."

But here the Gen'ral to a yawn gave way,
And Stanhope had not one more word to say,
So stretch'd on easy chairs in apathy they lay;
And on each side the Goddess they ador'd,
One Charles sat speechless, and the other snor'd.
When chaste Susanna's all-subduing charms
Made two old lovers languish for her arms,
Soon as her eyes had thaw'd the frost of age,
Their passions mounted into lustful rage;
With brutal violence they attack'd their prey,
And almost bore the wish'd-for prize away.

Hail, happy Duchess! 'twixt two elders plac'd,
Whose passions brutal lust has ne'er disgrac'd!
No warm expressions make her blushes rise,
No ravish'd kiss shoots lightning from your eyes:
Let them but visit you, they ask no more,
Guiltless they'll gaze, and innocent adore!

But hark! a louder knock than all before,
" Lord!" says her Grace, " they'll thunder down my
door!"

Into the room see sweating Lovell break
(The Duchess rises, and the Elders wake)
Lovell,---the oddest character in town,
A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon;
Extract him well, this is his quintessence,
Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense;
To neither party is his heart inclin'd,
He steer'd through both with politics refin'd;
Voted with Walpole, and with Pulteney din'd.

His Lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
Then opens with preliminary chat:
" I'm glad to see your Grace---the Gen'ral too---
" Old Charles, How is it? Dicky! how d'ye do?

" Madam, I hear that you was at the play,
 " You did not say one word on't yesterday ;
 " I went, who'd no engagement any where,
 " To th' opera."---" Were there many people there ?"
 The Duchess cry'd.---" Yes, Madam, a great many,"
 Says Lovell---" there was Chesterfield and Fanny ;
 In that eternal whisper which begun
 Ten years ago, and never will be done :
 For tho' you know he sees her ev'ry day,
 Still he has ever something new to say.
 There's nothing upon earth so hard to me,
 As keeping up discourse eternally ;
 He never lets the conversation fall,
 And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball :
 I saw that her replies were never long,
 And with her eyes she answer'd for her tongue.
 Poor I am forc'd to keep my distance now,
 She won't ev'n curt'sy, if I make a bow."

" Why, things are strangely chang'd," the Gen'ral cry
 " Ay, *Fortune de la guerre*," my Lord reply'd ;
 " But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,
 As we both did some twenty years ago."
 " And take off twenty years," reply'd her Grace,
 " 'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face :
 My Lord, you never see her but at night,
 By th' advantageous help of candle-light,
 Drest out with ev'ry aid that is adorning :
 Oh, if your Lordship saw her in a morning !
 It is no more than Fanny once so fair ;
 No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there ;
 But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
 Repentance, love, and disappointment, speak."

The Gen'ral found a lucky minute now
 To speak---" Ah, Ma'am, you did not know Miss How
 I'll tell you all her history," he cry'd---
 At this Charles Stanhope gap'd extremely wide,
 Poor Dicky sat on thorns, her Grace turn'd pale,
 And Lovell trembled at the impending tale.
 " Poor girl ! faith she was once extremely fair,
 Till, worn by love, and tortur'd by despair,

Her pining cheek betray'd her inward smart,
 Her breaking looks foretold her breaking heart.
 At Leicester-house her passion first began,
 And Nanty Lowther was a pretty man ;
 But when the Princess did to Kew remove,
 She could not bear the absence of her love ;
 Away she flew."---But here the clock struck three ;
 So did some pitying deity decree :
 The Duchess rings to dress---and see, her maid
 With all the apparatus for her head !
 Th' adorning circle can no longer stay,
 Each rises, bows, and goes his different way.
 To ancient Boothby's ancient Churchill's flown ;
 Home to his dinner Stanhope goes alone ;
 Dicky to fast with her, her Grace invites ;
 And Lovell's coachman drives unbid to White's.

ODE III.

Page 57. The author of the "Conquered Duchess," having, by that Ode, excited the enmity of Mr. Hussey (now Lord Beaulieu), and being by that gentleman threatened with chastisement, left London ; which gave occasion to the satirical reflections in this Ode.

58. What the Lieutenant was deny'd.] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

ODE VIII.

Page 72. This accomplished lawyer was born in cheapside, 10th July, 1723, and was the youngest son of Mr. Charles Blackstone, a silkman. At seven years of age he was sent to the Charter-house; and in 1735, admitted on the nomination of Sir Robert Walpole. On the 30th of November, 1738, he was entered a

commoner of Pembroke-College, Oxford; was matriculated next day; and, in the February following, elected to one of Lady Holford's exhibitions for Charter-house scholars. Determining to make choice of the law for his profession, he entered himself in the Middle Temple the 20th of November, 1741. In November, 1743, he was elected into the society of All Soul's College. On the 12th of June 1745, he commenced Batchelor of the Civil Law; and on the 28th of November 1746, was called to the bar. He proceeded, 26th of April, 1750, Doctor of Civil Law; and having attended the courts at Westminster with little success, he in 1733 determined to retire to an academical life. He accordingly, in Michaelmas Term that year, began to read lectures on the laws of England at Oxford. On the 22d of October, 1758, he was unanimously elected Vinerian Professor of the Common Law at that university. In the succeeding year he returned to the practice of his profession in London; and in Michaelmas Term resumed his attendance at Westminster, where his merit was now both known and rewarded. On the 28th of July, 1761, he was appointed principal of New Inn Hall; and on the establishment of the Queen's family was named Solicitor General to her Majesty. In 1766 he resigned his posts in the university of Oxford; and on the 9th of February, 1770, was nominated a Judge in the Common Pleas; but, to accommodate Sir Joseph Yates, consented to accept a seat in the Court of King's Bench, from whence he was soon

removed to the place of his original destination. From this period to the time of his death he devoted his attention to the service of the public, and the duties of domestic life. About Christmas, 1779, he was seized with a violent shortness of breath, from which he in some measure recovered; but the disorder returning with fresh vigour, it brought on a drowsiness and stupor, which put an end to his life, on the 14th of February, 1780, in the 56th year of his age.

ODE XI.

Page 82. Where's now Othello's hair breadth 'scapes,]
See Othello's speech to the senate.

ib. And not an hair between.] He was born bald.

ODE XXII.

Page 110. The late Mr. Gostling and Mr. Nichols have both exercised their wits on the same favourite, who, it should be remembered, was not the first of his species that had the good fortune to attract the affection of the great. It will scarcely be necessary to instance the *Sow*, which that dainty monarch, James I. kept in the royal wardrobe, and whose attachment to which led him to distinguish the Duke of Buckingham by the endearing appellation of his *Sow*.

CUPID SPEAKS.

DEAD pigs have cunning, proverbs say;
And so sometimes the living may.
Instead of rooting under ground,
Above it better luck I've found.

Ambitious to attend the great,
 I on a noble lord would wait ;
 And when he took his morning's ride,
 Gallop'd obsequious by his side.
 My awkward homage made him sport,
 And highly I'm rewarded for 't :
 He took me from the homely sty,
 And quite his fav'rite now am I ;
 At meals, when by his side I stand,
 Fed by his own, or lady's hand,
 My grunted thanks are kindly taken ;
 So I grow fat---yet save my bacon.
 And as advancement is allow'd
 To make men insolent and proud,
 From boasting why should I refrain ?
 Why mayn't an upstart pig be vain ?
 Know all men, I, by heralds care,
 My Lord's armorial honours share,
 And, mounted high above the rest,
 Crown all the trophies as his crest *.

A Gentleman, from the neighbourhood of Mount Edgecumbe, telling Mr. Nichols that Cupid died a mere brute, occasioned him to write this Epitaph.---

HERE in the dirt doth Cupid lie,
 Cupid, the pig ; of swine the pride :
 Mov'd to a palace from a sty,
 He ate and drank, he liv'd and died.
 Let such as have no higher view
 Consider, for 'tis past a jest,
 How many a man (as wise as Cu)
 Lives like a lord, dies like a beast.

Page 110. *That won his lucky Lord a crown ;*] Darius.

111. *Like the fam'd dove the Mussulmans revere,*
Which, billing, whisper'd in the Prophet's ear,]

Mahomet.

* A Hog is his Lordship's crest.

112. *One of his Lordship's near relations,*] According to Peter Pindar, his Majesty is inclined to this opinion: for when the Queen, on her late visit to Mount Edgecumbe, having her attention attracted by the monument of poor *Cupid*, asked what it was, his Majesty replied: "*the family vault.*"

ib. *Thrice happy bog! with Mrs. Joan,*] My Lady's waiting woman.

ODE XXVI.

Page 126. This Lady was the only daughter of Henry St. John, created Baron St. John of Battersea, and Viscount St. John, July 2, 1716. She was half-sister to the celebrated Viscount Bolingbroke; and June 20, 1727, married Robert Knight, of Barrels, in Warwickshire, Esq. who, on August 8, 1746, was created Lord Luxborough of Shannon in Ireland. This high spirited woman lived, for some time before her death, at Barrels, in a state of separation from her husband, and there died in March 1756. A volume of her letters to Mr. Shenstone was published in 1775.

ODE XXX.

Page 134. Anthony Whistler, Esq. was entered a commoner of Pembroke-Hall, Oxford, October 2, 1732, and died, in 1754, at his seat at Whitchurch, in Oxfordshire. He was particularly intimate with Shenstone, and distinguished himself by the ebullitions of a sprightly fancy.

ODE XXXIII.

Page 141. Thomas Edwards, esq. had a good paternal estate at Turrick in Bucks; and was the last of his family, as appears by his 5th Sonnet in Dodsley, where he pathetically laments the loss of four brothers, and as many sisters. He was an excellent scholar, having been thoroughly grounded in the Classics at Eton School, whence he was removed to King's College, Cambridge. He afterwards applied himself in Lincoln's Inn to the study of the law (his father and grandfather having been of the same profession). He spent the last 17 years of his life principally at Turrick; died on a visit at his friend Mr. Richardson's at Parson's Green, the 3d of January 1757, aged 58; and was buried at Ellesborough, in Buckinghamshire. His nephews (sister's sons) were his heirs. He was equally distinguished for his genius and the goodness of his heart. His "Canons of Criticism" did him great credit, both as a critic and as a scholar, and of course provoked the vengeance of Dr. Warburton, which he wreaked very illiberally in a note on the Dunciad (IV. 567); of which Mr. Edwards was more susceptible than he need have been, deeming his gentility impeached by the words "*a Gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's Inn; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad," &c. Besides his Sonnets, and Cannons of Criticism, he was author of a pamphlet called "Free and Candid Thoughts on the



Doctrine of Predestination." Odes were addressed to him by Dr. Akenside and Mrs. Chapone.

ODE XXXVI.

Page 146. This celebrated pump-girl married, with an unblemished reputation, Mr. Handcock, an inn-keeper, at the George and Pelican, Speenham Lands; and having been left a widow has lately relinquished business. On a window was lately inscribed:—

TO HANDCOCK:

*So fair thy wife, so good thy wine,
Not fairer I conjecture,
Was Hebe, but the less divine,
Nor yet so good her neighbor.*

ib. *Whether BLADUD, king of yore,*] See Mr. Selden's notes on the third song of Drayton's *POLYOLBION*, where, in an ancient fragment of rhymes, are enumerated all the ingredients which BLADUD employed in making the baths.

147. *Was called the WATERS OF THE SUN.*] *Aquæ solis*, Bath. Sol in hac urbe templum habuit, et nomen, quod exhibet Antonius, loco dedit.

Antonini Iter XIV. *published by Gale.*

ib. *British PALLADOUR then rose,*] Pallas etiam, teste Solino, fontibus hisce fuit præsul, suamque habuit ædem, ubi et perpetuos ignes. Ab ea, appellabatur Britannis, Caer PALLADOUR: Urbs aquæ Palladiæ. Antonini Iter XIV. *published by Gale.*

147. *But long since* *HYGEIA fair*] The goddess of Health.

149. *On the banks of Avon! Thee,*] The river which runs by Bath.

ib. *Wash thy rosy-finger'd hand ;*] The effects of the hot water.

150. *And while* *HARMONY, the friend*] The music in the pump-room.

ib. *Thee suspended crutches please,*] Over Bladud's image, in the King's bath, hang many crutches.

151. *ELIZA's form and STANHOPE's wit,*] Lady Betty Spencer, and the Earl of Chesterfield.

ib. *And all the eloquence of Pitt !*] Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

ΥΤΙΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΜΕΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ. ΤΟ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ
ΚΑΛΟΝ ΓΕΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΔΕ ΠΛΟΥΤΕΙΝ.

LUCIAN.

THE END.

A
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF *65-788.*
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XVIII.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian fields,
But the wild growth of Brit-in's plains.



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1797.



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ODES.

CLASS THE NINTH.



ODES.

CLASS THE NINTH.

ODE I.

TO

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THOMAS BISHOP, M.A.
OF WADHAM COLLEGE. 1683.

CECILIA, charming saint, we raise
Our souls to thee in songs of praise;
Fill with seraphic strains our thoughts,
With heav'nly music tune our notes:
For none dare speak or sing of thee,
Unless inspir'd by sacred Harmony.
A tuneful concert then be made,
Bring in the lute and viol to our aid;
The joyful train of instruments command,
Taught by Cecilia's powerful hand.
See how the trembling strings, all, at Cecilia's name,
In grateful notes give back their Music whence it came!
Behold how they rejoice to move,
And celebrate her once abode below, as now her reign
above!

The melancholy flute forgoes to mourn
Forsaken Damon's sad despair ;
And all the rising notes return
' Cecilia ! ' in a brisk and more exalted air.
Tir'd with the rough alarms of war,
The martial trumpet hither does repair,
Joys with a milder blast to swell,
And on Cecilia's praises dwell ;
Joys here a peaceful saint to yield
Those sounds, due to the fighting hero and the noisy
field.
And the majestic organ, known
Cecilia's care and art alone,
That warms us with divine desires,
And kindles in our souls seraphic fires ;
The sounding organ does aspire,
With its monopoly
Of tuneful sounds, to pierce the sky ;
And join with its own saint in concert in the heavenly
choir.

Cecilia's sacred memory,
Whilst Music lives, shall never die :
Music, the charming magnet of the whole,
Of Heaven and Earth the mighty soul !
Music, that sweetens all our mirth,
And gives new blooming joys their birth,
That drives pale sorrow from our breast,
And lulls our waking cares to rest ;

Our willing soul resigns to thee,
Thou tun'st its passions to thy harmony :
By thee 'tis led at every turn,
And even joys with thee to mourn ;
Quick as its thoughts at every sound flies out,
And hovers o'er the trembling accent of each dying note.

GRAND CHORUS.

To Music and Cecilia's name
Let every year return the same :
Whilst we the praise of both rehearse
In sounding accents, grateful verse ;
And, in those praises that we give,
We ourselves shall joyful live.

ODE II.

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY JOHN OLDHAM, B. A.

I.

BEGIN the song, your instruments advance,
Tune the voice, and tune the flute,
Touch the silent sleeping lute,
And make the strings to their own measures dance.
Bring gentlest thoughts that into language glide,
Bring softest words that into numbers slide:
Let every hand and every tongue
To make the noble concert throng—
Let all in one harmonious note agree
To frame the mighty song,
For this is Music's sacred jubilee.

II.

Hark, how the waken'd strings resound,
And break the yielding air!
The ravish'd sense how pleasingly they wound,
And call the listening soul into the ear!

Each pulse beats time, and every heart
With tongue and fingers bears a part.
By Harmony's entrancing power,
When we are thus wound up to ecstasy ;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tour,
And seem to antedate our future bliss on high.

III.

How dull were life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the charms that Music lends !
How faint its pleasures would appear,
But for the pleasure which our art attends !
Without the sweets of melody,
To tune our vital breath,
Who would not give it up to death,
And in the silent grave contented lie !

IV.

Music's the cordial of a troubled breast,
The softest remedy that grief can find ;
The greatest spell that charms our care to rest,
And calms the ruffled passions of the mind.
Music does all our joy refine,
It gives the relish to our wine,
'Tis that gives rapture to our love,
And wings devotion to a pitch divine ;
'Tis our chief bliss on earth, and half our Heaven above.

CHORUS.

Come then, with tuneful throat and string,
The praises of our art let's sing ;



ODE III.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY THO. SHADWELL, ESQ. 1690.

O sacred Harmony, prepare our lays,
While, on Cecilia's day, we sing your praise,
From Earth to Heaven our warbling voices raise !

Join, all ye glorious instruments around,
The yielding air with your vibrations wound,
And fill Heaven's conclave with the mighty sound.

You did at first the warring atoms join,
Made qualities most opposite combine,
While discords did with pleasing concords twine.

The universe you fram'd, you still sustain ;
Without you, what in tune does now remain
Would jangle into chaos once again.

It does your most transcendent glory prove,
That, to complete immortal joys above,

There must be harmony to crown their love.

Dirges with sorrow still inspire
The doleful and lamenting choir,
With swelling hearts and flowing eyes
They solemnize their obsequies ;
For grief they frequent discords chuse,
Long bindings and chromatics use.
Organs and viols sadly groan
To the voice's dismal tone.

If Love's gentle passions we
Express, there must be harmony :
We touch the soft and tender flute,
The sprinkling and melodious lute,
When we describe the tickling smart
Which does invade a love-sick heart :

Sweet nymphs in pretty murmurs plain,
All chill and panting with the pleasing pain,
Which can be eas'd by nothing but the swain.

If poets, in a lofty epic strain,
Some ancient noble history recite,
How heroes love, and puissant conquerors fight,
Or how of cruel fortune they complain ;
Or if the Muse the fate of empires sings,
The change of crowns, the rise and fall of kings—

CHORUS.

'Tis sacred Music does impart
Life and vigor to the art,

It makes the dumb poetic pictures breathe,
Victors' and Poets' names it saves from death.
How does the thund'ring martial song
Provoke the military throng!
The haut-boys and the warlike fife,
With clamors of the deafening drum,
Make peasants bravely hazard life,
And quicken those whom fears benumb!
The clangor of the trumpet's sound
Fills all the dusty place around,
And does from neighbouring hills rebound;
Iō triumph when we sing,
We make the trembling valleys ring.

GRAND GHORUS.

All instruments and voices fit the choir,
While we enchanting harmony admire.
What mighty wonders by our arts are taught,
What miracles by sacred numbers wrought
On earth! in Heaven, no joys are perfect found,
Till by celestial harmony they're crown'd.

ODE IV.

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY NICHOLAS BRADY, D. D. 1691.

HAIL ! bright Cecilia, hail ! fill every heart
With love of thee and thy celestial art ;
That thine and Music's sacred love
May make the British forest prove
As famous as Dodona's vocal grove :
Hark ! hark ! each tree its silence breaks,
The box and fir to talk begin !
This in the sprightly violin,
'That in the flute distinctly speaks !
'Twas sympathy their listening brethren drew,
When to the Thracian lyre with leafy wings they flew
'Tis Nature's voice ; by all the moving wood
Of creatures understood :
The universal tongue to none
Of all her numerous race unknown !
From her it learn'd the mighty art
To court the ear, and strike the heart ;

At once the passions to express and move ;
We hear, and straight we grieve or hate, rejoice or love :
In unseen chains it does the fancy bind ;
At once it charms the sense, and captivates the mind.
Soul of the world ! inspir'd by thee,
The jarring seeds of matter did agree ;
Thou didst the scatter'd atoms bind,
Which, by thy laws of true proportion join'd,
Made up of various parts one perfect harmony.
Thou tun'dst this world below, the spheres above,
Which in the heavenly round to their own music move.
With that sublime celestial lay
Dare any earthly sounds compare ?
If any earthly music dare,
The noble organ may.
From Heaven its wondrous notes were given,
(Cecilia oft convers'd with Heaven,)
Some Angel of the sacred choir
Did with his breath the pipes inspire ;
And of their notes above the just resemblance gave,
Brisk without lightness, without dullness grave.
Wondrous machine !
To thee the warbling lute,
Though us'd to conquest, must be forc'd to yield :
With thee unable to dispute,
The airy violin
And lofty viol quit the field ;
In vain they tune their speaking strings,
To court the cruel Fair, or praise victorious Kings.

Whilst all thy consecrated lays
Are to more noble uses bent ;
And every grateful note to Heaven repays
The melody it lent.
In vain the amorous flute and soft guittar
Jointly labor to inspire
Wanton heat and loose desire ;
Whilst thy chaste airs do gently move
Seraphic flame, and heavenly love.
The fife and all the harmony of war
In vain attempt the passions to alarm,
Which thy commanding sounds compose and cl
Let these among themselves contest,
Which can discharge its single duty best.
Thou summ'st their differing graces up in
And art a concert of them all within thyself alo

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail! bright Cecilia, hail to thee!
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!
Who, whilst amongst the choir above
Thou dost thy former skill improve,
With rapture of delight dost see
Thy favourite art
Make up a part
Of infinite felicity.
Hail! bright Cecilia, hail to thee!
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!



ODE V.

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THEOPHILUS PARSONS. 1693.

CECILIA, look, look down, and see
A tribute paid to Harmony,
A tribute paid to Heaven and Thee:
And while we Music's praise rehearse,
In lower notes and fainter verse,
Warm you, great Saint, your willing choir,
With your own celestial fire.
May you move on every string,
Warble sweets in every voice,
In every note your grateful influence sing,
And by your aid confirm our happy choice.
Eldest of arts, and universal spring
Of every thing!
When beings in a dark confusion lay,
Thy voice the sullen gloom did chase,
Matter did its form embrace,
And Chaos fled before the new-born day.
Heaven look'd, and all good things did see,
And all that good arose from Harmony.

Parent of all! thou still dost sway,
And o'er this lower world preside;
Man and his passions thee obey,
As meaner waters the commanding tide,
Or that, the moon's imperious ray.
Beauty may wound th' unguarded eyes,
And slowly creep into the heart:
But Music quick as lightning flies;
The pleasure dances with the smart,
And melts and trills through every part.
Without the magic of the Fair,
We love, we sigh, and we despair,
We catch at sounds, and grasp the fleeting air.
Hark! hark! the trumpet calls to arm;
What vein so drowsy feels not the alarm,
And wakes not at th' inspiring charm?
The warlike horse already paws,
And neighs aloud his warm applause.
In vain is now the softening flute,
In vain the warbling of the lute,
Or the gay violin's persuading airs,
The philtre glides successless through our ears.
Ev'n Cecilia's voice no more can tame
The forward hero's lust of fame.
A charm might vanquish, if apply'd,
A madman's frenzy, or a woman's pride:
Temper with hope the lover's fears,
(An April-shine to gild his tears)
The weather of our happiness abate,

Softer than Love, yet absolute as Fate.
But, oh! more suble virtue flows,
Such jarring passions to compose.
Still, still the work, O sacred Harmony, is thine!
We hear, and straight the ruffled soul
Is still; the billows cease to roll,
The swelling streams decline,
And every wounded faculty is whole.
Thus, at the shepherd's tuneful cry
Divided flocks together fly:
The rivulets their murmurs cease;
Without a breath of wind the trees,
And smiling Nature's all around at peace.

GRAND CHORUS.

Tune all your instruments aloud,
Glad voices mingling with the cheerful croud;
Sacred be your tuneful lays,
Sacred to Cæcilia's praise.
Thus we'll grateful offerings bring,
Yearly thus her praises sing:
Till, join'd in chorus with our Saint above,
We take a nobler theme, to prove
By endless Harmony immortal Love.

ODE VI.

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THOMAS YALDEN. D.D. 1693.

I.

BEGIN, and strike th' harmonious lyre !
Let the loud instruments prepare
To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
With joys which Music only can inspire :
Hark, how the willing strings obey !
To consecrate this happy day,
Sacred to Music, Love, and blest Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We'll celebrate the virgin's praise :
Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move :
To her the sacred harp we owe,
Who first anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now sings
above.

II.

What moving charms his tuneful voice contains !
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleasing raptures bear,
And, with diffusive joys, run thrilling thro' our veins,

The listening soul does sympathize,
And with each varied note complies,
While gay and sprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight:
With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives aloose to tears.

III.

Music's the language of the blest above,
No voice but Music's can express
The joys that happy souls possess.
Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power of Love.
'Tis Nature's dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the mind.
Music's an universal good!
That does dispense its joys around,
In all the elegance of sound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

IV.

Let every restless passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For Music's unity and love.
Music's the soft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The surest refuge mournful grief can find,
A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:

In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd :
His hand and voice alone the charms could find,
To heal his body, and compose his mind.

V.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A solemn jubilee :
For ever sacred let it be,
To skilful Jubal's and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who first the hidden charms of Music found,
And through their airy paths did trace,
The secret springs of sound.
When from his hollow chorded shell
The soft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand obey'd.

VI.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays :
When to the organ she her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise ;
Then choirs of listening angels stood around,
Admir'd her art, and blest the heavenly sound.
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach :
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join ;
For Music's her reward and care,
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honors to Cecilia pay:
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our
song.

ODE VII.

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THEOPHILUS PARSONS, 1699.

BLEST Cecilia! charming maid!
Where shall mortals seek for aid,
Thee to sing? whose tuneful lays
Shall thy skill in music praise?
Inspir'd by thee, thy sons their duty show,
And imitate below,
With pious love,
What Angels sing above.
With breath the spacious organ fill;
With vital breath the trumpet swell;
Inspire the softening flute with skill;
And let Cecilia, Goddess of our song,
In melting accents ever dwell
On every string and every tongue.

For ever sacred be the day,
Beyond all others bright and fair,
Ever joyous, ever gay,
When first divine Cecilia found
The magic art to quicken the long silent air

With all the energy of sound.
Up to the skies,
On new-fledg'd wings,
From earth celestial Music flies,
And joins in concert with the Cherub's strings.
Down from their blissful bowers they came;
Came down, to listen and admire
The mighty animated frame,
Itself a quire.

She smil'd,
Cecilia smil'd, to see
The Cherubs mild,
With hovering wings descending from on high:
Like nimble lightning swift and gay,
O'er all the keys her wanton fingers play;
The ready notes obey her touch;
Dissolv'd in ecstasy
Th' immortal beings lie;
Divine Cecilia charms too much.

Her sprightly treble, warbling sweet,
Glides through the veins
On even feet,
And binds the soul in silken chains:
The yielding soul with softness it disarms,
And, like a woman, charms.
With manly grace the bass stalks high,
Array'd in awful majesty:

Its haughty bound and pompous sound
The spirits warm, the soul alarm,
And shake the trembling air around.
Between the two extremes the tenor flows
In gentle streams, persuading union as it goes.
And now in perfect harmony
The blended parts agree,
And glut the listening ear with melody.

The treble starts ;
On swift division leads the chace,
And quite out-strips the loitering parts.
The rumbling bass, with clumsy pace,
Pursues the fleeting fugitive,
And all in triumph does her backward drive :
But see !
The friendly tenor, all for unity,
Does mildly interpose,
And joins them in a full compounded close.

She paus'd awhile ;
For silence has in music place.
The ravish'd Cherubs, with a silent smile,
Disclose amazement on each face.
Again she plies the loud machine ;
Again intranc'd the Cherubs lie ;
Immortal, yet in pleasures almost die.
Thrice the lovely Maid
Paus'd ; and thrice she play'd ;

And thrice she shew'd the power divine
And wondrous force of modulated sound,
That like a mighty torrent flows,
Victorious as it goes,
And sweeps away the strongest mound.

CHORUS.

With breath the spacious organ fill ;
With vital breath the trumpet swell ;
Inspire the softening flute with skill ;
And let Cecilia, Goddess of our song,
In melting accents ever dwell,
In every string and every tongue.

ODE VIII.

FOR

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

AS ALTERED

BY MR. POPE.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding tyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
In more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow,
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder they sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise
Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
Or, when the soul is sunk in cares,
Exalts her with enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires by sprightly sounds ;
Pours balm into the lover's wounds :
Passions no more the soul engage,
Ev'n factions hear away their rage.

III.

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
And soften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace.
Amphion taught contending kings,
From various discords, to create
The music of a well-tun'd state ;
Nor slack, nor strain the tender strings,
Those useful touches to impart,
That strike the subject's answering heart,
And the soft silent harmony that springs
From sacred union and consent of things.

IV.

But, when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms !
When the first vessel dar'd the seas,
The Thracian rais'd his strain,
And Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main,

Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms !
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms !

V.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost :
The adamantine gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen, and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coast ;
But dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See shady forms advance !
And the pale spectres dance !
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

VI.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er the Elysian flowers ;
By those happy souls that dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers ;
By the hero's armed shades ;
Glittering through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove ;
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !

VII.

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer ;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious !
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

ODE IX.

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M.A.

I.

FROM your lyre-enchanted towers,
Ye musically mystic Powers,
Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in ether swims
Accordant to th' inspiring hymns ;
Hither Paradise remove,
Spirits of Harmony and Love !
Thou too, divine Urania, deign to appear,
And with thy sweetly solemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers suit ;
Such as sublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charin th' enraptur'd souls above.
Disdainful of fantastic play,
Mix on your ambrosial tongue,
Weight of sense with sound of song,
And be angelically gay.

II.

And you, ye sons of Harmony below,
How little less than Angels, when ye sing!
With emulation's kindling warmth shall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In union of piety shall bring.
Shall Echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note the shepherd gave,
And shall not we our mistress praise,
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther still our praises we pursue;
For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
Confess'd she had superior aid—
She did—and other rights to greater powers are due:
Higher swell the sound and higher:
Let the winged numbers climb:
To the heaven of heavens aspire,
Solemn, sacred, and sublime:
From heaven Music took its rise,
Return it to its native skies.

III.

Music's a celestial art;
Cease to wonder at its power,
Tho' lifeless rocks to motion start,
Tho' trees dance lightly from the bower,
Tho' rolling floods in sweet suspense
Are held, and listen into sense.
In Penhurst plains, when Waller, sick with love,

Has found some silent, solitary grove,
Where the vague moon-beams pour a silver flood
Of tremulous light athwart th' unshaven wood,
 Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
And strikes, impetuous strikes each querulous nerve
 Of his resounding shell.

In all the woods, in all the plains,
Around a lively stillness reigns ;
The deer approach the secret scene,
And weave their way thro' labyrinths green ;
While Philomela learns the lay,
And answers from the neighbouring bay.
But Medway, melancholy mute,

 Gently on his urn reclines,
And all-attentive to the lute,
 In uncomplaining anguish pines ;
The chrystal waters weep away,
And bear the tidings to the sea :
 Neptune in the boisterous seas,
Spreads the placid bed of peace,
 While each blast,
 Or breathes its last,
Or just does sigh a symphony and cease.

IV.

Behold Arion—on the stern he stands,
 Pall'd in theatrical attire,
To the mute strings he moves th' enlivening hands,
 Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre :

While in a tender Orthian strain
He thus accosts the mistress of the main :
By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes,
Thro' which your waves attracted rise,
And actuate the hoary deep ;
By the secret coral cell,
Where Love and Joy and Neptune dwell,
And peaceful floods in silence sleep ;
By the sea-flowers, that immerge
Their heads around the grotto's verge,
Dependent from the stooping stem ;
By each roof-suspended drop,
That lightly lingers on the top,
And hesitates into a gem ;
By thy kindred watery Gods,
The lakes, the rivulets, founts and floods,
And all the Powers that live unseen
Underneath the liquid green ;
Great Amphitrite (for thou can'st bind
The storm, and regulate the wind)
Hence waft me, fair Goddess, oh waft me away,
Secure from the men, and the monsters of prey !

v.

He sung—The winds are charm'd to sleep,
Soft stillness steals along the deep,
The Tritons and the Nereids sigh
In soul-reflecting sympathy,
And all the audience of waters weep.
But Amphitrite her dolphin sends—the same,
Which erst to Neptune brought the nobly perjur'd dame,

Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monster flies,
And on his scales as the gilt sun-beams play,
Ten thousand variegated dyes
In copious streams of lustre rise,
Rise o'er the level main, and signify his way.—
And now the joyous Bard, in triumph bore,
Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wish'd-for
shore.

Come, ye festive, social throng,
Who sweep the lyre, or pour the song,
Your noblest melody employ,
Such as becomes the mouth of joy ;
Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
With bright expression richly wrought ;
And hail the Muse ascending on her throne,
'The main at length subdu'd, and all the world her own.

VI.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away ;
And as attractive sounds move high or low,
Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow.
Has any nymph her faithful lover lost,
And in the visions of the night,
And all the day-dreams of the light,
In Sorrow's tempest turbulently tost—
From her cheeks the roses die,
The radiations vanish from her sun-bright eye,
And her breast, the throne of love,
Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
To send th' ambrosial sigh.

But let the skilful bard appear,
And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear :
Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
Steep't in tears that endless flow,
Melancholy notes of pity,
Notes that mean a world of woe ;
She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
And, pitying others sorows, sigh away her own.

VII.

Wake, wake the kettle-drum, prolong
The swelling trumpet's silver song,
And let the kindred accents pass
Thro' the horn's meandering brass.
Arise—The patriot Muse invites to war,
And mounts Bellona's brazen car ;
While Harmony, terrific maid !
Appears in martial pomp array'd :
The sword, the target, and the lance
She wields, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance.
Trembles the earth, resound the skies—
Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies,
With thunder in her voice, and lightning in her eyes.
The gallant warriors engage
With inextinguishable rage,
And hearts unchill'd with fear :
Fame numbers all the chosen bands,
Full in the front fair Victory stands,
And triumph crowns the rear.

VIII.

But hark the temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
And Purcell lives along the solemn sounds.—

Mellifluous, yet manly too,

He pours his strains along,

As from the lion Sampson slew,

Comes sweetness from the strong.

Not like the soft Italian swains,

He trills the weak enervate strains,

Where Sense and Music are at strife;

His vigorous notes with meaning teem,

With fire, with force explain the theme,

And sing the subject into life.

Attend—he sings Cecilia—matchless dame!

'Tis she—'tis she—fond to extend her fame,

On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay,

And sweetly swell into a long delay,

And dwell delighted on her name.

Blow on, ye sacred organs, blow,

In tones magnificently slow;

Such is the music, such the lays

Which suit your inventress's praise:

While round religious silence reigns,

And loitering winds expect the strains.

Hail majestic mournful measure,

Source of many a pensive pleasure!

Blest pledge of love to mortals given,

As pattern of the rest of heaven!

And thou, chief honor of the veil,

Hail, harmonious virgin, hail!

When Death shall blot out every name,
And Time shall break the trump of Fame,
Angels may listen to thy lute:
Thy power shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
And all the tuneful spheres be mute.

ODE X.

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Adapted to the ancient British Music, viz.

THE SALT-BOX, THE JEW'S HARP, THE MARROW BONES AND
CLEAVERS, THE HUM-STRUM OR HURDY-GURDY, &c.

As it was performed on June 10, 1763, at Ranelagh.

BY BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;
Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tib.cines.
Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque
Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines.

ALEX. KEENE.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTO.

Yield, yield, ye fifiers, French, Italians;
Yield, yield, I say again—Rascallions.
One, two, threetimes I say, fifiers give o'er;
Yield ye, I now say times 1, 2, 3, 4.

PART I.

RECITATIVE,

Accompanied.

BE dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that the astonish'd ear with discord wounds:
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

GRAND CHORUS.

Grac'd with divine Cecilia's name,
Let solemn hymns this awful feast proclaim,
And heavenly notes conspire to raise the heav'nly lay.

RECITATIVE,

Accompanied.

The meaner melody we scorn,
Which vulgar instruments afford ;
Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsichord.

AIR.

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine,
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flat, and with rattling rebound.

RECITATIVE.

Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
Soft and sharp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volant finger swept.

AIR.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling, thrilling.
Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

A GRAND SYMPHONY,
Accompanied with marrow-bones and cleavers.

AIR.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring,
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding,
Raise your uplifted arms on high ;
In long prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow bones.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring ;
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raise your uplifted arms on high ;
In long prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow-bones.

RECITATIVE,
Accompanied.

Cease lighter numbers: hither bring
The undulating string

Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
In amity harmonious bound ;
Then deeper swell the notes and sadder,
And let the hoarse bass slowly solemn sound.

AIR.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hum
With mournful moans,
And grievous groans,
The sober hurdy-gurdy thrums.

PART II.

RECITATIVE,

Accompanied.

WITH magic sounds, like these, did Orpheus' lyre
Motion, sense, and life inspire ;
When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent stood ;
The trees, swift-bounding danc'd with loosen'd stumps,
And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

AIR.

Each ruddy-breasted robbin
The concert bore a bob in,
And ev'ry hooting owl around ;
The croaking frogs,
The grunting hogs,
All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning sound.

RECITATIVE.

Now to Cecilia, heav'nly maid,
Your loud united voices raise,
With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise,
Each instrument shall lend its aid.
The salt-box with clattering and clapping shall sound,
The iron lyre
Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,

With heavy hum
The sober hurdy-gurdy thrum,
And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

LAST GRAND CHORUS.

Such matchless strains Cecilia knew,
When audience from their heav'nly sphere,
By harmony's strong pow'r, she drew,
Whilst list'ning Angels gladly stoop'd to hear.

ODE XI.

ON
THE DEATH
OF A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

EMINENT FOR HIS SKILL IN MUSIC.

SAY, for my theme, what numbers shall I chuse?
Shall I to Pindar's flights aspire,
And imitate his heavenly fire?
Or smoother verses write,
And some soft elegy indite?
To Pindar's flights aspire, my Muse;
Unfetter'd there, unbounded may'st thou rove;
There best express thy grief and love;
There no scant limits know,
But in free torrents flow,
Free as thy tears, and boundless as thy woe.

Must then the Grave insatiate reign?
Must Fate this too tyrannic sway maintain?

And must the learn'd, the good, the young,
Be the sad subject of a funeral song?

Now Death, we find, can never spare,
Since he hath snatch'd this youth away,
Since he can thus our bliss annoy,
And so much harmony destroy ;
For sure all harmony dwelt there.

In that fair piece of animated clay
Nature had exquisitely form'd each part,

Resolv'd at last to conquer Art.
She labor'd every member to refine,
And made each feature seem divine :
Yet did her want of strength betray,

It was too fine to last, and hasten'd to decay.

Nor was his soul ill-suited with his face,
Each virtue flourish'd there, and every grace ;
Yet more than all humility took place.

His virtue and his pleasing air
Rais'd joy and wonder in the fair :

These charms he learn'd with music to improve,
Music the food of love.

When Orpheus to the forests took his way,
Touch'd his mute lyre, and wak'd the sleeping lay,

The savages came crouding round,
And listening oaks admir'd the tuneful sound :

This youth a harder task perform'd,

Whene'er he play'd each icy breast he warm'd,
While o'er the strings his flying fingers rove,
Each heart kept time, and every pulse beat love.

Tho' blest with all these charms, he breathless lies—
Here draw a veil, my Muse—then see him rise
An infant star just lighted in the skies.

There David and Cecilia meet

The new-born Saint, with joy they greet

His coming, and his strains improve,

Teach his already well-taught lyre

A note yet higher,

To sing the mighty source of power and love.

There does he praises sing

To Heaven's eternal King,

There tunes to melody his harp so well,

That Angels only can his notes excell.

ODE XII.

FOR MUSIC.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT. BART.

HARK! through yon fretted vaults and lofty spires
Peal the deep organs to the sacred quires ;
And now the full, the loud hosannas rise,
Float in the winds, and roll along the skies ;
The solemn sounds Devotion's ardour raise ;
Now mounts the spirit with diviner blaze ;
Heaven opens ; earth recedes ; and Nature feels
The ray that fir'd the prophet's glowing wheels :
In fiery pomp bright seraphs quit the sky,
And wrap the soul in holy ecstasy ;
While round the sapphire throne th' ethereal train
Adoring prostrate raise the lofty strain :

I.

Arise, O Lord, arise !
In all thy awful glory stand confest ;
In thee for ever blest,
Behold thy servants veil their dazzled eyes :

Night hath for thee no shades ;
Alike to thee appears the orient day ;
While one vast light, one inexhausted ray
Of thy effulgent power the whole pervades.
Then whether shall we stray,
Where of thy forming hand no trace is found ?
Above, beneath, around,
The mighty voice is heard ;
Where'er the hills are rear'd,
Where spreads the vaulted sky,
Or foams the deep profound ;
Through Nature's utmost bound
To us her works reply,
Proclaim a parent God, a present Deity.

II.

Creation's praise is least,
Nature's Restorer, to preserve is thine :
Whose awful voice divine
Created all : when Discord heard, and ceas'd ;
For it is thine to bind
The moral chain of Order's perfect law,
And to their course the swerving motions draw
Of changeful things, and erring human kind.
Death with insatiate jaw
Gnash'd oft his iron fang, and by his side
Stalking with ample stride,
Vice rear'd his giant size,
Up-towering to the skies.

The mourning earth was waste ;
Confusion roll'd her tide ;
When down the Virtues glide ;
Soft Mercies urg'd their haste,
And o'er the bleeding world the sacred mantle cast.

III.

Beyond created sense
Mysterious goodness, hid in deepest night !
In vain our feeble sight
Would pierce the gloom, O mighty Providence !
Where the deep mazes meet
Beneath thy awful throne no eye hath seen,
Where wrapt in darkness sits thy power serene,
And the loud thunders roll beneath thy feet.
O, when shall close the scene !
And Hope be lost in Truth's wide-bursting ray ?
O haste, auspicious day !
O haste to light on earth
Great Nature's second birth ;
New inmate of the skies,
When man renew'd shall shine
With innocence divine !
And blest Obedience rise
To snatch the palm that crowns her faithful victories.

ODE XIII.

THE *CURE OF SAUL.*

COMPOSED FOR MUSIC.

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D.

“ VENGENCE, arise from thy infernal bed,
“ And pour thy tempest on his guilty head !”
Thus Heav’n’s decree, in thunder’s sound,
Shook the dark abyss profound.—
The unchain’d Furies come !
Pale Melancholy stalks from hell :
Th’ abhortive offspring of her womb,
Despair and Anguish, round her yell.
By sleepless terror Saul possess’d,
Deep feels the fiend within his tortur’d breast.
Midnight spectres round him howl :
Before his eyes
In troops they rise ;
And seas of horror overwhelm his soul.

Haste! to Jesse's son repair :
He best can sweep the lyre,
Wake the solemn-sounding air,
And lead the vocal choir :
On every string soft-breathing raptures dwell,
To sooth the throbbings of the troubled breast ;
Whose magic voice can bid the tides of passion swell,
Or lull the raging storm to rest.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heaven-forsaken monarch lay :
To the sad couch the shepherd now drew near ;
And, while th' obedient choir stood round,
Prepar'd to catch the soul-commanding sound,
He dropp'd a generous tear.—
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart !
For lo, thy poison'd arrows drink his heart !

The mighty song from chaos rose.—
Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,
And drowzy Darkness broods upon the deep.—
Confusion, wake !
Bid the realms of Chaos shake !
Rouse him from his dread repose !
Hark ! loud Discord breaks her chain :
The hostile atoms clash with deaf'ning roar :
Her hoarse voice thunders thro' the drear domain,
And kindles every element to war.—

“ Tumult cease!

“ Sink to peace!

“ Let there be light!”—th’ Almighty said:

And lo, the radiant Sun,

Flaming from his orient bed,

His endless course begun.

See the twinkling Pleiads rise:

Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies:

While slow around the northern plain,

Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he sung;

Thy mystic mazes, and thy changeful ray;

O fairest of the starry throng!

Thy solemn orb of light

Guides the triumphant car of Night

O’er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day!

Ye planets, and each circling constellation,

In songs harmonious tell your generation!

Oh, while yon radiant Seraph turns the spheres,

And on the stedfast pole-star stands sublime;

Wheel your rounds

To heavenly sounds;

And sooth his song-enchanted ears

With your celestial chime.

In dumb surprise the list’ning monarch lay;

(His woe suspended by sweet Music’s sway;)

And awe-struck, with uplifted eye
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

Lead the soothing verse along :
He feels, he feels the power of song—
Ocean hastens to his bed :
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head :
Down his steep and shaggy side
The torrent rolls his thundering tide :
Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.
Flocks and herds the hills adorn :
The lark, high-soaring, hails the morn.
And while along yon crimson-clouded steep
The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
Hark ! the solemn nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale.
See, descending Angels shower
Heaven's own bliss on Eden's bower :
Peace on Nature's lap reposes ;
Pleasure strews her guiltless roses :
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with Innocence and Love.
Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd !
All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind !

They paus'd :—the monarch, prostrate on his bed,
Submissive, bow'd his head ;
Ador'd the works of boundless Power divine :

Then, anguish-struck, he cry'd, and smote his breast,
Why, why is peace the welcome guest
Of every heart but mine?

Now let the solemn numbers flow,
'Till he feel that guilt is woe.
 Heavenly harp, in mournful strain,
 O'er yon weeping bower complain:
 What sounds of bitter pangs I hear!
 What lamentations wound mine ear!
In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed:
 Peace with Innocence is fled.
 The messengers of Grace depart:
 Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart!
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhorr'd,
To shun that frowning cherub's fiery sword?—
 Lo!
 Hapless, hapless pair,
 Goaded by despair,
 Forlorn, thro' desert climes they go!
Wake, my lyre! can Pity sleep,
When Heaven is mov'd, and Angels weep!
 Flow, ye melting numbers, flow;
 Till he feel that guilt is woe.—

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish, torn,
Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.
 'The glowing youth,
 Bold in truth,

(So still should Virtue guilty power engage)

With brow undaunted met his rage.

See his cheek kindles into generous fire:

Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre;

And, while the doom of guilt he sings,

Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

What sounds of terror and distress

Rend yon howling wilderness!

The dreadful thunders sound;

The forked lightnings flash along the ground.

Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below?—

'Tis for Heaven's rebellious foe:—

Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,

Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die!—

They sink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries

In dreadful tumult rise!

Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear!

They lessen now, and lessen on the ear!

Now, destruction's strife is o'er!

The countless host

For ever lost!

The gulph is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no more!—

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate

Sinful man's appointed fate!

He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!

Clouds and darkness round him roll:

Tremble, earth! Ye mountains, nod!

He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.
The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,
He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world ;
 " Ruin, lift thy baleful head ;
 " Rouse the guilty world from sleep :
 " Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,
 " And burst the rocks that chain thee in the deep."—
 Now, th' impetuous torrents rise ;
 The hoarse-ascending deluge roars :
 Down rush the cataracts from the skies ;
 The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.
 Just, O God, is thy decree !
 Shall guilty man contend with thee ?
 Lo, Hate and Envy, sea-entomb'd,
 And Rage with Lust in ruin sleep ;
 And scoffing Luxury is doom'd
To glut the vast and ravenous deep !—
In vain from fate th' astonish'd remnant flies :—
 " Shrink, ye rocks ! Ye oceans, rise !"—
The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul ;
 Sea following sea ingulphs the ball :
O'er the sunk hills the wat'ry mountains roll,
 And wide Destruction swallows all :
Now fiercer let th' impassion'd numbers glow :
 Swell the song, ye mighty choir !
 Wing your dreadful darts with fire !
 Hear me, monarch !—Guilt is woe !—

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along
The deep impetuous torrent of his song ;

Saul, stung by dire despair,
Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair :
From his blood, by horror chill'd,
A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd :
Then, foaming with unutterable smart,
He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
His watchful train prevent the blow ;
And call each lenient balm to sooth his frantic woe :
But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld
His pride by Heaven's own terrors quell'd :
Then bade his potent lyre controul
The mighty storm that rent his soul.

Cease your cares : the body's pain
A sweet relief may find :
But gums and lenient balms are vain,
To heal the wounded mind.
Come, fair Repentance, from the skies,
O sainted maid, with up-cast eyes !
Descend, in thy celestial shroud,
Vested in a weeping cloud !
Holy guide, descend, and bring
Mercy from th' Eternal King !
To his soul your beams impart,
And whisper comfort to his heart !—

They come : O King, thine ear incline !
Listen to their voice divine :
Their voice shall every pang compose,
To gentle sorrow sooth thy woes ;

Till each pure wish to Heaven shall soar,
And Peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great command,
The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand :
Smooth'd is his brow, where sullen Care
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Despair :
No more his eyes with fury glow ;
But heavenly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.—
See, the signs of grace appear :
See the soft relenting tear,
Trickling at sweet Mercy's call !
Catch it, Angels, ere it fall !
And let the heart-sent offering rise,
Heaven's best-accepted sacrifice !—

Yet, yet again?—Ah see, the pang returns !
Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns !
Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain ;
Search the deep, heart-rending pain ;
Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
And quench the tortures of his soul.
Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere !
Let heavenly hope dispel each dark temptation !
And, while he pours the penitential tear,
O visit him with thy salvation !—

Stoop from Heaven, ye raptur'd throng :
Sink, ye swelling tides of song !

For lo! dissolv'd by Music's melting power,
Celestial Sorrow rolls her plenteous shower ;

O'er his wan cheek the colours rise,
And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.

Happy king, thy woes are o'er !

Thy God shall wound thy soul no more :

The pitying Father of mankind

Meets the pure-returning mind.

No more shall black Despair afflict his soul :

Each gentler sound, ye shepherds, now combine :

Sweetly let the numbers roll :

Sooth him into hope divine.

Now lowly let the rustic measure glide,

To quell the dark remains of self-consuming Pride ;

Till Nature's home-sprung blessings he confess,

And own that calm content is happiness.—

Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains !

Haunted grots, and living fountains !

Listen to your shepherd's lay,

Whose artless carols close the day.

Bounding kids around him throng ;

The steep rock echoes back his song :

While all unseen to mortal eye,

Sliding down the evening sky,

Holy Peace, tho' born above,

Daughter of Innocence and Love,

Quits her throne and mansion bright,

Her crown of stars, and robe of light,

Serene, in gentle smiles array'd,

To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
Hail, meek Angel! awful guest!
Still pour thy radiance o'er my breast!
Pride and Hate in courts may shine:
The shepherd's calm and blameless tent is thine!

Softly, softly breathe your numbers;
And wrap his weary'd soul in slumbers!
Gentle Sleep, becalm his breast,
And close his eyes in healing rest!
Descend, celestial visions, ye who wait,
God's ministring powers, at Heaven's eternal gate!
Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the silent realms of Sleep,
Exalt the just to joys refin'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind;
Descend!—Oh, waft him to the skies,
And open all Heaven's glories to his eyes!
Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
Where Light's unclouded fountains blaze;
Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
Intranc'd in ecstasy of ceaseless praise.
Angels, heal his anguish!
Your harps and voices join!
His grief to bliss shall languish,
When sooth'd by sounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows!
See, the blissful tear o'erflows!—

The fiend is fled!—Let Music's rapture rise:
Now Harmony, thy every nerve employ:
Shake the dome, and pierce the skies:
Wake him, wake him into joy.—

What power can every Passion's throne controul?
What power can boast the charm divine,
To still the tempest of the soul?
Celestial Harmony, that mighty charm is thine!
She, heavenly-born, came down to visit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all-creative Wisdom shone,
And spake fair Order into birth.
At Wisdom's call she rob'd yon glittering skies,
Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs to rise.
Angels rapt in wonder stood,
And saw that all was fair, and all was good.
'Twas then, ye sons of God, in bright array
Ye shouted o'er creation's day:
Then kindling into joy,
The morning stars together sung:
And thro' the vast ethereal sky
Seraphic hymns and loud hosannahs rung.

ODE XIV.

IN

PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC;

Performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on Friday, July 11, 1707.

PROBABLY WRITTEN

BY EDMUND SMITH, M. A.

MUSIC, soft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang
The morning stars their anthems sang,
And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The Seraphim, with the bright host
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worship before th' Eternal Shrine;

Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine,
The massy orb in which we sluggards move,
As if sequester'd from the arts divine:

Here's Music too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their matins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
E'er since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Muse
yield.

But stay, I hear, methinks, a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who say the Prophet's harp'er spoil'd the Poet's song!

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit ;
And in that safe and sweet retreat,
Amongst Apollo's sons, enquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there:
But sure so near the Thespian spring
The humblest bard may sit and sing :
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

ODE XV.

ARION.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

I.

QUEEN of each sacred sound, sweet child of air,
Who, sitting thron'd upon the vaulted sky,
Dost catch the notes which undulating fly,
Oft wafted up to thy exalted sphere,
On the soft bosom of each rolling cloud,
 Charming thy list'ning ear
With strains that bid the panting lover die :
Or laughing mirth, or tender grief inspire,
 Or with full chorus loud
Which lift our holy hope, or fan the hero's fire :
 Enchanting Harmony, 'tis thine to cheer
 The soul by woe which sinks opprest,
 From sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,
And on the bleeding wound to pour the balmy rest.

II.

'Twas when the winds were roaring loud,
And Ocean swell'd his billows high,
By savage hands condemn'd to die,

Rais'd on the stem the trembling Lesbian stood;
All pale he heard the tempest blow,
As on the watery grave below
He fix'd his weeping eye.
Ah! hateful lust of impious gold,
What can thy mighty rage withhold.
Deaf to the melting powers of Harmony!
But ere the bard unpitied dies,
Again his soothing art he tries,
Again he sweeps the strings,
Slowly sad the notes arise,
While thus in plaintive sounds the sweet musician sings.

III.

From beneath the coral cave
Circled with the silver wave,
Where, with wreaths of emerald crown'd,
Ye lead the festive dance around,
Daughters of Venus, hear, and save.
Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell
With mighty sounds the twisted shell;
And you, ye sister Syrens, hear,
Ever beauteous, ever sweet,
Who lull the list'ning pilot's ear
With magic song, and softly breath'd deceit.
By all the Gods who subject roll
From gushing urns their tribute to the main,
By him who bids the winds to roar,
By him whose trident shakes the shore,
e'er for you I raise the sacred strain

When pious mariners your power adore,
Daughters of Nereus, hear and save.

IV.

He sung, and from the coral cave,
Circled with the silver wave,
With pitying ear
The Nereids hear.
Gently the waters flowing,
The winds now ceas'd their blowing,
In silence listening to his tuneful lay.
Around the bark's sea-beaten side
The sacred dolphin play'd,
And sportive dash'd the briny tide:
The joyous omen soon the bard survey'd,
Nor fear'd with bolder leap to try the watery way.
On his scaly back now riding,
O'er the curling billow gliding,
Again with bold triumphant hand
He bade the notes aspire,
Again to joy attun'd the lyre,
Forgot each danger past, and reach'd secure the land.

ODE XVI.

ON

ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC,

BY GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

WHEN Father Orpheus wanted sport, he,
By touching his piano-forte,
Drew out his beasts by millions :
Hinds with high heads each other butted,
Pigs " en pas grave," like *** *** strutted,
Cows caper'd in cotillions.

Amphion too (though by the bye
This sounds extremely like a lye)
Could animate earth, air, and water,
Melt the hard hearts of brick and mortar,
Make stocks and stones so very supple,
They'd lead up ten or twenty couple ;
And grow, directed by their ears,
An house for pigs, or house for peers.

From hence, the lovers of antiquity
Do most maliciously assert
That Music, like a child that's rickety,
Is now degraded to the dirt,
And having lost the power to soar,
Is forc'd to creep upon all four :
Since not Giardini's self is able
To animate a chair or table ;
Nor give it the most distant notion
Of plain and simple loco-motion.

But now the ancients have been heard,
We moderns sure may speak a word.
That the old music and the new
Are very different—is true :
Nay, they so widely disagree,
You might as properly compare
The war-whoop of a Cherokee
To such a hoop as ladies wear.
But first. It seems extremely clear,
That Harmony, which stones could hear,
Was such as only stones could bear.
That David, with his boasted music,
Would now make any but a Jew sick ;
For sure 'twould cause a strange confusion
Still to begin with the conclusion :
E'en Aguiari's self would fail,
Spite of her boasted silver tail,
Should she in pity to the Jew,

Attempt to warble backwards too,
Your Messrs. Orpheus and Amphion,
With their confounded break-tooth words,
Might try their skill on beasts and birds,
Without a single bed to lie on.
For what might please the Greeks and Latins,
To our politer ears would sound
Just like an Abigail in pattens,
Parading o'er a stony ground.
Then for their instruments—you'll own,
They're far inferior to our own :
Unless they only chose to leave us
Those meanest instruments of chiming,
Tongs, pokers, marrow-bones, and cleavers,
And other followers of Hymen,
Basely condemning to the fire
The noble pipe, and nobler lyre.

Thus pedants, when we come to college,
With care suppress all useful knowledge ;
Whip us, whenever we presume
To think what ne'er was thought at Rome,
And punish with the same severity
Both our posteriors and posterity.

But to conclude—Where'er you range
Or to St. James's or the Change,
To Portman-square or Leadenhall,
We're Dilettantis one and all.

By Music's charms, like those of Circé,
You'll see all moving vice versa.
All, from the porter to the peer,
Or have, or think they have an ear,
Cits grow refin'd and spend their money,
And starve on soups and macaroni.
The roughest, rudest country squire
Deserts his pipe and parlour fire;
His tenants want the sçavoir vivre,
The parson puts him in a fever;
To harmony a convert grown,
He swears he only breathes in town.
Now for new miracles prepare—
Behold that punch-bowl in the air!
That shame to ancient Greece and Rome,
'Twas music rais'd the pensile dome,
'Twas she that form'd our proud Casinos,
Our rooms for concerts and festinos,
Our villas in St. George's fields,
White Conduit House, and Bagnigge Wells.
As she directs, the artists rear
The Crescent, oblong, or the square,
The octagon with sides so small,
And Circus with no sides at all;
With every angle charm our eyes
That e'er the most consummate skil
Of great Vauban, or greater Gill,
Has form'd for ramparts or minc'd pies.

My hand is tir'd, my Muse is mute,
So ladies, who have heard our suit,
Please to determine the dispute.

ODE XVII.

THE TROPHY:

IN SIX CANTATAS.

TO THE HONOR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND;

Expressing the just Sense of a grateful Nation, in the several Characters of

THE VOLUNTEER,		THE MUSICIAN,
THE POET,		THE SHEPHERD,
THE PAINTER,		THE RELIGIOUS.

BY BENJAMIN HOADLY, M.D.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. GREENE. 1746.

CANTATA I.

THE VOLUNTEER.

RECITATIVE.

DEEP in a forest's shadowy seat,
A youth enjoy'd his calm retreat,
Deaf to the din of civil rage,
And discord of the impious age;
When visionary sleep deprest
His drowsy lids, and thus alarm'd his rest:

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Two rival forms immensely bright
Appear'd, and charm'd his mental sight;
Honor and Pleasure seem'd descending,
On each her various train attending,
Of decent, sober, great, and plain,
Of gay, fantastic, loud, and vain,
With confident yet charming grace,
Pleasure first brake the silence of the place.

AIR.

Enjoy with me this calm retreat,
Dissolv'd in ease thine hours shall flow:
With love alone thy heart shall beat,
And this be all th' alarms you know:
Cares to sooth, and life befriend,
Pleasures on your nod attend.

CHORUS.

Cares to sooth, and life befriend,
Pleasures on your nod attend.

RECITATIVE.

Her decent front straight Honor shew'd,
Where mingled scorn and anger glow'd;
Contempt of Pleasure's flow'ry reign,
Enrag'd at all her abject train;
And thus in rapid strains exprest
The tumults of her honest breast:

AIR.

Rise, youth—thy country calls thee from thy shade ;
Behold her tears,
And hear her cries ;
Religion fears,
And Freedom dies,
Amid the horrors of War's dreadful trade.
Thy country groans: forego thy shade—
'Tis Honor calls thee to her aid.

CHORUS.

Thy country groans: forego thy shade—
'Tis Honor calls thee to her aid.

RECITATIVE.

The youth awoke—and starting wide,
Sleep, with its vision, left his side.
His soul th' idea fill'd alone :
The heroic form, the piercing tone
Of Honor on his memory play'd,
And all his heart confess'd the heav'nly maid.

AIR.

Sweet object of my choice,
Adieu, thou calm recess !
My bleeding Country's voice
Tears me from thy embrace.

From musing water-falls,
From shades and flow'ry meads,

'Tis virtuous Honor calls,
And princely WILLIAM leads.

From all a father's love,
From all a nation's care,
Behold where BRITAIN'S Jove
Sends forth his God of war:

'Gainst mountains cap'd with snows,
'Gainst foul Rebellion's rage
The willing Hero goes
Gigantic war to wage.—

The gen'rous heart what flow'ry scenes can please,
Or tempt to waste his youth in useless ease !

CHORUS.

The gen'rous heart what flow'ry scenes can please,
Or tempt to waste his youth in useless ease !

CANTATA II.

THE POET.

AIR.

GIVE me, indulgent Muse, to rove
The mazes of thy laurell'd grove,
To chuse a wreath for WILLIAM's brow
Above Sybilla's golden bough.

RECITATIVE.

I walk—I wander here and there—
How can I chuse, where all is fair?
This I prefer, and that refuse—
Guide me, my still-inspiring Muse,
I said, and pluck'd the chosen wreath:
Large drops of blood distill'd beneath;
A sigh now shook the weeping tree,
And thus a vocal sound
Brake from the recent wound,
And set the form of beauteous Daphne free.

AIR.

Coy Daphne you behold in me;
For William's sake I willing bleed.
No wreath but this from Phoebus' tree
Is worthy him who Britain freed.
Less fair was Phoebus' chace for unsought fame,
Be his the wreath, who woo'd and won the dame.

CANTATA III.

THE PAINTER.

AIR.

SWEET mimic thou of Nature's face,
Thy pencil take, thy color spread ;
On thy canvas curious trace
Every virtue, every grace,
That hovers round our WILLIAM's head.

RECITATIVE.

Let Victory before him fly,
And Fortitude with stedfast eye ;
Let Prudence with her mirror haste,
Studious of future by the past ;
With Industry in vigor blooming,
And Science knowing much, yet less assuming.
To group the piece, and swell the train,
With Hydra heads Rebellion draw,
Spouting at every vein
The blood of thousands slain ;
Thousands too few to glut her rav'nous maw :
Paint her panting, sinking, dying,
Paint her sons at distance flying ;
Paint Britannia full of smiles,
Scarce recover'd from her toils :

Paint Justice ready to avenge her pain,
Dragging the monster in her massy chain.
ear her paint Mercy crown'd : soft-smiling let her
stand,
With arm out-stretch'd to stop her just, determin'd
hand.

AIR.

Cease to declaim, the artist cries,
Of every virtue, every grace,—
See, by degrees the features rise :
Behold them all in WILLIAM's face.

CANTATA IV.

THE MUSICIAN.

RECITATIVE.

O VARIOUS power of magic strains,
To damp our joys and sooth our pains!
Every movement of the will
Obedient owns the artist's skill.

Thus in gay notes, and boastful words,
The master of the tuneful chords ;
But soon he found his boast was air,
His love still blasted with despair,
And Chloe cold, or seeming cold,
To all the tuneful tales he told.

AIR.

To love when he tun'd the soft lyre,
It sigh'd, and it trembled in vain ;
Tho' warm'd by his amorous fire,
The fair one ne'er answer'd his strain.

RECITATIVE.

Hear, cries the Artist, pow'r divine,
Great leader of the tuneful Nine ;
Teach thy votary to swell
With love-inspiring strains the shell,
Such as please my Chloe best,
And easiest glide into her breast.

AIR.

No more I woo in warbling strains,
No more I sing the lover's pains
 To cold and careless ears :
To warlike notes I tune the string,
The song to WILLIAM's praise I sing—
 The nymph with rapture hears.

CANTATA V.

THE SHEPHERD.

RECITATIVE.

BENEATH an oak's indulgent shade
A shepherd at his ease was laid ;
He pluck'd the bough, the wreath he wove,
Sacred to **WILLIAM**, and to **Love**,
And taught the vocal woods around
His name and **Delia's** to resound.

Of Peace restor'd the shepherd sung,
And Plenty smiling o'er the fields :
Of Peace restor'd the woodlands rung,
And all the sweets that quiet yields ;
Of Love he sung and **Delia's** charms,
And all restor'd by **WILLIAM's** arms.

RECITATIVE.

Driv'n from his native soil belov'd,
By cost and care not unimprov'd,
A northern swain himself betook
To rest, in that sequester'd nook.
One fav'rite lamb escap'd the spoil,
The only meed of all his toil ;
Which now, o'erspent, he drove before ;
Now fondling in his bosom bore.

He heard, and straight the cause requir'd,
With wonder more than envy fir'd.

AIR.

Say, swain, by what good power
Thou wing'st the fleeting hour,
With strains that wonder move,
And tell of ease and love;
While I by war's alarms
Am forc'd from safety's arms;
From home and native air,
And all their social care.
Say, swain, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Again, replied the swain, repair
To northern fields and native air;
Again thy kindly home review,
And all its social cares renew.
Within what cave, or forest deep,
To grief indulgent, or to sleep,
Hast thou escap'd the gen'ral joy,
Sweet gift of BRITAIN's fav'rite BOY?

AIR.

'Twas WILLIAM's toil this leisure gave,
By him I tune my oaten reed,
By him yon golden harvests wave,
By him these herds in safety feed:

Him shall our grateful songs declare
Ever to British shepherds dear.

DUET.

Him shall our grateful songs declare,
Ever to British shepherds dear.

CANTATA VI.

THE RELIGIOUS.

RECITATIVE.

HERE, tyrant Superstition, ugly fiend,
Harpy with an angel's face,
Monster in Religion's dress,
Thy impious pray'rs and bloody visions end.

Hence, with thy sister Persecution, go—
Hence with all her pleasing dreams
Of martyrs' groans, and virgins' screams,
The stretching rack, and horrid wheel,
Slow fires, and consecrated steel,
And every priestly implement of woe,
And every threaten'd tool of hoodwink'd zeal,
Ingenious Rome can find, or tortur'd Nature feel.

AIR.

From Britain's happier clime repair
To southern suns and slavish air—
To empty halls,
To midnight bells,
To cloister'd walls,
To gloomy cells,
Where moping Melancholy dwells—
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WILLIAM's name shall reach you there,
And sink your souls with black despair.

RECITATIVE.

The Hero comes, and with him brings
Fair Hope, that soars on Cherub's wings;
Firm Faith attends with stedfast eye,
Intent on things above the sky,
To mortal ken unknown; and she,
Meek and seemly, kind and free,
Ever hoping, still believing,
Still forbearing, still forgiving,
Greatest of the heavenly Three.

AIR.

Britons, join the godlike train,
Learn, that all but Truth is vain,
And to her lyre attune your joy:
No gifts so pure as those she brings,
No notes so sweet as those she sings,
To praise the heav'nly-favor'd Boy.

ODE XVIII.

FOR MUSIC.

ON OPENING THE NEW REGENT HOUSE AT THE PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, L.L.D. 1730.

GODDESS of the Brave and Wise,
On whose divided Empire wait
The martial triumphs of the Great,
And all the tuneful throng
That wake the vocal chord, and shape the flying song !
A while successive to thy trust
Let BRITAIN'S Genius, great and just,
The fate of Empires guard :
A while let Arts, thy other care,
To toils of Glory be preferr'd ;
And say, amidst the waste of war,
Did ever to thy wondering eyes
A fairer scene of triumph rise ?
Then swell the verse, and let it be
Sacred to Science, Harmony, and Thee.

Let widow'd Empires speak thy sterner sway,
The mouldering arch, the ruin large,

The column faithless to its charge,
And bitter waste that marks the Conqueror's way:
But be thy softer, better praise,
Be thine, and Music's toil to raise,
To mend the soul, and melt the heart:
Music! the Founder Art,
Music! the soul of Verse, and friend of Peace.

Who pois'd the well-tun'd spheres,
And led the chorus of the circling years,
When Chaos held distemper'd sway,
And jarring atoms, Cold and Heat,
The Light, the Grave, the Dry, the Wet,
In sullen discord lay?
'Twas Harmony, 'twas Builder Harmony:
'Twas Harmony compos'd this concert frame,
'Twas Harmony which upwards flung the active flame,
Prescrib'd the air in middle space to flow,
And bade the wave and grosser earth subside below.
Then all yon tuneful res:less Choir
Began their radiant journeys to advance,
And with unerring symphony to roll the central dance.

CHORUS.

Whilst we the measur'd song decree,
Builder Harmony, to thee,
Tune every chord, and every note inspire.

But hark! Amphion shakes the yielding strings,
And animated rocks around him throng,

The Marble from his veiny cavern springs,
The Flint forsakes his drowsy cell,
And, all obsequious to the potent spell,
Hears the commanding strings, and listens to the song.

'Twas, Cadmus, thine the elder fate,
To mould the infant growing state;
But Dirce still laments the fenceless shed,
Still Thebes inglorious rears her towerless head.

There wants the vocal Patriot yet
To make thy labors by his own complete,
And fix the Warrior's and the Muse's seat.

Now by the sweetly-plaintive lute,
Warbling broken faith and slighted love:
By the sprightly violin and mellow flute,
That teach the measur'd dance to move:
By the hallow'd fire,
That shakes the Prophet's harp, and strings the Poet's
lyre;

By the trumpet's loud alarms,
That rouse the nations up to arms:
By holy strains that deep-mouth'd organs blow,
To whom the pious use is given
To wing the silent glowing vow,
And waft the raptur'd saint to Heaven:
Be, MUSIC, thy peculiar care
To shed thy choicest blessings here;
Let every Muse and every Grace,
Soft-smiling Joy and rosy Peace,
And all the verdant, faithful train,

That wait thy balmy, happy reign,
With tuneful Seraphs guard the hallow'd place.

So when, at Britain's wide command,
The Austrian Eagle learns to fear,
The pile to thee shall sacred stand,
Thy genial empire founded here.
Then every arch, with faithful verse
Inscrib'd, shall joyfully rehearse
How Granta's arts with Britain's conquests swell:
Then thou, beneath her guardian wing,
To either praise shalt tune the string,
And Britain's glories shall inform the shell.

ODE XIX.

ON THE ARRIVAL AT CAMBRIDGE

OF HIS GRACE
THOMAS HOLLES, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,
CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY,
JUNE 14, 1753.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M.A.

FROM the moss-grown coral cave
Circled by the silver wave,
Where, to thy adoring eyes,
Oft thy laurel'd sons arise,
Father Camus, haste and hear!
Haste, hither haste, and to thy favorite mead
The blithesome band of sister Naiads lead!
For see! from rural joys and public cares,
From Esher's peaceful grove,
And Claremont's proud alcove,
From Freedom's council and Britannia's king,
Once more to thy Castalian spring
The guardian of the Muse repairs:
O'er yon embroider'd plain,
With patriots in his train,

Propt on thy sculptur'd urn behold him stray!
When Athens call'd, could Rome detain,
Or Tusculum delay?
Haste then, and hail the happy hour
That to thy fragrant bower,
To Granta and the Nine,
Such sons, such patriots gave, and made a Holles thine.

In some sequester'd shade,
Attended by the tuneful maid,
Pleas'd let me catch the plaintive song
Of all the sister arts that round him throng,
When, with a golden emblematic prize,
He decks each blushing youth,
Who conquer'd in the lists of fame,
By Science favor'd, and approv'd by Truth.
Since strength of genius far outvies
The body's brutal force,
Since one excursion of the mind exceeds
The swiftest sallies of victorious steeds,
Less glorious were the boughs,
Which, at the boasted Grecian games,
Adorn'd a Theron's or a Hiero's brows,
'Tho' Pindar's lofty lays immortalize their names.
From thee, great friend of virtue's cause,
What various blessings flow!
To thy unwearied zeal the Muses owe,
That, check'd with just control
By salutary laws,

Youth's rapid streams serenely roll,
For Discipline resumes her wide command,
And dauntless rules with unrelaxing hand.

Even now, aspiring to the sky,
A long-wish'd structure strikes my sight
With wonder and delight,
Piercing the vale of dark futurity !
For soon shall Camus' glassy stream
Reflect a rising dome,
Worthy Athens, worthy Rome,
Worthy Phoebus' blissful seat,
Worthy Pelham's lov'd retreat,
The Muse's glory, and the Poet's theme.

O Granta, with majestic mien
Advance, and hail the sacred scene !
Let Music leave her airy tower,
And breathe the softest strains ;
Let Fragrance quit her myrtle bower,
And range the flowery plains :
She shall her choicest incense shed
Round Holles' honor'd head,
While George's praises Music shall proclaim,
And warble to the groves their sovereign's name.

Shall we our tributary lays deny,
When he, still mindful of the Nine,
(Who long have left their native sky,

Charm'd with the glories of the Brunswick line)
Pours forth his treasures, to complete
The grandeur of their favorite seat;
And bids their domes with Parian lustre shine?
His bright example shall their sons inspire,
The great, the wealthy fire,
And raise to loftiest heights their towering fame.

O Camus, thro' thy laurel shade,
Tho' kings and statesmen oft have stray'd;
Tho' in these groves, with patriot hand,
Sage Burleigh bore the olive wand,
And on thy borders, crown'd with bay,
Eliza heard the Muse's lay;
Once more exalt thy ready brows, for see!
Tho' charg'd with Europe's fate,
The noble and the great,
The statesman and the prince, remember thee.

ODE XX.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MUSICAL CLUB IN
CAMBRIDGE, 1700.

BY SAMUEL COBB, M.A.

TO VENUS.

COME, Cytherea, from thy Paphian bower,
Bring every grace, and every smile,
To favor the Britannic isle,
And listen while we celebrate thy power.
Upon the dewy ground,
With flowery garlands crown'd,
Thy sweet Adonis lays his head,
With blushing roses round him spread,
And opening lilies for his bed.

Hark! he calls in Music's voice :
With amorous talk the prattling strings
Resound, and thy Adonis sings,
While the loud trumpet's sprightly noise
Wakes the brisk violin, and soft flute,
And manly viol to dispute
The conquest, and with triumph gains the cause.

CHORUS.

Come, Cytherea, come, we all agree,
That Love and Music make the world's sweet harmony.
Prolific Queen! from Heaven descend,
Mount thy gay chariot drawn by milky doves,
With all thy little troop of Loves,
Which fill thy train, thy court attend.
She comes! she comes! prepare the glorious way
With Music, and salute the day.
Her wanton sparrows first appear,
And celebrate the new-born year.
The lark repeats her lofty song;
And, stretching out her mounting wings,
By weary steps to Heaven she springs,
And strikes it with her tongue.
While the shrill linnet tunes her silver throat,
And Philomel instructs her warbling young
With melancholy note.

Venus obeys the signal sound:
She views the sunny hills around,
And from the sky descends to bless the pregnant
ground.
The groves erect their branchy heads;
And, when new liquid life she pours,
The healing plants and fragrant flowers
Rise from their humid beds.
Numidian lions feel her gentle power;

And, soften'd into tenderness and love,
Lay down their fierceness, and forget to roar,
When o'er the howling wilderness they rove,
 To seek their tawny paramour ;
 Th' untroubled ocean flows
 With a serener tide ;
Tritons above the waves, emergent, ride,
 And each his rattling coral blows.
Come, Goddess, and exert thy reign :
At thy approach large phocæe play,
 Submitting to thy easy sway ;
And all the scaly people of the main,
 Thee, sea-born Queen, obey.

Love like a subtle poison creeps
On man, and there his empire keeps.
Rise, Anthony, repair thy ruin'd fame,
 And waken to a nobler flame.
The trumpet calls thee, and the drum
Rattles ; Octavius and the Romans come,
 To find a second Actium.
Lo ! rous'd from his deep lethargy,
Horrid in steel the hero shines afar,
 Like Mars, when rushing to the war :
 But Venus smiles to see.
By Venus taught, th' Egyptian Queen prepares
 Softer music, tender airs.
Delighted Cupids clap their wings,
And temper all the magic strings.
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Down, down the melting lover lies,
Lull'd in th' enchanting sorceress's arms,
He feels the witchcraft of her eyes,
And true Egyptian charms.

What cannot Love and Music do ?
Love sent the Thracian bard down to the shades below,
When to his lute the savages he drew,
And rapid rivers ceas'd to flow.
Thrice Eurydice he cried :
Hell thrice Eurydice replied.
Then on the steep insuperable hill
The stone of Sisyphus stood still,
And Music stopp'd the running wheel.
He sung, and play'd ;
The Stygian Powers obey'd,
And from the pale infernal throng
Straight to his arms restor'd the beauteous shade,
So mighty was his love ! so wondrous was his song !

ODE XXI.

TO VENUS,

A RANT, 1732.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. HAYES.

BY THOMAS LISLE, D.D.

RECITATIVE.

O GODDESS, most rever'd above,
Bright parent of almighty Love,
Whose power th' immortal Gods confess,
Hear and approve my fond address !
In melting softness I thy doves outvie,
Then teach me like thy swans to sing and fly;
So I thy vot'ry will for ever be ;
My song, my life I'll consecrate to thee.

AIR.

Give me numbers strong and sweet,
Glowing language, pointed wit ;
Words that might a Vestal move,
And melt a frozen heart to love.
Bid, bid thy blind boy
All his vigor employ ;

On his wings would I soar up to fame :
'Tis but just, if he scorch
My breast with his torch,
In my wit too he kindle a flame.

RECITATIVE,

Trophies to Chastity let others raise,
In notes as cold as the dull thing they praise :
To rage like mine more sprightly themes belong ;
Gay youth inspires, and beauty claims my song ;
Me all the little Loves and Graces own ;
For I was born to worship them alone.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's rich, on him that's great :
Wealth and wisdom I despise ;
Cares surround the rich and wise.
No, no,—let love, let life be mine ;
Bring me women, bring me wine ;
Speed the dancing hours away,
And mind not what the grave ones say ;
Speed and gild them as they fly
With love and freedom, wit and joy ;
Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give 'em to the fools I hate.

ODE XXII.

THE PASSION OF SAPPHO.

BY MR. HARRISON.

HAIL, sacred Muse, and vocal shell,
That wont the joys of Love to tell !
Now turn your songs to mournful strains,
My joys are fled, my Love remains.
Wanton Cupid, idle toyer,
Pleasing tyrant, soft destroyer,
Do not thus my heart control ;
Phaon flies me far away,
Reason does renounce thy sway,
Yet contented I obey,
 Ever raging,
 Past assuaging,
Love possesses all my soul.

Beneath this sad and silent gloom
I waste my beauty, youth, and bloom ;
But not the shades that banish day
Drive Phaon's brighter form away ;

A youth so shap'd, with such a mien,
A front like that of Jove serene,
With sparkling eyes, and flowing hair,
And wit that ever charms the fair,
The spiteful Gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd him thus for my undoing :
O the soft transporting pleasure,
When we yield our virgin treasure ;
When we meet the joyous lover,
And an equal flame discover.
Nothing now to love denying,
Blushing, panting, melting, dying.
O the soft transporting bliss !
What is life—or fame to this ?
I rave, I rave, unhappy maid ;
That name my folly does upbraid :
To shame, remorse, and death betray'd,
What Power, what God can send relief ?
Sicilian virgins, shun the arts
Whence my misfortunes rise :
With ease my Phaon conquers hearts,
With ease neglects the prize.
I dream, or in some rival's arms,
Forgetful of my rifled charms,
I behold the perjur'd boy :
 Anguish waste,
 Lightning blast,
 Heaven forsake her,
 Hell o'ertake her,
 Ere she tastes the rising joy !

No ; let her triumph, let her prize
The faithless wretch, whom I despise ;
By his ingratitude set free,
I'll reap the sweet of liberty.

Mighty hero, could you leave me ?
Did my charmer hope to grieve me ?
Thus be all thy wishes blasted,
For no longer I adore thee ;
Had thy love one moment lasted,
Happy I had chang'd before thee.
Wander, Phaon : so will I,

Roving, ranging,

Ever changing,

Gay and airy,

Form'd to vary ;

I, to pain you,

Will disdain you,

And to nobler conquest fly.

Resentment, pride, and glowing shame,

Once guardians of my spotless fame,

By conquering Love though banish'd hence,

Again vouchsafe me your defence,

Assert an empire late your own,

And shake the tyrant on his throne :

Support me, aid me, for I feel

My fainting resolution reel.

Doubt, thou certain state of sorrow,

We lose to-day, to wait to-morrow ;

He may return, my Phaon may ;

I cheat myself, why does he stay ?

Shall Sappho, like a helpless maid,
Pine to death, of death afraid ?
I've tried all female arts in vain,
Dissembled scorn and false disdain ;
For oh ! with real grief opprest,
I burn, and tempests shake my breast.
O what torments wound my heart !
Gentle Death, in pity take me,
And perform thy grateful duty :
Since my Phaon does forsake me,
To thy arms I yield my beauty,
Kinder then than Cupid's dart.

ODE XXIII.

ALMAHIDE.

BY HENRY ST. JOHN,

AFTERWARDS LORD BOLINGBROKE.

LONG had I wander'd from the Muse's seat,
Where, ever present to the Poet's eyes,
A thousand grateful objects rise ;
Where all is gay, and all is sweet ;
Where when past images we find,
By Memory with these combin'd,
She from her store of fading sense can move,
And frame no fancy but of joy and love ;
Where every Muse, and every Grace resides,
The sacred temple where Apollo hides,
From the prophane or vulgar eyes,
His awful mysteries:
This blooming garden of the Delian God
Long since I left, new paths to try ;
On rough uneven ground I trod,
And sought the gloomy dark abode
Of Wisdom and Philosophy.
From hence escap'd, with joy to thee I come ;
Thee I re-visit, now my native home.

That magic land no more I'll tread,
Nor drink of those lethargic streams
That with their poison taint the blood,
And stop the sprightly purple flood;
That upward to the sickly head
Send lazy vapors, idle dreams.
Again I'll taste of the prophetic rill,
Which rises fast by the Pierian hill.
Phoebus all other nymphs forsook,
To chase Castalia, young and fair:
To bathe in her delightful waves,
All other waters now he leaves.
He loosens here his golden hair,
And plunges in the lucid brook.
Once the coy maid refus'd the grace,
And would not suffer his divine embrace:
Now, wiser grown, no more she'll fly,
But clasps the god, and hugs the naked deity.

As mariners their canvas wings distend,
Leaving the pole to every northern blast;
Southward their courses bend,
And, th' Arctic Circle past,
The Temperate Zone with pleasure meet,
With pleasure feel the growing heat;
And, as they nearer to him run,
Salute the long-abandon'd Sun:
Thus from the frozen skies,

Where once benumb'd she lay,
My Muse to milder regions flies,
And to Parnassus wings her way

Methinks, already in my heart
I feel a secret warmth arise,
Which thence diffus'd to every vital part,
Grows in my face, and sparkles in my eyes.
I see the summit of the hill
With spires of glory crown'd;
And nearer now I see the mound,
Such was Apollo's will,
Rais'd by the Muses, to keep off the crowd
Of thronging Poets, insolent and loud;
Wretches, whom though he deign not to inspire,
Would yet be plac'd among the golden choir.
Here Garth appears, to whom consign'd
The double charge of Health and Wit we find.
Apollo, griev'd to see his arts disgrac'd,
Physic and Poetry at once debas'd,
Their sacred ends, for public good design'd,
Perverted to destroy and plague mankind,
To Garth the double charge imparts,
Of living Verse, and healing Arts.
Him when the God resolv'd to send,
He bid Hygeia on his steps attend,
Bid every Muse and every Grace prepare
To warm the Bard with all their fires,
To join his song with all their lyres,
And make his matchless poem all their care.

But now arriv'd, I mount the sacred hill,
And joy and rapture all my senses fill.
My melancholy thoughts retire apace,
And fly like daemons from the place.
I feel, I feel the God return,
He takes possession of my breast,
And I with all his fury burn.
Again I feel the pleasing smart ;
Love fills his ancient throne, my heart ;
A charming tyrant, and a welcome guest.

I know you well, ye silent groves,
Conscious of my secret loves :
Tell me how often have I found,
Beneath your gentle shade,
In pensive act upon the ground,
The mournful STREPHON laid ;
Strephon, the glory of our British plains,
The wish of all the nymphs, and envy of the swains.
How often have I heard his charming voice
Through all the neighbouring hills resound,
While greedy echoes catch the sound,
And to repeat the heavenly notes rejoice !
With MIRA he begins his lays,
And ends them all in MIRA's praise ;
Nothing but MIRA dwells upon his tongue,
Charm of his heart, and subject of his song.
Her beauty and her verse alike succeed,
Nor can oblivion fear ;

For after-ages shall with rapture read
What we with rapture hear.
The powerful lute, on which the Thracian play'd,
Was by the Muses to the skies convey'd;
One more bright star shall in the field appear,
And Granville's pen adorn the glittering sphere.

But, soft! I hear
The sounding lyre,
And see! the God is near,
And all the tuneful choir.
I've reach'd the towering height,
'Tis here the Muses stay;
From hence I'll take my flight,
And wing my airy way.
Aloft my Muse and I will go,
She scorns to aim at little things,
At heroes, or at kings:
She cannot stoop so low.
To Almahide address thy song,
It does of right to her belong.
Soar like the Theban swan on high,
Nor be afraid to venture nigh
The flaming region of the sky.

Go on, my Muse, go on:
Boldly approach the Sun;
And from his chariot-wheel
Attempt to steal

The sacred fire
That does the Gods inspire.
Then may'st thou in immortal lays
A more than mortal Beauty praise.
Or should thy melting pinions fail,
And I precipitate descend;
Should my unlucky stars prevail,
And give my days this fatal end;
Yet in the monuments of Fame
I shall secure a lasting name;
And to have dar'd a thing so great
Will place me far above the power of fate.
Then when I draw my latest breath,
Should Almahide vouchsafe to smile,
That would compensate for my death,
And more than pay me for my toil.
Stay, foolish Muse, thy hurry stay?
Where will thy madness run?
To Almahide direct thy way,
And seek no other Sun.
'Tis she supplies,
With brighter eyes,
The distance of the God of Day.
When they are shut, in Britain then 'tis night,
And we eternal darkness fear;
But, when the radiant balls appear,
We feel their warmth, and bless the rising light.
Thus shall my theme my song inspire,
And heat my breast with double fire;

And thus my humble Genius raise
High as the Beauty that I praise.
Thus be my want of strength supplied !
Thus may she grant what Nature has denied !
I ask no inspiration but from Almahide.

In the world's early days,
When first Religion did appear ;
Religion, which has cost mankind so dear ;
When men began to raise
Gods to themselves, and then those Gods to fear,
Chose various Lords, and, tir'd of being free,
Of every Virtue fram'd a Deity :
Had Almahide been known,
Had she been born to shine,
'They had ador'd no other shrine,
And she had rul'd the globe alone.
All these perfections are in her combin'd,
The form of Venus, and Diana's mind ;
Her rays a lustre like the Sun's dispense,
And shed on all a bounteous influence.

A cruel glance from those fair eyes,
A word by her in anger spoke,
Gives more alarms
Than Jove in arms,
And swifter than his lightning flies,
And surer than his stroke.
Only below she could not dwell,
Or Hell would be no longer Hell.

At her approach the realms of woe
Would change their horrid face,
The burning flood forget to flow,
And Furies fly the place.
And see the lovely form appear
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Close to yon crystal stream the charmer lies.
Behold her, swains, behold her there ;
Impending branches shield the Fair,
And beds of camomile the beauteous burden bear.
See, how, reclining on the grass,
In this clear brook, her faithful glass,
First she collects her scatter'd hair,
Then in tresses,
As she dresses,
Places every flower that's gay,
Places all the pride of May,
Not to adorn, but to compare.
In vain with her's their brightest colors vie ;
The blushing rose
Its weakness knows,
And vanquish'd lilies own her victory.
Nor raises she her head, but, downward bent,
Approves her form, and, smiling, seems content.
Observe the troops of Loves
That swarm about the groves,
Lean on their wings, and hanging, in the air,
Mistake the nymph, and think their mother there.
Gently, sweet Zephyr, gently blow,

And make th' injurious mantle rise,
And wound our hearts, and please our eyes.
Unveil the nymph, dear wind, remove
Those clouds that hide this world of Love:
And see ! the friendly breeze obeys,

Saluting he betrays.

Oh, give her slave to know
That sea of milk, those hills of snow,
And all the blissful vales of joy below.
He would, but can no more disclose ;

Resisting robes oppose :

The thousand folds of that invidious vest
Inshrine their treasure and our sight arrest.

Corporeal eyes no farther reach :

But Fancy is not thus confin'd ;

Fancy can enter through the smallest breach,
And through the subtile plaits a passage find.

Thus having pierc'd the screen,

Fancy relates what she has seen,

And tires the soul while she instructs the mind.

Thus we, fond wretches, court our fate,

And when the pointed darts

Increase the pains we might abate,

And plunge them in our hearts ;

In vain we hope to find a cure,

No remedy is nigh :

Without relief we must endure,

And without pity die.

Fair Almahide gives love to all,
All that dare look her victims fall ;
But she herself receives from none,
Or, what's the same to me, from One :
One happy man that dwells within those arms
Tastes all her joys, and rifles all her charms ;
While dying crowds of Lovers stand,
And look, and gaze, and wish to share ;
But Virtue with her magic wand
Encircles round the happy pair.

Thus when the Moon on Latian Latmus lay,
And rapt in pleasure laugh'd her hours away,
Her beauty and her light to all mankind
Without distinction shin'd ;
But to Endymion was her love confin'd.

ODE XXIV.

ON

LYRIC POETRY.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT, BART.

I. I.

INMATE of smoaking cots, whose rustic shed,
Within this humble bed,
Her twittering progeny contains,
The swallow sweeps the plains,
Or lightly skims from level lakes the dew.
The ringdove, ever true,
In plaintive accents tells of unrelenting fate,
Far from the raven's croak, and bird of night,
That shrieking wings her flight,
When, at his mutter'd rite,
Hid in the dusky desert vale,
With starting eye, and visage pale,
The grimly wizard sees the spectres rise unholy;
But haunts the woods that held her beauteous mate,
And woos the echo soft with murmurs melancholy.

I. 2.

Sublime alone the feather'd monarch flies,
His nest dark mists upon the mountains shrowd;
In vain the howling storms arise,
When borne on outstretch'd plume aloft he springs,
Dashing with many a stroke the parting cloud,
Or to the buoyant air commits his wings,
Floating with even sail adown the liquid skies:
Then darting upward, swift his wings aspire,
Where thunders keep their gloomy seat,
And lightnings, arm'd with Heaven's avenging ire.
None can the dread artillery meet,
Or through the airy region rove,
But he who guards the throne of Jove,
And grasps the flaming bolt of sacred fire.

I. 3.

Know, with young Ambition bold,
In vain, my Muse, thy dazzled eyes explore,
Distant aims, where wont to soar,
Their burning way the kindling spirits hold.
Heights too arduous wisely shun;
Humbler flights thy wings attend;
For Heaven-taught Genius can alone ascend
Back to her native sky,
And with directed eagle eye
Pervade the lofty spheres, and view the blazing sun.

II. 1.

But hark! o'er all the flower enamell'd ground
What music breathes around!

I see, I see the virgin train
Unlock their streams again,
Rolling to many a vale their liquid lapse along,
While at the warbled song
Which holds entranc'd Attention's wakeful ear,
Broke are the magic bands of iron Sleep.
Love, wayward child, oft wont to weep,
In tears his robe to steep
Forgets; and Care that counts his store,
Now thinks each mighty business o'er;
While sits on ruin'd cities, War's wide-wasting glory;
Ambition, ceasing the proud pile to rear,
And sighs, unfinish'd leaving half her ample story.

II. 2.

Then once more, sweet enthusiast, happy lyre,
Thy soothing solace deign awhile to bring.
I strive to catch the sacred fire,
And wake thee emulous on Granta's plain,
Where all the Muses haunt his hallow'd spring,
And where the Graces shun the sordid train,
Scornful of Heaven-born arts which thee and peace
inspire :
On life's sequester'd scenes they silent wait,
Nor heed the baseless pomp of power,
Nor shining dreams that crowd at Fortune's gate;
But smooth th' inevitable hour
Of pain, which man is doom'd to know,
And teach the mortal mind to glow
With pleasures plac'd beyond the shaft of Fate.

II. 3.

But, alas ! th' amusive reed
Ill suits the lyre that asks a master's hand,
And fond fancies vainly feed
A breast that life's more active scenes demand.
Sloth ignoble to disclaim
'Tis enough : the lyre unstring.
At other feet the victor palm I fling
In Granta's glorious shrine ;
Where crown'd with radiance divine,
Her smiles shall nurse the Muse: the Muse shall lift
her fame.

ODE XXV.

THE POWER OF POETRY.

BY EDW. ROLLE, B.D.

I.

WHEN tuneful Orpheus strove by moving strains
To sooth the furious hate of rugged swains,
The list'ning multitude was pleas'd,
 Ev'n Rapine dropt her ravish'd prey,
'Till by the soft oppression seiz'd,
 Each savage heard his rage away :
And now o'ercome, in kind consent they move,
And all is harmony, and all is love !

II.

Not so, when Greece's chief by Heav'n inspir'd,
With love of arms each glowing bosom fir'd :
 But now the trembling soldier fled,
 Regardless of the glorious prize ;
And his brave thirst of honor dead,
 He durst not meet with hostile eyes ;
Whilst glittering shields and swords, war's bright array,
Were either worn in vain, or basely thrown away.

III.

Soon as the hero, by his martial strains,
Had kindled virtue in their frozen veins :
Afresh the warlike spirit grows,
Like flame, the brave contagion ran ;
See in each sparkling eye it glows,
And catches on from man to man !
'Till rage in every breast to fear succeed ;
And now they dare, and now they wish to bleed !

IV.

With different movements fraught were Maro's lays,
Taught flowing grief, and kind concern to raise :
He sung Marcellus' mournful name !
In beauty's, and in glory's bloom,
Torn from himself, from friends, from fame,
And rapt into an early tomb !
He sung ; and sorrow stole on all,
And sighs began to heave, and tears began to fall !

V.

But Rome's high empress felt the greatest smart,
Touch'd both by nature, and the poet's art :
For as he sung the mournful strain,
So well the hero's portraiture he drew,
She saw him sicken, fade again,
And in description bleed anew.

Then pierc'd, and yielding to the melting lay,
She sigh'd, she fainted, sunk, and died away.

VI.

Thus numbers once did human breasts control.
Ah ! where dwells now such empire o'er the soul ?

Transported by harmonious lays,
The mind is melted down, or burns:
With joy o'er Windsor forest strays,
Or grieves when Eloisa mourns :
Still the same ardor kindles ev'ry line,
And our own POPE is now what VIRGIL was, divine.

ODE XXVI.

ON THE PLEASURE OF POETRY.

BY MR. VANSITTART.

I.

HAPPY the babe whose natal hour
The Muse propitious deigns to grace,
No frowns on his soft forehead low'r,
No cries distort his tender face ;
But o'er her child, forgetting all her pangs,
Insatiate of her smiles, the raptur'd parent hangs.

II.

Let statesmen on the sleepless bed
The fate of realms and princes weigh,
While in the agonizing head
They form ideal scenes of sway ;
Not long, alas ! the fancied charms delight,
But melt, like spectre forms, in silent shades of night.

III.

Ye heavy pedants, dull of lore,
Nod o'er the taper's livid flame ;
Ye misers, still increase your store ;
Still tremble at the robber's name :

Or shudd'ring from the recent dream arise,
While visionary fire glows dreadful to your eyes.

IV.

Far other joys the Muses show'r,
Benignant, on the aching breast ;
'Tis theirs, in the lone, cheerless hour,
To lull the lab'ring heart to rest :
With bright'ning calms they glad the prospect debar,
And bid each groan subside, and dry up every tear.

V.

From earthly mists, ye gentle Nine !
Whene'er you purge the visual ray,
Sudden the landscapes fairer shine,
And blander smiles the face of day ;
Ev'n Chloe's lips with brighter vermil glow,
And on her youthful cheek the rose-buds fresher blow.

VI.

When Boreas sounds his fierce alarms,
And all the green-clad nymphs are fled,
Oh! then I lie in Fancy's arms,
On fragrant May's delicious bed ;
And through the shade, slow-creeping from the dale,
Feel on my drowsy face the lily-breathing gale.

VII.

Or on the mountain's airy height
Hear Winter call his howling train,
Chas'd by the Spring and Dryads light,
That now resume their blissful reign :

While smiling Flora binds her Zephyr's brows
With every various flow'r that Nature's lap bestows.

VIII.

More potent than the Sibyl's gold
That led Aeneas' bold emprise,
When you, Calliope, unfold
Your laurel branch, each phantom flies !
Slow Cares with heavy wings beat the dull air,
And Dread, and pale-ey'd Grief, and Pain, and black
Despair.

IX.

With you Elysium's happy bow'rs,
The mansions of the glorious dead,
I visit oft, and cull the flow'rs
That rise spontaneous to your tread ;
Such active virtue warms that pregnant earth,
And heav'n with kindlier hand assists each genial birth.

X.

Here oft I wander through the gloom,
While pendent fruit the leaves among
Gleams through the shade with golden bloom,
Where lurk along the feather'd throng,
Whose notes th' eternal spring unceasing cheer,
Nor leave in mournful silence half the drooping year.

XI.

And oft I view along the plain
With slow and solemn steps proceed
Heroes and chiefs, an awful train,
And high exalt the laurell'd head ;

Submit I honor every sacred name,
Deep in the column grav'd of adamantinè fame.

XII.

But cease, my Muse, with tender wing,
Unfledg'd, ethereal flight to dare,
Stern Cato's bold discourse to sing,
Or paint immortal Brutus' air;
May Britain ne'er the weight of slav'ry feel;
Or bid a Brutus shake for her his crimson steel!

XIII.

Lo! yonder negligently laid
Fast by the stream's impurpled side,
Where through the thick-entangled shade,
The radiant waves of nectar glide,
Each sacred Poet strikes his tuneful lyre,
And wakes the ravish'd heart, and bids the soul aspire.

XIV.

No more is heard the plaintive strain,
Or pleasing Melancholy's song,
Tibullus here forgets his pain,
And joins the love-exulting throng:
For Cupid flutters round with golden dart,
And fiercely twangs his bow at every rebel heart.

XV.

There stretch'd at ease Anacreon gay;
And on his melting Lesbia's breast,
With eye half-rai'd, Catullus lay,
And gaz'd himself to balmy rest:

While Venus' self through all the am'rous groves
With kisses fresh distill'd supply'd their constant loves.

XVI.

Now Horace' hand the string inspir'd ;
My soul, impatient as he sung,
The Muse unconquerable fir'd,
And heavenly accents seiz'd my tongue :
Then lock'd in admiration sweet I bow'd,
Confess'd his potent art, nor could forbear aloud.

XVII.

Hail, glorious Bard ! whose high command
A thousand various strings obey,
While joins and mixes to thy hand
At once the bold and tender lay !
Not mighty Homer down Parnassus steep
Rolls the full tide of verse so clear, and yet so deep.

XVIII.

O could I catch one ray divine
From thy intolerable blaze !
To pour strong lustre on my line,
And my aspiring song to raise ;
Then should the Muse her choicest influence shed,
And with eternal wreaths entwine my lofty head.

XIX.

Then would I sing the sons of Fame,
Th' immortal chiefs of ancient age,
Or tell of Love's celestial flame,
Or ope fair Friendship's sacred page,
And leave the sullen thought and struggling groan,
To take their watchful stands around the gaudy throne.

ODE XXVII.

ON THE
INSTITUTION OF A SOCIETY
IN, LIVERPOOL,
FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
DESIGNING, DRAWING, PAINTING, &c
DECEMBER 17, 1773.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Quel présage pour Polhimnie !
La gloire des dieux du pinceau,
A la reine de l' harmonie
Annonce un triomphe nouveau
---Par des reciproques secours
Augmentant leur clarté féconde
Les astres éclairent le monde
Sans se combattre dans leur cours. GRESSET.

FROM climes where Slavery's iron chain
Has bound to earth the soaring mind,
Where Grecia mourns her blasted plain
To want and indolence resign'd ;
From fair Italia's once lov'd shore,
(The land of Freedom now no more)

Disdainful of each former seat,
 The Arts, a lovely train, retreat:
 Still prospering under Freedom's eye,
 With her they bloom, with her they fly;
 And when the Power transferr'd her smile
 To Albion's ever grateful isle,
 The lovely Fugitives forgot to roam,
 But rais'd their altars here, and fix'd their happier home.

Swift fly the hovering shades of Night,
 When bursts the orient dawn of Day;
 As swift before their mental light
 The clouds of Ignorance decay.
 First came the Muse—her great design

~~Each dull sensation to refine;~~
 To plant in every rugged breast
 The seeds of Genius and of Taste;
 To bid the heart expand with woe,
 Or with the great example glow,
 Or smile along the sportive page,
 Or shrink at Satire's pointed rage;
 Thro' Fancy's realms the wondering mind to bear,
 And for her sister Arts an easier path prepare.

Of power to still the raging deep,
 To damp the gay, to warm the cold,
 To bid the steel-ribb'd warrior weep,
 And make the trembling dastard bold,
 To free the slave, the world to tame,
 Queen of the Spheres, next Music came;—

Her strains can every care control,
And waft to heaven the list'ning soul;
Can every soft affection move,
And tune the amorous pulse to love:
Now chaste and rapturous joys inspire,
Pure as the vestal's sacred fire;
Now loud and dreadful swell the strong alarms,
Foment the thirst of blood, the glorious rage of arms.

Next came the Power, in whom conjoin'd
Their different excellence is shewn;
Yet sweetly blended, and combin'd
With charms peculiarly her own.
Beneath the great Creator's eye,
'Twas she with azure spread the sky;
And when Creation first had birth,
In happiest hues array'd the earth:
Still varying in each varied scene,
Bedeck'd the smiling meads with green,
Blush'd in the flower, and ting'd the fruit,
More lovely still as more minute;
O'er every part the veil of beauty cast,
In heav'nly colors bright, thro' numerous years to
last.

Hers is the glowing bold design,
The just and lessening perspective,
The beauties of the waving line,
And all the pencil's power can give.

'Tis true—the Bard's harmonious tongue
May draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Describe the dreadful scenes of war,
The crested helm, the rattling car ;
The generous thirst of praise inspire,
And kindle Virtue's sacred fire :
Yet still may Painting's glowing hand
An equal share of praise command ;
In every province claim her mingled part,
The wondering sense to charm, or moralize the heart.

Majestic, nervous, bold, and strong,
Let Angelo with Milton vie ;
Oppos'd to Waller's amorous song,
His art let wanton Titian try ;
Let great Romano's free design
Contend with Dryden's pompous line ;

**And chaste Correggio's graceful air
With Pope's unblemish'd page compare ;
Lorraine may rival Thomson's name ;
And Hogarth's equal Butler's fame :
For still where-e'er th' aspiring Muse
Her wide, unbounded flight pursues,
Her Sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
And gives her favorite names to grace the rolls of time.**

When just degrees of shade and light
Contend in sweetest harmony,
Then bursts upon the raptur'd sight
The silent Music of the eye.

Bold, as the Base's deeper sound,
We trace the well imagin'd ground;
Next in the varying scenes behind,
The sweet melodious Tenor find;
And as the soft'ning notes decay,
The distant prospect fades away:
Their aid if mingling colors give,
To bid the mimic landscape live;
The visual concert breaks upon the eyes,
With every different charm which Music's hand supplies.

If, torn from all we hold most dear,
The tedious moments slowly roll,
Can Music's tenderest accents cheer
The silent grief that melts the soul?
Or can the Poet's boasted art
The healing balm of peace impart?
—Ah, no!—'Tis only Painting's pow'r
Can sooth the sad, the painful hour;
Can bring the much lov'd form to view,
In features exquisitely true;
The sparkling eye, the blooming face,
The shape adorn'd with every grace,
To Nature's self scarce yield the doubtful strife,
Swell from the deep'ning shade, and ask the gift of
life.

By slow degrees, the Muse's skill
A just conception must impart;

Bend by degrees the stubborn will ;
Touch by degrees the harden'd heart ;
To aid the task whilst Memory joins,
And every wand'ring thought combines ;
Collecting then the beauteous whole,
She gives th' idea to the soul :
But when with happiest nature warm,
The Artist spreads his pictur'd charm,
At once we feel th' accomplish'd thought,
At once the great effect is wrought :
Nor only to the judging few confin'd,
It strikes each artless eye, and speaks to every mind.

In all the force of language drest,
But faintly moves the feeble strain ;
But to the faithful sight exprest,
The story thrills thro' every vein.
Friend of the Arts, when Caesar bled,
Soon as the murd'rous tidings spread,
Each Roman heav'd a sigh sincere,
Each hardy veteran dropp'd a tear :
But when to public view confest,
High wav'd the hero's blood-stain'd vest,
A generous phrensy seiz'd the throng,
Revenge was heard from every tongue ;
Thence every nervous arm fresh vigour drew,
Bright gleam'd the vengeful steel, and dreadful fire-
brands flew.

O Queen of Heaven's unnumber'd dyes!
Whose skill, with various pow'r replete,
Can bid the swift ideas rise,
Of tender, beauteous, strong, and great!
For thee in mutual bands we join;—
Nor thou the fond attempt decline;
But to our longing sight display
Some sparks of thy celestial ray:
And if beneath a rough disguise
The latent gem of Genius lies,
Do thou impart thy friendly aid,
Thy loveliest polish o'er it spread;
So shall its beams, with genuine lustre bright,
Pour radiance on thine head, who call'd it first to light.

And ye, with wealth profusely blest,
The substitutes of Pow'r supreme,
To cheer the heart by grief deprest,
And cherish Virtue's sacred flame;
To us your generous cares extend;
The suppliant train of Arts befriend:
Nor think, to Misery's claims unjust,
You misapply your sacred trust;
Or, whilst you bid the Genius rise,
Your noble task neglected lies:
For still the breast where Genius glows,
A sense of moral beauty knows;
Endu'd with gifts above the crowd to shine, [divine.
The judge of Nature's works, and Virtue's charms
Vol. XVIII.

ODE XXVIII.

ON

LE MOINE'S PAINTING

OF THE ANNUNCIATION, AT WINCHESTER CHAPEL.

BY GLOSTER RIDLEY, LL.D.

THE pencil's magic force I sing,
Be present all ye tuneful powers;
Let every Muse assistance bring,
And open her poetic stores:
Come, all ye charms of verse, and let my lays
Be perfect, as the subject of my praise.

Let every grace my speech combine,
Let elegance with strength unite,
To furnish out the great design,
And place it in the fairest light.
Then like the beauteous piece shall be my song,
Bright without blaze, and with correctness strong.

But, oh! Le Moine, what powerful skill
Thy pencil's lively strokes can trace!

Who can the hardy task fulfil,
And imitate each nameless grace ?
Who so expressly, with such rich design,
As thou dost Nature's works, can copy thine ?

Who can like thee, with daring hand,
The bright aetherial herald paint,
Descending at his God's command,
To hail with joy the virgin saint !
Should angels e'er again their heaven forsake,
Surely this form they would delight to take.

How does the beauteous figure please,
Form'd by thy pencil's nicest care !
Behold with what a graceful ease
Lightly it seems to hang in air :
Whilst his expressive hand aloft he rears,
And, by his action, speaks the news he bears.

The Virgin, bending to the earth,
With reverence the great guest receives,
Hears of Messiah's glorious birth,
And, rapt with ecstasies, believes :
How plainly do we read each thought exprest !
How her eyes shew th' emotions of her breast !

See o'er her sacred face display'd
A doubtful glimpse of joy appears,
Which faintly dawns, then seems to fade,
Corrected by an awful fear :

Thus often a fair sky uncertain lours,
Begins to shine, and then descends in showers.

Who then can worthily admire
That artful hand, that skill divine,
Which thus makes contraries conspire,
And disagreeing passions join?
Love, fear, joy, grief, in sweet confusion thrown,
Are by thy pencil blended here in one.

Thus gather'd to the crystal glass
Repair the many-color'd rays,
Together through the convex pass,
And weave themselves into a blaze;
Till, at the last, the various dyes unite,
And form one undistinguish'd stream of light.

Thou, wondrous Painter, whence this art,
From whence this power didst thou derive,
Thus, like **Prometheus**, to impart
Breath to thy work, and bid it live?
How couldst thou ~~thus~~ the pointed form inspire,
But that, like ~~him~~, from heaven thou steal'st thy fire!

Still, as I gaze, fresh charms arise,
New beauties open to my sight,
Distract me with the sweet surprise,
And dazzle with excess of light:
I think this moment I have view'd them o'er,
But the next moment set as many more.

Oh ! may the piece, unhurt by age,
To latest years preserve its grace !
Never may Time's devouring rage
Thy noblest work, Le Moine, deface !
But thus the firm memorial let it stand
Of Burton's generous mind, and thy creating hand !



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ODES.

CLASS THE TENTH.



ODES

CLASS THE TENTH.

ODE I.

TO

THE CREATOR.

FROM EUPOILIS.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

AUTHOR of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fulness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound:
Whether thee thy suppliants call
Truth, or good, or one, or all,
EI or IAO; Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail,
Grecian or barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same.
Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;

Thee, when sweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away ;
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,
And teach the world to praise and love.
Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
Earth on its firm basis plac'd,
And with circling waves embrac'd,
All creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,
Sea, earth, and air, confess the God :
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.
Scarce can our daring thoughts arise
To thy pavilion in the skies ;
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
Barren above thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train,
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in thy sight :
(For thee their silver harps are strung,)
Ever beauteous, ever young ;
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And through Heaven's arch resound thy praise.
The feather'd fowls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there,
The lark, sweet herald of their choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,

Listen and learn ; th' angelic notes
Repeating in their warbling throats :
And ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below :
On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The evening anthem swells their breast.
Thus, like thy golden chain on high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.
Source of light, thou bidst the sun
On his burning axle run ;
The stars like dust around him fly,
And show the area of the sky.
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move ;
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,
Imparted lustre ; thus we see
The solar virtue shines by thee.
EIRESIONE we'll no more,
Imaginary power, adore ;
Since oil, and wool, and cheering wine,
And life-sustaining bread are thine.
Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains ;
The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
Rises pregnant from the ground ;
At thy command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.

Minerva only is thy mind,
Wisdom and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
Herb, and flower, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
For food, for med'cine, or delight :
Planted by thy parent care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.
O ye nurses of soft dreams,
Reedy brooks, and winding streams,
Or murmuring o'er the pebbles shoen,
Or sliding thro' the meadows green,
Or where thro' matted sedge you creep,
Travelling to your parent deep :
Sound his praise, by whom you rose,
That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.
O ye immortal woods and groves,
Which th' enamour'd student loves ;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
For thought and friendly converse made,
Fam'd HECATEM, old hero, lies,
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And through the gloom of silent night
Projects from far its trembling light ;
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow ;
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend :

Cedars and pines that wave above,
And mighty oaks belov'd of Jove;
Omen, monster, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!
Whether various nature play,
Or reinvers'd thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Laugh, ye prophane, who dare despise
The threatening vengeance of the skies,
Whilst the pious, on his guard,
Undismay'd is still prepar'd:
Life or death, his mind's at rest,
Since what thou send'st must needs be best.
No evil can from thee proceed:
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.
Darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone:
Then does night obscene arise
From Erebus, and fill the skies,
Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing, and of shade.
Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare!
Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
That dar'd old Ocean's power deride;
Their shipwrecks strew'd th' Eubean wave,
At Marathon they found a grave.

O ye blest Greeks who there expir'd,
For Greece with pious ardor fir'd,
What shrines or altars shall we raise
To secure your endless praise ?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die ?
And yet a greater hero far
(Unless great Socrates could err)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown instructor, come !
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room ;
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,
Of Jove and thee we are the care.
O father, king, whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all thy race,
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore :
Nor vainly for thy help we call ;
Nor can we want : for thou art all !

ODE II.

TO
THE SUPREME GOD.

FROM CLEANTHES,

BY SAMUEL BOWDEN, M.D.

GREAT Father of the skies, whose boundless sway
Both Gods above and worlds below obey.
Thy laws sustain the universal frame,
Various thy titles, but thy power the same.
Hail, sovereign Jove! all nations shall address
Their songs to thee, who gave them tongues to bless.
Behold thy image grovelling on the earth,
Faint echoes of thy voice, which gave us birth:
Then back will I reflect thy praises still,
And sing the wonders of almighty skill.
The wide expanse of yon ethereal plain,
And all below, is subject to thy reign.
The forked lightnings, which, with double glare,
Sublimely wave, and linger in the air,
From thy dread arm with pointed fury fly,
And, ting'd with ruddy vengeance, sweep the sky.

The ray divine o'er all the frame presides,
Glow in the sun, and in the ocean glides.
From thee each atom of creation springs ;
Hail ! great support of all inferior things !
The orbs above, and floating seas below,
Move by thy laws, and by thy influence flow :
All, rang'd in order, know their destin'd place,
All but the mad, degenerate human race :
But thou can'st order from confusion bring,
Bid peace from discord, good from evil spring :
And when all nature frowns, and nations jar,
Set calms in storms, and harmony in war.
Great Jove so justly fram'd the earthly ball,
That universal good results from all ;
While common sense still shines with certain ray,
And thro' the seeming maze points out the way ;
Yet thoughtless men, to this blest convoy blind,
Court the wild dictates of a restless mind ;
Perversely fly the universal light,
And the sweet voice of heavenly Reason slight.
Unhappy men ! who toil and hunt for bliss,
But the plain road of sacred wisdom miss :
Led by this constant, this unerring guide,
Through flowery paths man's life would smoothly
glide :
But urg'd by passion, heedless we pursue
The first mad pleasures that invite the view.
Some avarice and sordid taste inspire,
Ambition some, and fame's ungovern'd fire ;

Soft luxury some, and Cyprian charms delight,
While all rush forward to the heaven in sight.
But thou, who thunderest in the vault above,
Correct these vain desires, O bounteous Jove!
Let god-like reason in our bosoms dwell,
And from weak minds this lunacy expel;
A ray of wisdom on our souls bestow,
By which thou rul'st all nature's scene below:
Then with devotiou fir'd, we'll hail thee King,
And in eternal songs thy wonders sing.
No greater good can men or Gods attend,
Than at thy throne with prostrate hearts to bend.

ODE III.

FROM THE SAME

ADDRESS OF CLEANTHES.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd !
Divinity supreme ! all-potent Lord !
Aut ! or of nature ! whose unbounded sway
And legislative power all things obey !
Majestic Jove ! all hail ! To thee belong
The suppliant prayer and tributary song :
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due ;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew ;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire ! is thine,
Embodied portions of the soul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
'Thro' all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.

Such is the awe impress on nature round
When thro' the void thy dreadful thunders sound.
Those flaming agents of thy matchless power
Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reason which, through all convey'd,
Informs this general mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth encircling floods,
Nor yon etherial pole, the seat of Gods,
Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine ;
Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine !
Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
And in the shoreless sea of folly lost ;
But thou what vice disorders can'st compose,
And profit by the malice of thy foes :
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As thence to model one harmonious whole :
One universal law of truth and right ;
But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light ;
And, though to bliss directing still their choice,
Hear not, or heed not Reason's sacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to solid good.
Thence, quitting Virtue's lovely paths, they rove
As various objects various passions move.
Some through opposing crowds and threat'ning war
Seek Power's bright throne, and Fame's triumphal car.
Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain :

While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great Father, thunder-ruling God !
Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode !
Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend !
The clouds of vice and folly, O controul,
And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul !
Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
Thy justice rules this universal frame.
That honor'd with a portion of thy light,
We may essay thy goodness to requite
With honorary songs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
The proper task of man ; and sure to sing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king
Is bliss supreme. Let Gods with mortals join !
The subject may transport a breast divine.

ODE IV.

TO VIRTUE.

FROM ARISTOTLE'S PAEAN.

BY THOMAS NEVILLE, M.A.
OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HAIL, VIRTUE! Goddess! sovereign good,
By man's bold race with pain pursued!
Where'er thou dart'st thy radiant eye,
Greece sees her sons with transport fly;
Danger before thee disappears,
And Death's dark frown no terror wears.

II.

So full into the breast of man descends
Thy rich ambrosial shower;
A shower, that gold, that parents far transcends,
Or, sleep's soft-soothing power.

III.

By thee ALCIDES soar'd to fame,
Thy influence LEDA's twins proclaim:

Heroes for thee have dauntless trod
The dreary paths of hell's abode;
Fir'd by thy form, all beamy bright,
Atarneus' nursling left the light.

IV.

His deeds, his social love (so will the Nine,
Proud to spread wide the praise
Of friendship and of friendly Jove) shall shine
With ever-living rays.

ODE V.

FROM ARISTOTLE'S
PAEAN TO VIRTUE.

BY THE REVEREND
R. SHEPHERD, D.D.

VIRTUE, stern Tutress, hail!
Hail thou, whose guidance trains
In life's rough paths the delegated youth ;
Each thought, each enterprising deed arraigns
At the tribunal of impartial Truth :
What charms attractive grace thy modest mien,
Or in Religion's snow-white veil,
Or unstain'd robes of Honor drest ;
Thy eye how bold, yet mild ; how rigid, yet serene !
Thine, virgin, was the genial fire
That glow'd in each heroic breast ;
And prompted to aspire,
On Merit's field to win an honor'd name
In the bright annals of distinguish'd fame :

Bade them the deathless crown of Glory seize;
The crown, that, cull'd from Labor's arduous grove,
The sister Graces for his temples wove,
Who dar'd, amidst a loose and venal state,
Look down superior to th' alluring bait,
And spurn the sluggard bed of downy ease.

II.

O say, what soul-supporting thought
In that dread hour inspir'd th' Athenian sage;
When, victim to a faction's rage,
Unmov'd he quaff'd the fatal bowl:
Thy influence fortified his soul,
And tempered to his taste the bitter draught.
Robed in Religion's purer vest,
Whilst every heighten'd charm more fair appeared,
Martyrs thy consecrated form confessed.
Hail'd Truth's bright dictates, and thy power revered.
Nor lure, nor threats their fixt resolves could shake,
For thee they soared above the narrow views,
The scenes that more contracted minds amuse,
And smil'd amidst the tortures of the stake.

III.

Estrang'd from Pleasure's soft embrace,
Whoe'er aspires in Glory's race
By proof of many a noble deed
To win the prize for him decreed
Who Virtue's height attains;
His name the Muse, chaste Virtue's friend,
Shall bid, emblaz'd in purest strains,
To the bold arch of Heaven ascend:

And whilst the golden numbers flow,
Where all the Graces all their influence breathe,
Fair Fame with never-fading wreath
Shall deck his laurell'd brow.

ODE VI.

TO
THE MUSE.

FROM DIONYSIUS.

BY THE REVEREND
JAMES MERRICK, M.A.

L^END thy voice, celestial Maid :
Through thy vocal grove convey'd,
Let a sudden call from thee
Wake my soul to harmony.

Raise, oh ! raise the hallow'd strain,
Mistress of the tuneful train,
And thou, sacred source of light,
Author of our mystic rite,
Thou whom erst Latona bore
On the sea-girt Delian shore,
Join the fav'ring Muse, and shed
All thy influence on my head.

ODE VII.

TO
APOLLO.

By the Same.

BE still, ye vaulted skies! be still,
Each hollow vale, each echoing hill!
Let earth and seas, and winds attend:
Ye birds awhile your notes suspend;
Be hush'd each sound; behold him nigh,
Parent of sacred harmony;
He comes! his unshorn hair behind
Loose floating to the wanton wind.
Hail, Sire of day! whose rosy car,
Through the pathless fields of air,
By the winged coursers borne,
Opes the eyelids of the Morn.
Thou, whose locks their light display
O'er the wide aetherial way,
Wreathing their united rays
Into one promiscuous blaze.
Under thy all-seeing eye
Earth's remotest corners lie;

While, in thy repeated course,
Issuing from thy fruitful source,
Floods of fire incessant stray,
Streams of everlasting day.
Round thy sphere the starry throng,
Varying sweet their ceaseless song,
(While their vivid flames on high
Deck the clear untroubled sky,)
To the tuneful lyre advance,
Joining in the mystic dance,
And with step alternate beat,
Old Olympus' lofty seat.
At their head the wakeful Moon
Drives her milkwhite heifers on,
And with measur'd pace and even
Glides around the vast of heaven,
Journeying with unwearied force,
And rejoicing in her course.
Time attends with swift career,
And forms the circle of the year.

ODE VIII.

TO

NEMESIS.

By the Same.

NEMESIS, whose dreaded weight
Turns the scale of human fate;
On whose front black terrors dwell,
Daughter dire of Justice, hail!
Thou whose adamantine rein
Curbs the arrogant and vain.
Wrong and force before thee die,
Envy shuns thy searching eye,
And, her sable wings outspread,
Flies to hide her hated head.
Where thy wheel with restless round
Runs along th' unprinted ground,
Humbled there, at thy decree,
Human greatness bows the knee,
Thine it is unseen to trace
Step by step each mortal's pace :
Thine the sons of Pride to check,
And to bend the stubborn neck,

'Till our lives directed stand
By the measure in thy hand.
Thou observant sit'st on high
With bent brow and stedfast eye,
Weighing all that meets thy view
In thy balance just and true.
Goddess, look propitious down,
View us, but without a frown,
Nemesis, whose dreaded weight
Turns the scale of human fate.

Nemesis, be still our theme,
Power immortal and supreme !
Thee we praise ; nor thee alone,
But add the partner of thy throne.
Thee and Justice both we sing,
Justice, whose unwearied wing
Rears aloft the virtuous name
Safe from hell's rapacious claim ;
And, when thou thy wrath hast shed,
Turns it from the guiltless head.

NOTES ON ODES

OF THE

NINTH AND TENTH CLASS.

ODE II.

Page 6. By the Kalender of the Roman Church the 22d of November was set apart to the honor of St. Cecilia, and religiously observed in most parts of Europe. She was eminent for her beauty, and skill in music, and died a martyr to the Christian religion. Near the close of the last century a splendid entertainment was instituted in commemoration of her, and annually celebrated at Stationer's-hall. It became fashionable for writers of all ranks to celebrate the Saint, and their compositions were set by the greatest masters in Music. Dryden's Ode was written for one of these occasions.

Ibid. JOHN OLDHAM (son of a Nonconforming minister, who, at the time of the Usurpation, was

rector of Shipton in Gloucestershire) born Aug. 9, 1653, was a bachelor of Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1674, and soon after usher to the free school at Croydon. In this situation, some of his poetry having been handed about, he was honored with a visit by the Earls of Rochester and Dorset, Sir Charles Sedley, and other persons of distinction. In 1678 he was tutor to the son of Judge Thurland, and in 1681 to a son of Sir William Hickes. By the advice of Sir William, and the assistance of Dr. Lowther, he applied, for about a year, to the study of physic; but, poetry being predominant, he hastened to London, and became a perfect votary to the bottle, yet without sinking into the debauchery of his contemporary wits. As he was of a very different turn from his father, the character of the old parson, at the end of his works, is supposed to have been designed for him. It is perhaps the most extravagant caricature that ever was drawn. He was patronized by the Earl of Kingston, who would have made him his chaplain if he would have qualified himself. He lived with the Earl, however, till his death, which was occasioned by the small-pox, Dec. 9, 1683. He was particularly esteemed by Mr. Dryden, who has done him great justice in 'Verses to his Memory,' (English Poets, vol. xiv. p. 161.) His works have been frequently printed in one volume, 8vo; in 1722 in two volumes 12mo. with the Author's Life; and lately, under the inspection of Captain Thompson, in three volumes, 12mo."

ODE III.

Page 9. Of this Writer Mr. Nicholls has given the following account :

Thomas Shadwell, Esq. (of a good family in Staffordshire) born at his father's seat at Stanton-Hall in Norfolk, about 1640, was educated at Caius College, Cambridge; and, after studying the law for some time in the Middle Temple, went abroad. On his return, he soon introduced himself by his dramatic writings to persons of the first consequence; and obtained on the Revolution the office of Poet Laureat. "The revenue," says Dr. Johnson, "which Dryden had enjoyed with so much praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of *Og*. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called *Mac Fleckno*." It has been well observed by another able writer, "that a satirist never pays the least regard to truth, when it interferes with the gratification of his resentment or spleen." Nothing can be false than the idea intended to be conveyed in the following couplet:

"Others to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Mr. Shadwell was far inferior to Dryden; but Shad-

well did not write nonsense. Many of his comedies have fine strokes of humor, and abound in original characters, strongly marked and well sustained. He had an uncommon quickness of writing. The Earl of Rochester, who has observed that

“None seem to touch upon true comedy
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wicherley,”

had still a better opinion of his conversation than of his writings; for he said, “that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humor than any other poet.” He was a great favorite with Otway, who shared with him in the contempt of Dryden. He died Dec. 9, 1692; and a white marble monument, with his bust, was placed in Westminster Abbey by his son, Sir John Shadwell, physician to King George II. He wrote 17 plays, which need not be here enumerated; and was author of several small poems; the chief of which are, 1. the Ode here printed; 2. A congratulatory Poem on the Prince of Orange’s coming to England; 3. another on Queen Mary; and 4. a translation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal.

ODE IV.

P. 12. The Author of this Ode was son of Major Nicholas Brady (an officer of the king’s army in the rebellion of 1641,) and of Martha daughter of Luke Gernon (a judge of singular meekness and probity). He was born at Bandon in the county of Cork, Oct. 28, 1659, and

educated at St. Finberry's, in that county, under Dr. Tindall; till he was twelve years of age, when he was removed to Westminster school, where he was chosen king's scholar, and thence elected student of Christ Church, Oxford. Dr. Busby had always a particular regard for him; and at both those elections he was first and captain among all the candidates: after continuing at Oxford about four years, he went to Dublin, where his father resided; at which university he immediately commenced B.A. and the following year M.A. When of due standing, the diploma for the degree of D.D. was, upon account of his uncommon merit, presented to him from that University while he was in England, and brought over by Dr. Pratt, then senior travelling-fellow, and afterwards provost of that college.

His first preferment in the church was to a prebend, in the cathedral of St. Bury's in the city of Cork, and to the parish of Kinaglarchy, in the county of Cork; to which he was collated by Bishop Wettenhall, to whom he was domestic chaplain. He was a zealous promoter of the Revolution, and an eminent sufferer for it.

In 1690, when the troubles broke out in Ireland, by his interest with Gen. Mac Carty, Dr. Brady thrice prevented the burning of Bandon town, after three several orders from King James to destroy it. The same year, having been deputed by the people of Bandon, he went over to England, to petition the parliament for a

redress of some grievances they had suffered. During his stay there, and to the time of his death, he was in the highest esteem among all ranks of persons in that kingdom, for his eminent attachment to the true interest of his country.

June 29, 1690 he married Lætitia, daughter of Dr. Synge, archdeacon of Cork, and a near relation of the bishop of that name. By this lady he had four sons and four daughters. Having quitted his preferments in Ireland, he settled in London, where he became noted for his abilities in the pulpit, and was elected minister of St. Catharine Creechurch, in 1691, and lecturer of St. Michael, Wood-street. He soon after, in conjunction with Mr. Tate, undertook a new version of the Psalms, which have since (though Brady's share of it incurred the ridicule of Swift in his "Remarks on Gibbs,") been adopted in a considerable number of our parish-churches. Whilst he was engaged in this undertaking, he retired to Richmond in Surrey; and, in consequence of the high esteem entertained for him by the gentlemen of that village, was invited to accept the office of their minister. The vicarage of Stratford upon Avon was presented to him by the great Earl of Dorset; and the rectory of Clapham in Surrey by Dame Rebekah Atkins, relict of Sir Richard Atkins, bart. This rectory he held, with Richmond, till his death. He was also chaplain to the duke of Ormond's troop of horse-guards, as he was to King William and Queen Mary, and afterwards to

Queen Anne. 'The whole of his preferments, which were in very pleasant and eligible situations, amounted to six hundred pounds a-year.

His qualifications, it is said, would have raised him to some of the greatest dignities in the church, if the singular humanity and benevolence of his disposition would have suffered him to have run in with the vehemence of either prevailing party, or had he not settled in a country where he was regarded as a foreigner.

Dr. Brady wrote a play, called "The Rape, or The Innocent Impostors, a Tragedy, acted at Drury-Lane, 1692," and published in 4to, in that year, with his name. He died March 20, 1726, in the 67th year of his age, leaving behind him the character of being a person of a most obliging, sweet, affable temper, a polite gentleman, an excellent preacher, and a good poet. His publications are, 1. The Version of the Psalms; 2. The *Æneids* of Virgil, published by subscription, 2 vols. 8vo. the last of them in 1726. He also published, in his life time, two volumes of Sermons, printed at London in 1704 and 1706; to which a third (posthumous) volume was added in 1730."

ODE VIII.

Page 26. This Ode was set by Dr. Greene, and performed as the act for his degree of Doctor at Cambridge, with singular applause; in testimony of which the Doctor was honored with the professorship of music in that university. Mr. Pope condescended to make
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considerable alterations in the poem, to accommodate it to Dr. Greene's purpose, and at his request to insert the third stanza. See Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, vol. v. p. 328.

ODE XVI.

Page 65. Having given the celebrated burlesque of Bonnel Thornton upon the Odes in honor of St. Cecilia, that by Mr. Ellis on the exaggerated effects of music may not be improperly added.

ODE XVII.

Page 73. Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, eldest son of the great bishop of Winchester, was born Feb. 10, 1705-6, and educated at Hackney; whence he went to Benet College, Cambridge. When George the Second visited that university, in the year 1728, his name was included in the list of the Doctors to be created in Physic; but by an accident, he received not his degree until a month after. He was very early appointed physician to his Majesty's household, and besides the celebrated Comedy of the *Suspicious Husband*, &c. was Author of several pieces in his own profession. He died at his house in Chelsea, in the life-time of his father, August 10, 1757.

ODE XXIII.

Page 105. This truly extraordinary genius, says Mr. Nichols, is supposed to have been born in 1672 (or

rather not quite so early). He was sent to Eaton when ten years old, and thence to Christ-Church, Oxford; where he received the title of L.L.D. August 27, 1702. He married his first lady (Frances, daughter of Sir H. Winchcomb, of Bucklebury) in 1700; and took his seat in the House of Commons for Wooton Bassett the same year. Having greatly distinguished himself in that assembly, he was appointed Secretary at War, April 20, 1704; and resigned Feb. 12, 1707-8. He succeeded Mr. Boyle as Secretary of State, Sept. 21, 1710: was created Baron St. John and Viscount Bolingbroke, July 7, 1712; an honour which he received with much reluctance, having been disappointed of an Earldom (extinct on the death of Paulet St. John, Earl Bolingbroke, Oct. 5, 1711) and of the Garter; and was made Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Essex, Oct. 24, 1713.

On the accession of King George, the seals were taken from him, and all the papers in his office secured. Soon after the meeting of the new Parliament, perceiving himself in danger, he withdrew into France. On his arrival at Paris, he received an invitation from the Pretender to enter into his service, which he declined, and endeavoured to soften his prosecution at home. Retiring to Dauphine, he continued there till July 1715, when he accepted a second offer of the seals from the Pretender. Having been discarded from the Chevalier's service before that year was well expired, he set to work in earnest to make his peace at home;

and procured a promise of pardon, on certain conditions, from the King; who, July 2, 1716, created his father Baron of Battersea and Viscount St. John.

In 1717, Lord Bolingbroke drew up a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the Tories, in the form of a letter to Sir W. Wyndham, which is written with the utmost elegance and address, and abounds with interesting and entertaining anecdotes. His Majesty having granted him a full and free pardon, May 28, 1723, he returned to his native country in June, at the very juncture when Bishop Atterbury was banished. Obtaining an act of Parliament in May 1725, to restore him to his family inheritance, and to enable him to possess any purchase he should make, he pitched upon Dawley, in Middlesex; where he amused himself in rural employments, and in corresponding and conversing with a few select friends. He remained, however, still a mere titular Lord, not being admitted to take his seat in Parliament. Inflamed with this taint, he again entered upon the public stage, and embarked strongly in opposition against Sir Robert Walpole; which he carried on with inimitable spirit, till, in 1735, on a disagreement with his principal coadjutors, he retired to France, with a full resolution never more to engage in public business. On the death of his father, at the age of ninety, in April 1742, he settled at Battersea, the ancient seat of the family, where he passed the remainder of his days in the highest dignity; and died Dec. 15, 1751. During the latter part of his life,

he was much in the confidence of Frederick Prince of Wales, father to his present Majesty ; and is supposed to have been the adviser of the most important steps taken by that Prince in his political conduct. His Lordship's second lady was the Dowager Marchioness de Vilette, niece to Madam de Maintenon.

The political character of Lord Bolingbroke is fully discussed in the " Supplement to Swift." Mr. Walpole says, " With the most agreeable talents in the world, and with great parts, Lord Bolingbroke was neither happy nor successful. He wrote against the King, who had forgiven him ; against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him ; against the Pretender and the Clergy, who never will forgive him. He is one of our best writers ; though his attacks on all governments and all religions (neither of which he cared directly to own) have necessarily involved his style in a want of perspicuity." Two prologues by him are here printed ; his verses to Clara are in Dodsley's *Miscellanies* ; and Mr. Walpole, who says " Lord Bolingbroke had a natural and easy turn for poetry," mentions " an ironical copy of verses in praise of the *Chef-d'oeuvre d'un Inconnu*, prefixed to that book. The initial letters subjoined stand for his Lordship's name, titles, and employments, in Latin."

107. *And make his matchless poem all their care:]* The Dispensary.

108. *The mournful STREPHON laid ;]* Lord Lansdowne.

lb. With MIRA he begins his lays,] The Countess of Newbourg; against whom Dr. King wrote "The Toast," when she was grown old and ugly.

114. But to ENDYMION was her love confin'd.] The last thought and the last line are taken from a paper of verses of Lord Lansdowne's. I think myself obliged to own the debt, though I am unable to pay it. H. ST. JOHN.

ODE XXVII.

Page 126. The Society, on whose institution this Ode was written, was not of long continuance; its sudden decay being principally occasioned by the loss of a very ingenious and spirited member, now resident in Germany. The Author, who has so recently augmented his reputation by the elegant History of Lorenzo de Medicis, is not without hopes that a Society of a similar nature will be one day established in Liverpool: but however that may be, he expresses himself happy in the reflection, that in this poem, and, it may be added, in his other writings, he has attempted to promote "the arts he loves," and to abate that spirit of enterprize, and thirst of gain, which, when too much indulged, is seldom productive either of virtue or happiness.

ODE XXVIII.

Page 137. Of Burton's generous mind, and thy creating hand!] The picture was given to the chapel at Winchester by Mr. Burton.

NOTES ON ODES

OF THE

TENTH CLASS.

ODE I.

Page 142. EUPOLIS was a Greek poet, contemporary with Aristophanes.

lb. EI or IAO; Thee we hail,] Names attributed to the Deity.

Page 143. Thus like thy golden chain on high,] See Homer's Iliad, book viii. the beginning.

lb. EIRESIONE we'll no more,] This word signifies an olive-branch, wrapt round with wool, and ornamented with grapes, and different kinds of fruits, which the ancients used to hang before the doors of their houses, by way of charm, to prevent famine.

Page 144. Fam'd HECADEM, old hero, lies,] Probably this word means Cadmus.

146. And yet a greater hero far] The MESSIAH, foretold by Socrates.

ODE II.

Page 147. CLEANTHES, the original Author, was a stoic philosopher, and disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but

